

SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1223 00224 3104





3 1223 00224 3104

BOOK NO.

ACCESSION

B T2153¹/_a

111107



C

The author of this work
died in May 1832 — shortly
after ^{at 81.} which this book was published.
I should think it was probably
printed during his life. An
account of him, by W. Alexander
Chalmers, is printed in Gent Mag
July 1832. p. 69. — & this work
is reviewed in the same Volume.
December Number of the

RECORDS OF MY LIFE.

p. 542 by his friend John Beaman

VOL. I.

By

NEW WORKS PUBLISHED BY EDWARD BULL, 26, HOLLES STREET, LONDON :
SOLD ALSO BY EVERY BOOKSELLER IN THE KINGDOM.

WORKS OF FICTION.

I.

OUR ISLAND, containing FORGERY, A TALE, and THE LUNATIC,
A TALE. Designed to illustrate some striking defects in our Jurisprudence.
3 vols.

II.

THE SPINSTER'S WEBB, in 2 vols. Post 8vo.

" — a mingled yarn, good and ill together."—Shakspeare.

III.

CHANTILLY. A STORY OF FRANCE. 3 vols.

" Chantilly reminds us touchingly of one of the most admirable fictions of the language,
'The Bride of Lammermuir.'"—Athenæum.

" It has much of that dramatic power of incident which is the great charm of 'The
Canterbury Tales.'"—Literary Gazette.

IV.

THE DEMOCRAT ; a TALE OF ETNA. 3 vols.

" This tale is of great interest."—Literary Gazette.

" We know of few living writers more capable of taking the very highest ground in
the enchanted walks of romance."—Court Magazine.

V.

THE FALSE STEP. A TALE OF ENGLISH LIFE. 3 vols.

" A tale of deep interest, inculcating a useful lesson."—Metropolitan.

" A very interesting story."—Literary Gazette.



Your Sincerely

John Taylor
(author of *Monsieur. Tensen?*)

RECORDS OF MY LIFE;

BY THE LATE

JOHN TAYLOR, ESQUIRE,

AUTHOR OF "MONSIEUR TONSON."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
EDWARD BULL, HOLLES STREET.

1832.

B.19
1806/1807

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—You will very much oblige me by your insertion of the enclosed lines, which were intended for the title-page to *Records of my Life*, by my late much-lamented husband. I felt extremely disappointed at their being omitted, knowing so well his anxiety on the subject; and, if possible, the slightest wish he could have formed shall not be neglected by his disconsolate widow.

ANN TAYLOR.

6, North-crescent, Bedford-square, Oct. 27. 1832.

THE TITLE-PAGE TO "RECORDS OF MY LIFE."

BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

Go, faithful Record of my former days,
Regard not censure, and expect not praise,
To rescue merit from oblivion's shade,
That else unknown might there in darkness fade.
Such is thy purpose, such thy leaves will show,
To honour friends, but not to wound a foe.
Whene'er my own reflections may intrude,
They spring from action, not mere solitude;
For, having mingled in the haunts of men,
Experience may be said to guide my pen.
'Twas not fond vanity that brought thee forth,
But partial friendship that presum'd thy worth—
Friendship that warmly urged me to the deed,
Predicting kindly that it would succeed.
Virtue may read the work without a fear,
Through the whole progress of my long career,
And malice I securely may defy,
To charge the plain memorial with a lie.
Go, then, and if mere trifles load the page,
By conscience arm'd, dread not the critic's rage.

B

T 2153a¹

111107

LONDON:

PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.

NINIAN BRUCE, ESQ.

June 12. At the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, of the spasmodic cholera, Ninian Bruce, esq. A.M. for upwards of twenty years Surgeon of that establishment.

In the year 1795, Mr. Bruce entered the medical department of the army as Assistant Surgeon of the 88th regiment, of which Sir James McGrigor, the present Director-general, was then Surgeon. Mr. Bruce served in that corps in the West Indies, at the Cape of Good Hope, and in India; and after the return of that corps from Egypt, and the promotion of Sir James McGrigor, he was promoted to the Surgeoncy of his corps. He subsequently served, with great distinction, with the 88th regiment at the Cape of Good Hope, in South America, and at Walcheren. His health at this time became greatly impaired by service in various climates, particularly in the pestilential climate of Walcheren; on which account he was appointed to the Surgeoncy of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, the duties of which he continued to discharge with the ability, zeal, and humanity which distinguished his character. His professional attendance was not confined to the College, but the poor population for the circuit of many miles received the advantage of his advice; he visited them at their homes, and bore the expense of all the medicines they required. The stationary appointment at Sandhurst was favourable to the feeble health of Mr. Bruce, and the retirement congenial to his long-established habits of study.

Mr. Bruce was no ordinary man; with much modesty, and without any show, he had the accomplishments of the scholar, and in the highest degree those of the man of taste, being well versed in the Belles Lettres and the Fine Arts. He had a taste for poetry, painting, and music, in the theory of which he was deeply versed, while he was no mean performer and composer. In philological studies he was a master, and at the same time a most judicious critic; and he possessed a rich fund of wit and humour. He was deeply versed in classical learning, and had for years made the ancient Greek and Roman writers his reading in hours of relaxation. Of late years he made the Oriental languages his study, and was a proficient in the Persian, Arabic, and Sanscrit languages.

While this gentleman may be accounted a most accomplished scholar, he was a man distinguished for the strictest integrity, and the highest sense of honour and independence.

GENT. MAG. July, 1832.

The writer of this is thoroughly acquainted with the persevering benevolence and kind-heartedness of Mr. Bruce; indeed his charitable feelings often carried him beyond his means. Never was man more single-minded, nor more gifted with the warmest feelings of the heart. His remains were followed to the grave by the officers and students of the Military College; and, on the Sunday following his decease, a funeral sermon was preached in the chapel of the College by the eloquent chaplain of Sandhurst.

JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

May ... In his 76th year, at his house in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, John Taylor, Esq. a gentleman upwards of fifty years concerned with the periodical press, and particularly well known for his numerous contributions to the theatres, in the form of poetical sketches, prologues, epilogues, and addresses.

Mr. Taylor was the grandson of the famous Chevalier John Taylor, oculist to the principal sovereigns of Europe, and son to John Taylor, the Chevalier's son and successor, who was for many years oculist to his Majesty George III. and in that capacity resided in Hatton Garden, where the subject of this memoir was born, and, along with his brother Jeremiah, held the office of joint oculist to his Majesty, until the death of Jeremiah, which is lamented in an elegiac tribute in Vol. II. of our author's poems, published in 1827.

Between the celebrated Chevalier and his son John there was much animosity, as appears by a life of the former, published by this son in 2 vols. 12mo. 1761, full of scurrilous anecdote, and now, we believe, very scarce. To either of these publications, the oldest friends of the late Mr. Taylor were never known to hear him allude in the most distant manner, and they may well be now allowed to depart into obscurity.

The late Mr. Taylor's attachment to the stage began early in life. He had personal knowledge of Garrick and some of his contemporaries. In 1795 he published a pleasing poem, entitled "The Stage," in which is a fair and candid statement of the performers of the time. In the preface to this he informs us that "all the performers whose names are mentioned, except Quin, Mrs. Pritchard, and Mrs. Cibber, who died in the infancy of the author, he *saw*, and though he was young at the time, yet a constant opportunity of attending the theatres, enabled him to form such an estimate of their several merits as his memory faithfully retains." This was reprinted in 1827.

In 1811 he published "Poems on several occasions, consisting of Sonnets, Miscellaneous Poems, Prologues and Epilogues, Tales and Imitations," &c. 12mo. all of which were reprinted in 1827, except the "Caledonian Sonnet," which first appeared in 1810, and was written in ridicule of the "old ballad style of poetry" adopted by Sir Walter Scott, which, however, he never reprinted, and in his late collection he appears among that gentleman's admirers.

This last collection appeared in 1827, entitled "Poems on various subjects," 2 vols. 8vo. published by subscription. The list of subscribers, with which the first volume commences, is extremely copious, containing the names of most of the eminent characters, political, dramatic, artists, &c. who are either mentioned in his poems, or were esteemed throughout life by Mr. Taylor. They all felt warmly for an old and faithful servant of the public, now brought into difficulties by the ill conduct of those who had imposed on his goodnature.

He attached himself very early in life to the periodical press, and about sixty years ago was connected with the *Morning Herald*, when under the management of the Rev. Bate Dudley. Some years afterwards he became editor of the *Sun*, a daily evening paper, but was deprived of his property in that paper by the misconduct of a deceased partner. Of this and many other vicissitudes of his life, frequent notice is taken in the collection of his poems, which must excite the kindest feelings in the memory of his surviving friends.

Besides his poem, entitled "The Stage," these volumes contain above seventy prologues, epilogues, and other theatrical addresses, in the composition of which he had a singular felicity. These are followed by numerous sonnets, odes, episodes, miscellaneous effusions, imitations, and tales, among which latter are the well-known tales of Monsieur Tonson; Frank Hayman; Parsons the actor; and Lion; Othello, &c. Elegies and Epitaphs, Odes of Anacreon, &c. The great characteristics of his poems are ease, facetiousness, and good-humour, qualities very desirable in poetical compositions of this class, and which were well known to distinguish the author in private life. Many of his sonnets have much simplicity and tenderness, particularly where he adverts to the death of his first wife, whom he lost early in life, and whom he never forgot, although afterwards his happiness was increased by his union with the very amiable lady who survived him, and

whom he acknowledges a tender and affectionate companion and nurse to him in all his afflictions. These bore hard upon him in the last two or three years of his life, when he began to feel the infirmities of age, and particularly loss of memory. He had begun to collect memoirs of his early life, but had made very small progress in the work, in the year preceding his death. It was very absurdly said, in a paltry account of him published in 1816, that he was the author of the biographical memoirs which accompany Cadell and Davies's "British Gallery of Portraits," not a line of which came from his pen.

CLERGY DECEASED.

The Rev. *Joseph Crosthwaite*, Rector of Barlavington and Egdean, Sussex, to which churches he was presented by the Earl of Egremont, 1829. He was of St. John's College, Cambridge, B.A. 1813.

At Stourport, aged 80, the Rev. *David Davies*, for upwards of 50 years Curate of Milton Chapel.

The Rev. *William Hodgson*, Incumbent of Milnrow, Lancashire, and Master of Rochdale grammar-school. He was presented to Milnrow in 1800 by the Vicar of Rochdale.

The Rev. *Nicholas Manley*, M.A. Curate of St. Peter's, Dublin.

The Rev. *Ambrose Serle*, Rector of Kelvedon Hatch, Essex. He was of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, M.A. 1795; and was presented to his living in 1798 by his own family.

At Coniscliffe, Durham, aged 77, the Rev. *James Topham*, M.A. Vicar of that parish, and for 30 years Curate of the adjacent large and populous parish of Darlington. He was collated to Coniscliffe in 1820 by Bishop Barrington.

Jan. 20. At Kandy, in Ceylon, aged 46, the Rev. *Thomas Ireland*. He had passed sixteen years as Military Chaplain, successively at Trincomalee, the Cape of Good Hope, Gorham's Tower, and in Ceylon; and fulfilled his professional duties in a most exemplary manner.

June 17. At Redmile rectory, Leic. aged 25, the Rev. *Edmund Henry Outram*, of St. John's College, Cambridge, late Curate of West Allington, Lincolnshire; younger son of the late Edmund Outram, D.D. Archdeacon of Derby, and Public Orator of Cambridge.

DEATHS.

LONDON AND ITS VICINITY.

June 11. Aged 71, Sarah, widow of Thos. Alderson, esq. of Durham.

June 25. Richard-Chicheley, 2d surviving

CONTENTS

OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

THE Chevalier Taylor.—The Author's Parents.—Jessé Foot and his Uncle.—Derrick the Poet and Mrs. Lessingham, &c. PAGE 1

CHAPTER II.

The Author's early history.—Anecdote of his Grandfather, the Chevalier Taylor.—Baron de Wenzel.—Imposition of Henry Jones.—Account of him, &c. 11

CHAPTER III.

The Author's own family.—James Taylor, A.M.—Philip Riley Taylor.—The Author's Father.—Cheselden's connexion with the Author's Father.—The Author appointed Oculist to the Prince of Wales.—William Oldys, Esq. &c. 19

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. James Brooke.—Mrs. Pritchard, the Actress.—Mrs. Brooke, &c. 31

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Pratt.—Mr. Sayers.—Miss Seward.—Mrs. Angelica Kauffman, &c. 38

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Henry Griffith.—Reddish the Actor.—William Donaldson Esq.—Lucy Cooper and Richardson.—Miss Graham.—Miss Faulkener, afterwards Mrs. Graham.—Mr. Peter Bardin.—Sir Henry Moore.—Constantia Phillips.—Maclaine the Highwayman.—Mr. Owen Ruffhead.—An extraordinary Story.—Another extraordinary Story, &c. 48

CHAPTER VII.

Dr. Monsey.—Sir Benjamin Wrench.—Sir Robert Walpole.—
 Lord Townshend.—The Duke of Marlborough.—The
 Duchess.—The Earl of Godolphin.—Lord Walsingham.—
 Dr. Monsey and Mrs. Garrick.—Dr. Wolcot, Mrs. Billington,
 and Curran.—Dr. Warburton and Quin.—Character of War-
 burton.—Mr. Boswell junior.—Dr. Monsey's Daughter.—Mrs.
 Montague.—Conyers Middleton and "old Chubb," &c.

PAGE 70

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Hugh Kelly.—Mrs. Dancer the Actress.—Sir Henry Bate
 Dudley.—Mr. Richardson's challenge to him.—Mr. Brereton
 the Irish duellist, &c. 95

CHAPTER IX.

Dr. Oliver Goldsmith.—John Wilkes, &c. 107

CHAPTER X.

The Earl of Chatham.—The Abbé Sechard.—Lady Wallace.—
 Mr. Fox and the Whigs.—Mr. Burke, &c. 116

CHAPTER XI.

Francis North, Earl of Guildford.—Mr. John Kemble.—Miss
 Phillips.—Mr. Kemble and Dr. Charles Burney.—Mr.
 Kemble and the Hon. Mr. St. John.—Tickel and Sheridan,
 &c. 127

CHAPTER XII.

Rev. William Peters.—His acquaintance and quarrel with Mr.
 William Gifford.—Mr. John Horne Tooke, &c. 145

CHAPTER XIII.

Edward Jerningham, Esq. &c. 160

CHAPTER XIV.

Charles Townley, Esq.—Miss Pond.—Mr. O'Bryen the Actor.
 —Mr. Battishill.—Dr. Shebbeare.—Mr. Tetherington.—Coan
 the Dwarf.—Lady W—— and Colonel Bloomfield.—Mr. Pitt
 and the Duchess of Gordon.—Dignum.—Dr. Johnson.—
 Buckhorse, &c. 173

CHAPTER XV.

Thomson the Poet.—His Wife.—Mr. George Chalmers.—Hugh Boyd and his Daughter.—Mr. Gerard Hamilton and the Duke of Richmond, &c. PAGE 185

CHAPTER XVI.

Mr. Arthur Murphy.—Mr. Jessé Foot and Mr. Fazakerly.—Miss Elliot.—Mrs. Jordan, &c. 192

CHAPTER XVII.

Mrs. Macaulay.—Dr. Graham.—Dr. Birch.—Lord Chesterfield and the Duchess of Marlborough.—Jack Spencer, &c. 208

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mr. James Boswell.—Mr. Windham and Dr. Johnson.—Sir Alexander Boswell.—Mr. James Boswell junior.—Dr. Glover.—Mrs. Kelly.—Mr. Akerman.—Mr. Stephen Kemble.—Mr. Davenport, &c. 214

CHAPTER XIX.

Rev. Thomas Maurice.—Dr. Parr.—Dr. Johnson.—Thomas Tyers. — William Taylor, Esq.—Professor Porson.—Mr. James Perry, &c. 228

CHAPTER XX.

Mr. Samuel Ireland.—Shakspeare's MS. Play of "Vortigern and Rowena."—Mr. John Ireland.—Hewardine.—Cervetto.—Jervas the Painter, &c. 243

CHAPTER XXI.

Ozias Humphrey, R.A.—Mr. Caleb Whitefoord.—Colley Cibber, &c. 256

CHAPTER XXII.

Mrs. Cornelys.—Miss Cornelys.—Miss Williams, &c. 266

CHAPTER XXIII.

Haydn the Composer.—Anthony Pasquin.—Mrs. Abington.—Mr. West, Pres. R.A.—Mr. Jay the American Minister, &c. 274

CHAPTER XXIV.

Walking Stewart, &c. 284

CHAPTER XXV.

Mr. John Opie, R.A.—Dr. Wolcot.—Fuseli.—Mrs. Opie.— Mr. Northcote, &c.	PAGE 295
---	----------

CHAPTER XXVI.

Mr. Richard Owen Cambridge.—Mr. James Cobb.—Mr. Prince Hoare.—Major Grose.—Mr. Henry James Pye.—Mr. Bar- ford.—Lord Darnley and Mrs. Woffington.—Garrick and Berenger.—Garrick and Barry, &c.	308
--	-----

CHAPTER XXVII.

Capability Brown.—Sir Charles Bamfield.—Mr. John Kemble. —Handel and Dean Swift.—Dr. Morell and Handel.— Reverse of Fortune.—Mrs. Batiman.—Chevalier D'Eon.— General Paoli, &c.	329
--	-----

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Garrick and Dr. Monsey.—Mrs. Clive.—Garrick, &c.	342
--	-----

CHAPTER XXIX.

Barry the Actor.—Mrs. Crawford, afterwards Mrs. Barry.— Mr. and Mrs. Yates.—Hurst.—Hallam.—Mr. and Mrs. Ross, &c.	353
---	-----

CHAPTER XXX.

Shuter. — Hipsley and Mrs. Green. — Tom Lowe. — Peter Bardin, &c.	367
--	-----

CHAPTER XXXI.

John Henderson.—Mr. T. Sheridan.—Tom Davies.—Mr. Becket, the Bookseller.—“The Pursuits of Literature.”— Rowley and Chatterton.—Mr. William Boscawen.—Mr. W. T. FitzGerald.—Mr. H. J. Pye.—Tom King.—Miss Baker.— Doctor Hoadly, M.D. &c.	377
--	-----

CHAPTER XXXII.

Mrs. Inchbald.—Mr. Justice Hardinge, &c.	397
--	-----

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Mrs. Abington.—Miss Farren, &c.	410
---	-----

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Holman and “The Glorious Eight.”—Quick.—Terry.—Emery. —Bensley, &c.	420
--	-----

RECORDS OF MY LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not
Think I should live 'till I were married.

BENEDICT.

THIS passage from our unrivalled bard, is applicable to myself with reference to the purpose of the present work, as well as to my matrimonial engagements. As early as I can remember, I saw, or thought I saw, so much infelicity in the marriage state, that I conceived a degree of horror against wedlock. It may appear strange, but I actually trace the origin of my aversion to matrimony even so far back as when I was only seven years of age.

I was at that period of life with my dear departed mother, at Lynn in Norfolk, accompanying my grandfather, the Chevalier Taylor, on his revisiting his native country. She took me to the playhouse, which was then open in that town. The play, as I was afterwards informed, was "The Jealous Wife." I now well remember that the violent temper of Mrs. Oakley, and the patient efforts of her husband to remove her jealousy, made such an impression upon my mind, as excited the disgust which I have mentioned, and which could only be subdued by the merits of the two amiable partners to whom I

have since been united. The afterpiece was "Hob in the Well," and when Hob's parents came in search of him, and expressed great anxiety to find him, I started from my seat in the pit and exclaimed, "He is in the well!" The audience, I understood, enjoyed a hearty laugh at my innocence and simplicity.

As therefore, notwithstanding my aversion to wedlock, I have been twice married, I may truly say that I had equal repugnance to the idea of obtruding any circumstance of my humble life upon the world at large. The pecuniary shock, however, which I suffered from the perfidy of a deceased partner in the Sun newspaper, and the advice of friends, who think too favourably of me, have induced me to take up the egotistical pen. Here, perhaps, some satirical critic will quote Pope, and hint, "Obliged by hunger and request of friends." Well, I shall answer, in the words of my old friend Sheridan, "I can laugh at his malice though not at his wit." I received besides an intimation from an eminent publisher, that he would be glad if I would engage in such a work as the present.

Never conceiving it possible that I should adopt such a measure, I had made no kind of preparation, and must resort to my memory for such facts as may present themselves, without the regularity of dates, contenting myself with rigid accuracy in my recitals of what has fallen within my own notice, or what I have derived from others on whose veracity I could depend. Dates, indeed, can be of no importance in such matters as I have to relate. I have therefore no occasion to regret that I have not followed the example of those who record the events of every day, lest, in the vicissitudes of life, they should be

involved in circumstances for which they might be unable to account, and consequently be exposed to perplexing contingencies, or to the misrepresentations of malice.

“The little hero of his tale” may reasonably be expected to mention his origin. I am the eldest son of Mr. John Taylor, who for many years practised the profession of an oculist with the highest reputation, and a character universally respected in private life for integrity: he was also admired for his wit and humour. My father was the only son of the celebrated Chevalier Taylor, who was a pupil of the famous Mr. Cheselden. My grandfather, however, relinquished the general profession of a surgeon, and confined himself wholly to that of an oculist. He was appointed oculist to King George the Second, and afterwards to every crowned head in Europe.

I was born in a house which my father occupied at Highgate. He had another at the same time in Hatton-garden. His household, as I afterwards understood, consisted of two female servants and one foot-boy. He married early in life the daughter of a respectable tradesman, but as he was not sufficiently established in his profession to bear the probable expense of an increasing family, my maternal grandfather strongly opposed their union, and they were obliged to court in secrecy. Strange to say, the place which they chose for their courtship was Bedlam, where, at that time, to the disgrace of the metropolis, casual visitors were admitted for a penny each.

At length the respectable character of my father, and his attention to his profession, induced my grandfather to give his consent to the marriage.

I was the first offspring of this union, and as it appeared in due time that my father's family was likely to increase, Mr. Foot, the uncle of my late friend Jessé Foot, reflecting on the uncertain profession of an oculist, advised him to contract his establishment, in the following terms: "Taylor, you begin where you should end." Finding the expense of a growing family increase in proportion, my mother adding to it every year, my father took his advice, discharged his foot-boy, disposed of his one-horse-chaise, a common vehicle at that time, relinquished his cottage at Highgate, and finally settled wholly in Hatton-garden, where he resided till his death, in the year 1787. He had been educated at Paris, was a good French and Latin scholar, and was much admired for his quickness at repartee. All the rest of his children, amounting to eleven, were born in Hatton Garden. Five died in infancy, but six were alive at his death, and now my sister and myself are the only survivors. The affection of my sister, together with her merits, both moral and intellectual, in a great degree compensate for the loss of the rest.

My father's first great patient was the Duke of Ancaster, who esteemed him as a companion, and had often invited him to pass the Christmas holidays at his seat in Lincolnshire. The Duke had nearly succeeded in procuring for him the honour of being oculist to King George the Third, but the Duke of Bedford having had an operation for the cataract successfully performed by the Baron de Wenzel, obtained the appointment for the Baron.

My second brother, who was a member of the College of Surgeons, and myself, on the death of

the Baron, were appointed to the situation by the late Earl of Salisbury, who was then Lord Chamberlain.

It may be observed, in reference to Mr. Foot, whom I have mentioned, that people may give good advice without being able to adopt it. He was a respectable apothecary in Hatton Garden, and according to report, had accumulated about twelve thousand pounds, but having ventured it in an unsuccessful speculation, he lost it all, and, as the phrase is, died broken-hearted. My late friend Jessé Foot, his nephew, had been apprenticed to him. The uncle was reserved and churlish; the nephew had then the same sturdy independent spirit which marked his character through life. When the uncle uttered any complaint, Jessé, who was a scholar, always answered him in Latin, and as the former was but little acquainted with that language, it always put an end to his complaints, and induced him to quit the field. Jessé, however, assured me that he should not have answered in this manner if his uncle had not complained rather to show his authority than to correct any errors.

All that I can recollect to have heard of what passed in my infancy, was, that my father was intimate with Derrick the Poet, as he was then called, and that Derrick introduced a lady to my father and mother as his wife, who, it afterwards appeared, was not so, and that then, so far as the lady was concerned, the connexion with my family ended.

This lady, many years after, appeared on the stage under the name of Mrs. Lessingham, and was a comic actress of merit, as well as a very pretty woman. She was an extraordinary character, and

one of her whims was to assume man's attire and frequent the coffee-houses, after her separation from Derrick.

As Derrick wholly depended on his literary talents, he could not afford an expensive habitation, and therefore resided with Mrs. Lessingham, his nominal wife, in a floor, two pair of stairs high, in Shoe Lane, Holborn. During their residence in this place, as the lady felt a strong propensity towards the stage, Derrick took great pains to prepare her for the theatrical profession. Her talents were not at all directed towards tragedy, but she was, as I have already said, a good comic actress. I particularly recollect her performance of Mrs. Sullen, and as there was no restraint of delicacy on her mind, she took care to give some of the more prurient passages in the character with all due point and effect.

When Derrick used to visit my father's cottage at Highgate, after a rural walk by himself, as there was no spare-bed in the house, he was accustomed to sleep in my cradle, with his legs resting on a chair at the bottom. He was a very little man.

As his supposed wife was very pretty, and not likely to hold out against a siege of gallantry, it is not surprising that she was tempted to desert a poor poet, and a two-pair of stairs floor, in a low neighbourhood. As far as her history was generally known, she perhaps might have had as many lovers as Anacreon boasts of mistresses, though perhaps she could not so accurately recollect the number. One circumstance of her conduct ought to be mentioned, as it illustrates the character of women of her description, and may operate as a warning to those who are likely to be ensnared by purchasable

beauty. She had been separated from Derrick many years. In the mean time he had become generally known, and was countenanced by Dr. Johnson, to whom, it is said, he suggested the omission of the word *ocean* in the first edition of his celebrated Dictionary.

Mrs. Lessingham had risen on the stage, and was reported to be a favourite with the manager. She kept an elegant house in a fashionable part of the town. Derrick, at this time, was able to support himself by his connexion with the booksellers, and by his literary productions; and, without any pecuniary views, he was desirous to renew an acquaintance with his former pseudo-spouse. He therefore called on her, and sent up his name by her superb footman. The lady declared that she knew no person of that name, and ordered the servant immediately to dismiss him. Derrick, conceiving that the man must have committed some mistake, insisted on seeing the lady. At length she came forward in sight of Derrick, called him an impudent fellow, and threatened to send for a constable unless he left the house.

This unexpected reception from a woman who had lived with him some years, had borne his name, and by whose instruction she had been able to become a popular actress, and to rise into affluence, affected him so much, that he was quite overcome, and immediately departed though "more in sorrow than in anger."

Derrick, after his separation from Mrs. Lessingham, or rather her desertion of him, lived in respectable society, and must have conducted himself properly, as he formed many fashionable connexions, who exerted themselves with so much zeal in his

favour, as to procure for him the situation of Master of the Ceremonies at Bath. He had previously published a volume of his poems, and as there were a considerable number of subscribers, they afford an evident testimony in favour of his character.

Like most of those who rise from obscurity, he was, on his elevation at Bath, very fond of pomp and show. His dress was always fine, and he kept a footman almost as fine as himself. When he visited London his footman always walked behind him, and to show that he was his servant, he generally crossed the streets several times, that the man might be seen to follow him. Derrick, I understand, was lively, but too familiar in his conversation; and Mr. Oldys, the celebrated literary antiquary, another intimate friend of my father, who lived before my remembrance, thought him a flippant fellow, never spoke when Derrick was in the room, and when addressed by him, gave him short and discouraging answers. As Derrick honoured my birth by an ode, it would be ungrateful in me not to rescue so sublime a composition from oblivion, as perhaps no other production of his Muse is now extant.

ODE.

Muse, give Dr. Taylor joy,
For Dr. Taylor has a boy.
Little Nancy brought him forth,
Nancy, dame of mighty worth;
May he like his mother shine,
Who can boast of charms divine;
Proving like his father wise,
Always prompt to *mind his eyes*;
And may fortune in her flight,
Always keep the child in *sight*.

Derrick published four volumes of the poetical works of Dryden, which were the first collection of that author's poems. They are referred to by Dr. Johnson, in his life of Dryden. Derrick, in his own volume of poems, introduced the following lines as a genuine production of Pope, and as they have not appeared in any edition of Pope's works, and as it might now be difficult to find Derrick's volume, they may not improperly be introduced in this place.

IMPROMPTU.

By Mr. Pope, on sleeping in a bed belonging to John Duke of Argyle.

With no poetic ardours fir'd,
 I press the bed where Wilmot lay;
 That here he lov'd, or here expir'd,
 Begets no numbers, grave or gay.
 Beneath thy roof, Argyle, are bred
 Such thoughts as prompt the brave to lie
 Stretch'd forth on honour's nobler bed,
 Beneath a nobler roof, the sky.

When Derrick died I know not, and I should not revert to Mrs. Lessingham, if she had not been so conspicuous in her day, and if her example did not hold forth a lesson against the influence of beauty devoid of moral principles. The manager before mentioned, was very much attached to her, and she might have closed her days with as much comfort as intrusive retrospection, if ever it did intrude upon her, would admit, as he was a gentleman, shrewd, intelligent, and well acquainted with the world. She had two or three sons by him, who bore a satisfactory resemblance to the father, if indeed such mothers ever can be trusted.

It was said, that after her desertion of Derrick, she was married to a naval gentleman named Stott ; and was subsequently under the protection of Admiral Boscawen. No doubt she had listened to the addresses of many others who had no reason to consider themselves as despairing lovers. The only improbable part of her acting in the character of Mrs. Sullen, was in the chamber scene with Archer, as from her general manner it did not seem likely that she should resist his importunities when he appeared as a gentleman.

The theatrical manager had built a house for her on Hampstead-heath, in a romantic and retired situation, as well as supported her in her town residence, but nothing could control the inconstancy of her nature. Why, or when she left that gentleman, I never knew, for, though I was very intimate with him, her name never occurred between us. After she quitted him, she was sometime *protected*, as the delicate term is, by the late Justice Addington, whom she deserted for a young man engaged at Covent Garden theatre, and styled by his theatrical associates, the *tea-pot* actor, as his attitudes seemed to be generally founded on the model of that useful vehicle of domestic refreshment. The Justice never mentioned her after, but by the most opprobrious appellations.

CHAPTER II.

It is now time for me to return to what Mr. Gibbon styles “the vainest and most disgusting of the pronouns,” though certainly not so in the estimation of the late Lord Erskine. All that I know of my ancestors, to adopt a word of importance to the proud, who think with Dr. Young that—

They who on glorious ancestors enlarge
Produce their debt instead of a discharge,

I learned from Dr. Monsey, one of my father’s earliest and warmest friends, who informed me that my great grandfather was an eminent surgeon at Norwich, and highly respected in his private, as well as professional character. He had so grave and dignified an aspect and demeanour, that the superstitious among his neighbours imputed supernatural knowledge to him, and upon any disasters and losses consulted him as a *conjuror*. No mistake of that kind was ever made respecting any other part of our family that I ever heard of.

Dr. Monsey related the following story as a proof of my great grandfather’s reputation for supernatural knowledge and wisdom. A countryman had lost a silver spoon, and, excited by my venerable grand-sire’s reputed powers above the ordinary race of mankind, waited on him, requesting to know whether or not the spoon had been stolen, and, if so, desiring that he would enable him to discover the thief. The old gentleman took him into a garret

which contained nothing but an old chest of drawers, telling the simple rustic, that in order to effect the discovery, he must raise the devil, asking him if he had resolution enough to face so formidable and terrific an appearance. The countryman assured him that he had, as his conscience was clear, and he could defy the devil and all his works. The surgeon, after an awful warning, bade him open the first drawer, and tell what he saw. The man did so, and answered nothing. "Then," said the reputed seer, "he is not there." The old gentleman, again exhorting the man, in the most solemn manner, to summon all his fortitude for the next trial, directed him to open the second drawer. The man did so, with unshaken firmness, and in answer to the same question repeated "nothing." The venerable old gentleman simply said, "Then he is not there," but, with increased solemnity, endeavoured to impress the sturdy hind with such awe as to induce him to forbear from further enquiry, but in vain; conscious integrity fortified his mind, and he determined to abide the event. My worthy ancestor then, with an assumed expression of apprehension himself, ordered him to prepare for the certain appearance of the evil spirit on opening the third drawer. The countryman, undismayed, resolutely pulled open the drawer, and being asked what he saw said, "I see nothing but an empty purse."—"Well," said the surgeon, "and is not that the devil?" The honest countryman had sense enough to perceive the drift of this ludicrous trial, and immediately proclaimed it over the city of Norwich. The result was that my venerable and humorous ancestor was never again troubled with an appeal to his divining faculty and

magical power, but was still more respected for the good sense and whimsical manner in which he had annihilated his supernatural character, and descended into a mere mortal.

Such is the account of my great grandfather, and I never endeavoured, nor am I in the least solicitous, to trace the line to a more distant genealogy. This sagacious and sportive surgeon had two sons, one who was afterwards so well known to the world as the celebrated Chevalier Taylor, and the principal oculist of his time. He was not only oculist to King George the Second but to every sovereign in Europe. He published more than forty tracts, in all the continental languages, on the structure, disorders, and treatment of diseased eyes, which received the approbation of the best authorities.

When my grandfather solicited the honour of being appointed oculist to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, that monarch granted his request, but would not permit him to practise in his dominions, alleging that he should take care of the eyes of his subjects himself, that they might see no more than was necessary for the interest and glory of their country. It was, however, understood that the monarch had been told that to admit a foreigner to practise would be throwing an odium on the medical professors of his own territories.

The chevalier, whom I was too young to remember, was, I have always heard, a tall, handsome man, and a great favourite with the ladies. He was much addicted to splendour in dress, and to an expensive style of domestic expenditure; otherwise with his high professional reputation and acknowledged skill, he might no doubt have left almost a princely fortune to his family.

He published his own memoirs, in three volumes, in which he certainly shows no remarkable diffidence in recording his own talents and attainments, as well as the influence of his person and powers of conversation on the female sex. He had received the rudiments of his professional education under his venerable father at Norwich, but afterwards attended all the medical and chirurgical schools of the metropolis, and became, as I have said, a favourite pupil of the celebrated Cheselden, to whom he dedicated one of his works on the disorders of the eyes. He not only distinguished himself as the chief practical oculist of his time, but also by his profound knowledge of the theory of vision, and his illustration of the physiological use of the several component parts of the organ of sight. The late Sir Walter Farquhar assured me, that he had often seen him perform the operation of couching, or depression, of the cataract ; that he was most sedulous in his attention, and that his manual dexterity appeared like the touch of magic. He may indeed be said to have been born with a genius for his art. He sometimes adopted the present mode of extracting the cataract, or opake crystalline humour, but abandoned it as less certain and more dangerous than depression.

Many years after, the celebrated Percival Pott, one of the best practical surgeons, according to general estimation, in this or any other country, published a tract to demonstrate the superior advantage of depression ; but extraction became the fashion in the medical world, still maintains its ascendancy, and is certainly practised with great skill and success by many eminent professors in this metropolis. I wish they were equally skilful in treating inflammations of

the eye, or that they never indulged themselves in experimental practices on that essential organ of human happiness, as I have seen many dreadful victims of their injurious and destructive applications. I may here not improperly introduce an anecdote relating to the subject.

The Baron de Wenzel, in the earlier part of his life, had been a pupil of my grandfather, who, on hearing of the baron's extraordinary fame in London, and meeting him in company, privately hinted to him, that when he was his pupil he had not discovered such docility as to promise so high a degree of professional repute. The baron, piqued at this remark, pointed to his shoes, which were decorated with brilliant diamonds, and simply said, "*regardez mes boucles,*" but evidently spoke loud, in order to attract the attention of the company, as well as of my grandfather. What answer the chevalier made, I know not, but it was probably very sharp, as he was well known to excel in repartee. The baron was chiefly raised into notice by his success in performing the operation of extraction on the eyes of the old Duke of Bedford, whose memory will ever live in the Letters of Junius. The duke not only rewarded the baron with five hundred pounds, but procured for him the honour of being oculist to his Majesty, which title my grandfather had enjoyed in the former reign. On the death of the baron, that honour, as I said before, was conferred upon myself, and upon my deceased brother, who practised in conjunction with me.

When my grandfather for the last time quitted this country, as he never returned to it, I have no recollection of his voice, and should be equally for-

getful of his person, if he had not, within six months after his departure, sent us a portrait of himself, painted at Rome by the Chevalier Rosco: it came while his features were fresh upon my memory, and was deemed by the family a very strong likeness, so strong, indeed, as often to cheat me into a belief that I distinctly remembered the original. This portrait is in my possession. It represents him in splendid attire, and in a dignified attitude, holding the instrument for couching in his hand, with an artificial eye, for the illustration of a lecture which he appears to be delivering. He was accustomed to deliver lectures on the structure and disorders of the eye, in London, Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Dublin, and all places where a learned and scientific audience might be expected to attend.

He went abroad soon after the publication of his own memoirs. I remember to have read a criticism on this work in an old Number of the Monthly Review, in which it was said, that the chevalier was "a coxcomb, but a coxcomb of parts." Not long after there was a report, apparently authentic, that he had died abroad, and as he was so conspicuous a character in his day, my father thought of writing his life, simply detailing facts, and wholly free from that egotism which certainly characterized the chevalier's own biography; and I believe he entered into an agreement for that purpose with Mr. Dodsley, the predecessor of my late excellent friend Mr. George Nicol, of Pall Mall.

For this purpose, my father had collected many curious particulars, among which were several extraordinary adventures. Not being practised in literary pursuits, he submitted these materials to Mr.

Henry Jones, the author of a tragedy, entitled "The Earl of Essex," with whom he was then intimate. Jones was to mould these materials into a form suitable for publication, but being a careless, dissipated, and unprincipled man, he was obliged suddenly to leave his lodgings at Lambeth, where he was in debt for rent, and fearful of being discovered by other creditors, he left my father's MSS. behind, and they were said to have been consumed as waste paper.

My father, pursuant to his agreement with Mr. Dodsley, having announced the intended work in the newspapers, and having given authority to Jones to prepare it for publication, that profligate scribbler impudently published a work in two volumes, partly from the recollection of my father's materials, but almost wholly of his own invention, entitled "The Life of the Chevalier Taylor, written by his Son." Shocked at this violation of confidence and of friendship, and at the low trash imputed to him, my father exposed the imposition in the daily newspapers of the time. But Jones, having been paid by the bookseller, or rather by my father, in advance, to stimulate his industry, there remained no remedy but the uncertain and expensive course of law, to which my father was always insuperably averse. He, of course, discarded Jones, who thereby lost an hospitable friend, and who, after a life of low debauchery, being found drunk under the shambles in Newport-market, was conveyed to St. Martin's workhouse, where he soon after died.

Such, I understand, was the history of the work, and such the fate of its wretched author. Jones had been a bricklayer's labourer, but having natural

talents, he had turned his attention to literature, if scribbling for newspapers may be so termed, in which many of his poetical trifles had been inserted; and after the successful representation of his tragedy, he attracted the notice of the great Earl of Chesterfield. He had offended that nobleman by some profligate conduct, and the Earl had withdrawn his patronage. Jones, in order to conciliate his benefactor, addressed some verses to him, on holding the knocker at his gate without having courage to make it sound, on account of his lordship's displeasure. These verses restored him to favour, but he soon forfeited it again by a return to his old habits of dissipation.

The late Rev. William Peters, a member of the Royal Academy, chaplain to that institution, a good artist, and a particular friend of mine, confirmed all that I had heard of Jones, who was well known to him. He described Jones as an Irishman, with the manners and accent of the lowest people of his country. He was fond of poetry and painting, and at every convivial, or rather, drunken bout, always proposed a toast in their favour, pronounced in the following manner, viz. "The Pin and the Pencil." Mr. Peters told me that the last time he saw Jones, was at a respectable public-house at the corner of Hart-street, in Bow-street, Covent Garden, where the landlord had just kicked him down stairs for attempting to take liberties with his wife.

The tragedy of "The Earl of Essex" was favourably received on account of its own merits, but principally owing to the admirable manner in which the hero of the piece was represented by my father's, and my old friend Mr. Ross.

CHAPTER III.

To return to my grandfather and his family. He had a brother, James Taylor, A.M. who entered into the church, and became one of the chaplains to George the Second. He was also chaplain to his Majesty's own regiment of horse, and rector of Broadway, in the county of Dorset. He published a work entitled "Remarks on the German Empire; with an historical account of the towns on the Rhine and the operations of the Campaign in 1743." His son, Philip Riley Taylor, Esq. of Beccles Hall, Suffolk, was my godfather. This gentleman, during his permanent residence at his seat in Suffolk, for a year or two sent game to my father; but, without any difference between them, all intercourse ceased, till my grandfather, the chevalier, took my mother and me to his native city Norwich, where I understood his fame was so widely spread that the church-bells were rung on his arrival.

After passing some days at Norwich among relations and friends, where many patients attended him, he proceeded with us on a visit to his nephew at Beccles Hall. All I remember of the place is, that it was a large mansion, with a spacious lawn before it; but of the tenants I have no recollection.

As my grandfather was, by all reports, a man of extraordinary talents, I may be permitted to dwell a little upon his character. He was, it seems, very fond of me, and wanted to take me abroad with him, promising to give me the best education, and

to secure me a good fortune ; but as I was the eldest son, and my father expected that in due time I should be able to assist him in his profession, the offer was declined. As a proof of my grandfather's fondness for me, he would throw himself on the floor in his rich attire, suffer me to sit on his breast as if I were on a horse, and give his laced neckcloth to me to hold as a bridle. I should be ashamed of recording such trifling incidents, if they did not tend to illustrate my grandfather's character.

It is now time to say something of my father. Having struggled with difficulties in his youth, when he left the college Du Plessis in Paris, he came to London, and resided with his mother till the return of the chevalier, who engaged him to assist him in his profession, and took pains to enable him to advance his own professional reputation. An incident occurred soon after my father's arrival in London, which might have been attended with fatal consequences. Being dressed in Parisian gaiety with bag and sword, and walking through Southwark Fair, immortalized by Hogarth, he was taken for a young Frenchman. His fine white stockings were objects too tempting to a mischievous young butcher, who contrived to splash them from the kennel. My father was so incensed that he drew his sword and followed the butcher, who ran off, and easily escaped among the crowd, otherwise my father declared he was so incensed, that he should have run him through the body. Some good-natured people hearing him speak with a French accent, pitied him as a young foreigner, and soon appeased him.

My father was sometime patronised by Cheselden, who thought so much of his skill in diseases of

the eye that he generally recommended patients to him. Cheselden published a tract relating an account of his own successful operation upon the cataracts of a boy who was born blind, and the extraordinary effect of sight upon the patient.

Many years after a similar case of a boy born blind came under the care of my father, who was equally successful in performing the same operation, and the result confirmed all that Mr. Cheselden had stated respecting the effect of novel vision on those who are born blind. It scarcely need be observed, that infants gradually acquire a knowledge of external objects, but that to those who receive sight at a more advanced stage of life all such objects form nothing but a confused mass, which they must learn to discriminate by degrees.

My father's patient was a native of Ightham in Kent, and a young musician, who, though blind, used to perform during the seasons at Tunbridge and other places. My father published an account of this case, and it excited nearly as much attention in the medical world as that of Mr. Cheselden. A few of the effects of the case may be here properly mentioned. After the boy had obtained some power of distinguishing external objects, by feeling them for some time, and looking hard at them, when presented to him, it was long before he had any notion of distances. If he wanted to take hold of any article that he saw on the table, he generally made a snatch at it, and on such occasions darted his hand beyond the object or before it, and seldom reached it till after many attempts. The success of the operation excited great attention in the neighbourhood where my father resided.

An alarming proof of the patient's ignorance of distances occurred one night, which was fortunately observed by the watchman. The boy was going, as he stated afterwards, to step from the top of the house in Hatton-garden over to Bartlett's-buildings, to catch hold of the moon. The watchman, an intelligent man, who had heard of the case, luckily saw him as he was on the point of stepping forward, and uttered a loud shout, bidding him get back into the house immediately. The boy obeyed, much terrified, and retreated into the garret. The watchman instantly apprised the family of what had happened, and care was taken to secure the boy from the recurrence of any such danger. The boy, after he became familiar with his own reflection in a mirror, was fond of looking at his image, which he used to call his man, and said, "I can make my man do every thing that I do but shut his eyes." This case excited so much curiosity and attention, that Worlidge, an eminent artist then in London, took a drawing of the patient, from which he made an etching and published it.

My great grandfather performed the same operation, a few years after, on a person born blind, with the same success, but the former case had been so generally known, that the subsequent one excited little attention, except among the medical professors. It happened also that the case of a boy who was born blind was submitted to my care ; and I performed the operation at that old and respectable inn the Swan with Two Necks, in Lad-lane near Cheapside. My late brother, a member of the College of Surgeons, and several country practitioners were present, and the operation completely succeeded. The boy

was properly kept at the inn till he could distinguish objects and their relative distances. He returned in due time into the country, and the last intelligence I heard of him was from one of the proprietors of the inn, whom I accidentally met, and who informed me that my patient had obtained the complete use of sight in the eye operated upon, and that he was to have been brought to town that I might perform the operation on his other eye, but had died just before he was to have commenced his journey.

I was first appointed oculist in ordinary to his late Majesty, when Prince of Wales, in the year 1789, and in the following year to his royal father, George the Third. On the death of that revered monarch I was honoured with the same appointment under his successor, George the Fourth. On my first appointment by his late Majesty, when Prince of Wales, being known to be near-sighted, some wag wrote the following lines in a ministerial paper. The poetical satirist was, however, mistaken in supposing that there is a salary annexed to the office, though, indeed, I have heard that my grandfather, in the height of his fame and prosperity, had declined to receive the same salary allotted to the Poet Laureate. The following are the lines :—

IMPROMPTU,

*On the appointment of John Taylor, Esq. to be Oculist to
His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.*

Oh ! Prince, since thou an oculist
Hast ta'en into thy pay,
'Tis hoped he'll chase dull party's mist,
And spread truth's radiant day.

But if, whate'er may be his skill,
That mist we still shall find,
The homely adage to fulfil,
The blind* will lead the blind.

* Mr. Taylor is said to be near-sighted.

About this time I began to turn my attention towards literary pursuits, and particularly towards the public press, considering it a shorter and more probable path, than my profession afforded, to that independence which, from a very early period of my life, I was always anxious to attain.

I shall take a little more notice of my family, a subject of no interest to the public at large, but rather an obtrusion on its patience, though dear to myself, and then direct my attention to what I hope will be found of more "mark and likelihood." My good mother was allowed to have been very handsome in her early days, and so, indeed, she remained to a great degree within my recollection, allowing for the progress of time and the number of her children. The respect, affection, and gratitude due to her memory induce me to add that she possessed an excellent understanding, was fond of literature, conversant with history, an affectionate wife and mother, a sprightly, intelligent, and good-humoured companion, and always maintained a most exemplary character.

After many years absence from this country, my grandfather's death was noticed in the following manner in a continental paper:—"Having given sight to many thousands, the celebrated Chevalier Taylor lately died blind, at a very advanced age, in a convent at Prague."

WILLIAM OLDYS, ESQ. This gentleman, whose profound knowledge of English literature has raised his name into high estimation with literary antiquaries, and whose manuscripts are the subjects of frequent reference, was the intimate friend of my father, but, as I was then an infant, what I know of him was derived from the accounts of my parents. All that I could recollect from this source of information, I communicated to my friend Mr. D'Israeli, who has inserted it in the second series of his very amusing work intituled "The Curiosities of Literature." Mr. Oldys was, I understood, the natural son of a gentleman named Harris, who lived in a respectable style in Kensington Square. How he came to adopt the name of Oldys, or where he received his education, I never heard. My father, who was well acquainted with the Latin and French languages, informed me that Mr. Oldys was a sound scholar, though he chiefly devoted himself to English literature. Mr. Oldys was of a very reserved character, and when he passed his evenings at my father's house in Hatton Garden, he always preferred the fire-side in the kitchen, that he might not be obliged to mingle with other visitors. He was so particular in his habits, that he could not smoke his pipe with ease till his chair was fixed close to a particular crack in the floor. He had suffered the vicissitudes of fortune before my father knew him, but was then easy in his circumstances, having been appointed Norroy King at Arms. I shall borrow from Mr. D'Israeli's work, the account of this appointment as I related it to him, and as that gentleman has inserted it in the third volume of his new series.

“ Oldys, as my father informed me, lived many years in quiet obscurity in the Fleet Prison, but at last was ‘spirited up’ to make his situation known to the Duke of Norfolk of that time, who received Oldys’ letter while he was at dinner with some friends. The duke immediately communicated the contents to the company, observing that he had long been anxious to know what had become of an old, though an humble friend, and was happy, by that letter, to find that he was still alive. He then called for his *gentleman* (a kind of humble friend whom noblemen used to retain under that name in former days), and desired him to go immediately to the Fleet Prison with money for the immediate need of Oldys, to procure an account of his debts, and to discharge them. Oldys was soon after, either by the duke’s gift or interest, appointed Norroy King at Arms; and I remember that his official regalia came into my father’s hands at his death.” Mr. Oldys had been one of the librarians to the celebrated Harley, Earl of Oxford, and in that capacity had become known to the Duke of Norfolk. My father was appointed executor to Mr. Oldys, who had stood godfather to one of his sons.

Soon after the Duke of Norfolk had removed all pecuniary difficulties from Mr. Oldys, he procured for him, as I have said, the situation of Norroy King at Arms, a situation peculiarly suited to his turn for antiquities. On some occasion, when the King at Arms was obliged to ride on horseback in a public procession, the predecessor of Mr. Oldys in the cavalcade had a proclamation to read, but, confused by the noise of the surrounding multitude, he made many mistakes, and, anxious to be accurate, he

turned back to every passage to correct himself, and therefore appeared to the people to be an ignorant blunderer. When Mr. Oldys had to recite the same proclamation, though he made, he said, more mistakes than his predecessor, he read on through thick and thin, never stopping a moment to correct his errors, and thereby excited the applause of the people, though he declared that the other gentleman had been much better qualified for the duty than himself.

The shyness of Mr. Oldys's disposition, and the simplicity of his manners, had induced him to decline an introduction to my grandfather, the Chevalier Taylor, who was always splendid in attire, and had been used to the chief societies in every court of Europe; but my grandfather had heard so much of Mr. Oldys, that he resolved to be acquainted with him, and therefore one evening when Oldys was enjoying his philosophical pipe by the kitchen-fire, the chevalier invaded his retreat, and without ceremony addressed him in the Latin language. Oldys, surprised and gratified to find a scholar in a fine gentleman, threw off his reserve, answered him in the same language, and the colloquy continued for at least two hours, Oldys suspending his pipe all the time, my father, not so good a scholar, only occasionally interposing an illustrative remark. This anecdote, upon which the reader may implicitly depend, is a full refutation of the insolent abuse of my grandfather by Dr. Johnson, as recorded in the life of that literary hippopotamus by Mr. Boswell. The truth is, that among the faults and virtues of that great moralist, he could not eradicate envy from his mind, as he indeed has con-

fessed in his works ; and in respect to colloquial latinity, he who was a *sloven* was no doubt mortified to be excelled by a *beau*, and this is probably the true cause of his illiberal and unjust description of my grandfather.

On the death of Oldys, my father, who was his executor, became possessed of what property he left, which was very small, including his regalia as King at Arms. Mr. Oldys had engaged to furnish a bookseller in the Strand, whose name was Walker, with ten years of the life of Shakspeare unknown to the biographers and commentators, but he died, and “made no sign” of the projected work. The bookseller made a demand of twenty guineas on my father, alleging that he had advanced that sum to Mr. Oldys, who had promised to provide the matter in question. My father paid this sum to the bookseller soon after he had attended the remains of his departed friend to the grave. The manuscripts of Oldys, consisting of a few books written in a small hand, and abundantly interlined, remained long in my father’s possession, but by desire of Dr. Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore, were submitted to his inspection, through the medium of Dr. Monsey, who was an intimate friend of Dr. Percy. They continued in Dr. Percy’s hands some years. He had known Mr. Oldys in the early part of his life, and spoke respectfully of his character. The last volume of Oldys’s manuscripts that I ever saw, was at my friend the late Mr. William Gifford’s house, in James Street, Westminster, while he was preparing a new edition of the works of Shirley ; and I learned from him that it was lent to him by Mr. Heber. Mr. Oldys

told my father, that he was the author of the little song which was once admired, and which Mr. D'Israeli has introduced in his new series, relying upon the known veracity of Oldys from other sources besides the testimony of my parents. There is no great merit in the composition, but as it shows the benevolent and philosophic temper of the author, I shall submit it to the reader as an old family relique.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
 Drink with me, and drink as I!
 Freely welcome to my cup,
 Couldst thou sip and sip it up:
 Make the most of life you may;
 Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
 Hastening quick to their decline!
 Thine's a summer, mine no more,
 Though repeated to threescore!
 Threescore summers when they're gone,
 Will appear as short as one!

Tilburina says, "an oyster may be crossed in love," and so, perhaps, may a cold literary antiquary. Mr. Oldys frequently indulged his spleen in sarcasms against female inconstancy, and often concluded his remarks with the following couplet, but I know not whether it was composed by himself.

If women were little as they are good,
 A peascod would make them a gown and a hood.

My friend Mr. D'Israeli is mistaken in saying that, "on the death of Oldys, Dr. Kippis, editor of the *Biographia Britannica*, looked over the manuscripts." It was not till near thirty years after the death of Oldys, that they were submitted to his inspection, and at his recommendation were pur-

chased by the late Mr. Cadell. The funeral expenses had been paid by my father immediately after the interment of Oldys, and not, as Mr. D'Israeli says, by the "twenty guineas, which, perhaps, served to bury the writer."

My friend Mr. Alexander Chalmers, to whom the literary world is indebted for many valuable works, chiefly biographical, has, I find, written a life of Mr. Oldys, which I have not seen, and I doubt not that it is marked by his usual candour, research, and fidelity. I must not, however, mention Mr. Chalmers merely as a biographer, great as his merits are in that character, as he is the author of innumerable fugitive pieces, remarkable for fancy, humour, wit, and satire, which have been published anonymously, and have been always justly admired. But I ought particularly to mention a work, in three octavo volumes, entitled "The Projector," which appeared in successive numbers through the Gentleman's Magazine, one of the oldest, indeed the oldest, and indisputably the most valuable of our periodical productions of a similar description, and which since its origin, a hundred years ago, has always maintained an undiminished reputation. Mr. Chalmers himself collected these numbers into three volumes, and, in point of ironical humour and sound moral tendency, they deserve a place in every library.

Mr. D'Israeli mentions a caricature of the person of Mr. Oldys, drawn by the well-known Major Grose, with whom I had the pleasure of being acquainted, and who mentioned Mr. Oldys to me with great respect. The Major was a man of great humour and learning. I shall, perhaps, have occasion to mention him hereafter.

CHAPTER IV.

ONE of my father's intimate and early friends was Mr. James Brooke, who lived till I was far advanced in life. He had been apprenticed to an engraver, and practised the business some years, but having had a good education, and possessing literary talents, he devoted himself wholly to the profession of an author. His literary talents and political knowledge were so well known, that he was engaged to conduct "The North Briton," on the relinquishment of that work by Mr. Wilkes. He wrote several prologues and epilogues in the early part of his life, and songs for Vauxhall Gardens. He was well known to all the wits of his time.

Mr. Brooke was a distinguished member of convivial parties, and, as a proof of the easy familiarity of his character, he was generally stiled "Jemmy Brooke." He was particularly intimate with Ross the actor, Macklin, Hugh Kelly, and Goldsmith, as well as with Richardson, the author of *Clarissa*, who stood godfather to his second daughter, christened by the name of that celebrated novel.

There is in many families some overbearing friend, who takes great liberties and assumes much authority; such was Mr. Brooke in ours. He exercised a control over the children; but though it was irksome to us at the time, it was eventually a great advantage in forming our manners and directing our pursuits. He had married a very beautiful young

woman, the daughter of a respectable tradesman in the city, by whom he had three children, a son, who was my school-fellow at Ponder's End, Enfield, and two daughters. The daughters lived many years in our family. The elder is still alive, a venerable spinster. The younger was the third wife of the late Philip Champion Crespigny, Esq. King's Proctor, and Member of Parliament for Sudbury. Knowing the early and almost infantine connexion between me and his wife, Mr. Crespigny obligingly offered to admit me into his office, as an indentured clerk, without a premium, though I believe that a thousand pounds is the sum usually required on such occasions, and was probably higher in the office of King's Proctor. My father, however, requiring my assistance in his profession as oculist, having a large family, and conceiving that he should find great difficulty in supporting me during the period of my clerkship, deemed it expedient to decline the generous offer. I have often thought with regret of having lost so favourable an opportunity, which, as Shakspeare says, was my "tide in the affairs of men."

A whimsical circumstance took place in Mr. Brooke's youth. During the time of Bartholomew Fair, young Brooke was absent from his father's house for two days, but as he was a very intelligent, as well as lively young man, in whose understanding his father placed great confidence, the family were not under any alarm. His father, during his absence, to show a country friend the humours of London, happened to enter one of the booths in Smithfield in the height of the fair, and the first object that attracted his attention was his

own son on the stage, actively employed in what at that time was styled the "Jockey Dance," with a sportsman's cap and whip. It may be proper to observe, that Bartholomew Fair was then of a more respectable description than it is at present. Yates, an admirable comic performer, and Shuter, who Garrick said was the best comic actor that he had ever seen, had each a booth at this fair; and my father assured me that he had seen Mrs. Pritchard, who has been described as one of the very best actresses that ever adorned the British stage, perform at the fair.

The talents of Mrs. Pritchard were confined neither to tragedy nor comedy; she was equally excellent in both. Even the cynical Churchill bestows a high panegyric on her theatrical powers, and it was acknowledged at the time that her Lady Macbeth was not more terrific than her Doll Common was humorous; but she was equally successful in representing characters of the upper and middle ranks of life. The amiable and elegant Mr. William Whitehead, Poet Laureate of that time, testified his respect and esteem for this great actress, by writing her epitaph, which appears on a tablet in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey; yet Dr. Johnson has degraded her memory by representing her as an ignorant woman, who talked of her "gownd." Surely so accomplished a scholar, and so intelligent a man as Mr. Whitehead, was able to appreciate her character, and he would hardly have annexed his name to the epitaph, had she been so ignorant as she is described by Dr. Johnson.

Mr. Brooke was a man of a very irritable temper, and frequently gave way to the most violent im-

pulses of sudden anger. His wife, a lovely and amiable woman, had for many years borne with patience the impetuosity of his nature, but at length her fortitude was exhausted, and she left him. Having no other resource, she adopted the theatrical profession, and was soon engaged at the Edinburgh Theatre, where, in comic characters, particularly old ladies, she appeared to great advantage; and many years afterwards was engaged on the Norwich stage. Immediately after the retreat of his wife, Mr. Brooke, who possessed literary talents of no ordinary description, wrote an advertisement, which was inserted in the newspapers of that time, addressing his wife in the most pathetic manner, imploring her to return; appealing to her feelings as a mother, and representing the forlorn and helpless state of her three children, deprived of maternal solicitude and affection. Mrs. Brooke, however, having long and thoroughly tried his temper, considered it utterly incurable, and never renewed the intercourse. This advertisement was shown to me many years ago by the late Rev. Mr. Harpur, of the British Museum, who had extracted it from an old newspaper, and I remember it struck me as one of the most affecting compositions I had ever read.

In the early part of my life, Mrs. Brooke came to London, and called on my mother, who had been a most affectionate friend, and, in effect, a mother to her daughters. I then saw her for a few minutes only, as I was obliged to leave home on some concern for my father, but remember that I was struck with the beauty of her countenance and the dignity of her figure. After sustaining

an eminent station at the Norwich theatre during many years, she was afflicted with a cancer, which wholly unfitted her for the stage, and she was advised to come to London, and throw herself on the protection of her son-in-law, Mr. Crespigny, who was liberally disposed to afford her a suitable provision, and offered to give her an adequate sum of money, or settle an annuity upon her. She was advised to accept the first proposal, as it was observed that, if she exhausted the money before her death, it was probable she would then obtain the annuity. Which part of the alternative she accepted, I never heard, and never thought proper to inquire.

On her arrival in London, I was introduced to her by her daughters, who thought that as she had few acquaintances in London, I might occasionally visit her as an acceptable companion. In the whole course of my acquaintance with the female world, I never knew a more amiable and intelligent woman. Her face exhibited the interesting remains of great beauty, with the most benignant expression of countenance. There is a portrait of her painted by Worlidge, an artist of high reputation in his day, which is now in the possession of her elder daughter. I have a mezzotinto print from this portrait. Mr. Boswell, in his account of his tour through the Highlands of Scotland, says that, in a public-house, he saw a similar print, and one of the celebrated Archibald Bower, who wrote the *Lives of the Popes*, and was proved to be an impostor in his account of his imprisonment in the Inquisition. Mrs. Brooke, after bearing, with fortitude and resignation, severe

sufferings under her disorder, died in the year 1782, and was buried in the old church-yard at Marylebone. I attended her funeral, as I did, many years after, that of her husband, both, as I understood, having expressed a desire that I should show this mark of respect to their remains. I never knew them together, and they never met after Mrs. Brooke's retreat from her husband.

I must indulge myself, or, perhaps, rather my vanity, in the insertion of a short proof of her friendship, if not of her poetical powers. Sitting one evening with her, for, indeed, I never suffered a day to pass without seeing her, I took up the pen, and wrote a few lines extempore, intimating that it was odd, having scribbled so many verses upon indifferent subjects, that I had never written any upon her, who was so high in my esteem and friendship. She took the pen from me, and immediately produced the following answer.

You say it is odd, my heart's dearest friend,
That in verse you had never the thought to commend
Those virtues your kind partiality gives
To one who, in truth, is as simple as lives—
All the merit she claims is a friendship that's true,
And her pride and her boast is her friendship with you.

As I was often profuse in expressing my high opinion of this lady, whenever I was with her, she more than once desired that I would read a poem, entitled "The Squire of Dames," written by a Mr. Mendez, a rich gentleman of the Jewish persuasion. It is in Dodsley's collection of poems. Mr. Mendez was the author of "The Chaplet," a musical after-piece, which was very popular in its day. He also published a volume of poems, partly selected, and

partly his own production. In this volume were included some stanzas to the celebrated Mrs. Woffington, beginning—

Once more I'll tune the vocal shell ;

which were generally attributed to Garrick, on account of his known partiality to that actress, but were really written by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, one of the most vigorous satirical poets of his time, and appear in the three volumes of his works published by Lord Holland, which are more creditable to his Lordship's love of genius and his sense of humour, than to his regard for delicacy, as there are many passages in these volumes that ought never to have seen the light, however pointed, ingenious, and facetious.*

Upon my asking Mrs. Brooke why she had so particularly desired me to read "The Squire of Dames," she declined telling me the reason, and said she left it to my own discernment. After having read the poem, and reflected on its drift, finding that the heroine, though deemed exemplary for virtue, appeared to have all the frailty which satirists

* Sir Charles Hanbury Williams was our Minister at the Court of Prussia. Close to his residence in Berlin was a house of bad fame, which, soon after his arrival, was prohibited, in compliment to his representative character. Sir Charles deemed it necessary to apply to the Prussian Government, requesting the restoration of the house in question, alleging that, while the house existed in its former state, he knew where to find his servants, but when it was abolished, they were so dispersed through the city, that he found it difficult to discover them. The house was then restored to its former privilege, and the servants to a place where they were sure to be found.

impute to the female sex, I concluded that she intended to induce me to infer that I thought too favourably of her, and to intimate that she partook of all human errors, particularly those of her own sex.*

CHAPTER V.

MR. PRATT.—At the apartments of Mrs. Brooke, I first became acquainted with this gentleman, who had been many years known to the public, and whose productions, under the assumed name of Courteney Melmoth, were deservedly popular and productive. Mr. Pratt supposed, when he wrote to Mrs. Brooke, soliciting the pleasure of waiting on her, that he had addressed Mrs. Brooke, the fair author of “*Julia Mandeville*,” “*Emily Montague*,” and the musical afterpiece of “*Rosina* :” the music of which was chiefly composed by my late friend Mr. Shield. On the first interview, at which I was present, he was informed of his mistake, but the good sense and pleasing manners of Mrs. Brooke induced him to cultivate the acquaintance, and I passed many instructive and pleasing hours in his company, till at

* Whatever might have been the errors of this amiable woman, the goodness of her heart, the benevolence of her disposition, and the rectitude of her principles, at least during the latter period of her life, may be properly received as an expiatory atonement for anything that might have happened subsequent to her separation from her husband, who, if of a different temper, might have rendered her the delight of his life, and the ornament of society.

length we became intimately connected. I afterwards met him frequently at the house of the celebrated Mrs. Robinson, whom I shall mention in the course of these records. Though his works in general are of a sentimental and pathetic description, yet in company he displayed great humour, and abounded in ludicrous anecdotes. I introduced him to Dr. Wolcot, whose original and peculiar genius he highly admired. They became intimate, and the collision of their powers furnished a very pleasant intellectual repast. Mr. Pratt was not born to fortune, and was, therefore, obliged to make his way in the world by his literary talents. Whether he was a classical scholar I know not, but from his intimacy with Mr. Potter, the translator of the "Grecian Drama," and with the present Dr. Mavor, in conjunction with whom he published some works, as well as with Mr. Gibbon the historian, it may be inferred that he had a competent knowledge of classical literature. It is certain that he possessed no ordinary talents as a poet, and as a novel-writer, of which there are abundant proofs in his various and numerous productions. His first dramatic piece was a tragedy, entitled "The Fair Circassian," the title of a poem written by Dr. Croxall, which was much admired. The plot of this tragedy is not, however, founded upon the poem, but on Dr. Hawkesworth's interesting romance of "Almorán and Hamet." Dr. Hawkesworth was another of Pratt's intimate friends. Mrs. Barry was to have been the heroine of the play, but one of those caprices to which great theatrical performers are peculiarly subject, occurred, and it was assigned to Miss Farren, the late Countess of Derby. It was, I believe, her first appearance on Drury

Lane boards, at least in a tragic character ; but her natural good temper, and her friendship for the author, induced her to undertake the part without hesitation. The play, as far as I recollect, was represented nine nights, and therefore produced a tolerable requital to the author.

My old friend Mr. James Sayers, well known for his literary talents as a caricaturist, made a ludicrous drawing of Miss Farren in the heroine, and published a print of it etched by himself. He also made a drawing of Mrs. Abington, in the character of Scrub, which she degraded herself by performing on one of her benefit nights. Mr. Sayers was so well known and so much admired for his knowledge and talents, that I must pay a short tribute to his memory. He was an attorney, and in partnership with another in Gray's-inn, but his partner was so fond of angling that he neglected all business to indulge himself in his favourite diversion, and Mr. Sayers deemed it proper to dissolve the connexion. Mr. Sayers was remarkable for a saturnine humour, and for his fertility and promptitude in sarcastic verses, as well as for his skill in caricature drawings, which he engraved himself, and they constitute a very large collection. Many of them he presented to me, but I believe very few persons possess the whole collection. He was a very shrewd man, a warm politician, and a zealous Pittite. His most popular print was published at the time when Mr. Fox brought forward his memorable East India Bill, after his coalition with Lord North, which destroyed the reputation of both for political integrity. This print, which displayed great ingenuity and humour, represented Mr. Fox as *Carlo Khan* astride an elephant, the face of which had the features

of Lord North, riding in Leadenhall-street near the East India House. Mr. Sayers published many other prints on political subjects, and all in favour of the Pitt administration. He was an intimate friend of the Boydells, and selected many of the subjects for the artists when those enterprising patrons of painting, in conjunction with my late worthy friend Mr. George Nicol, the bookseller to his Majesty, instituted the Shakspeare Gallery in Pall-mall.

On the death of Mr. Pitt, Mr. Sayers published a poem intituled "Elijah's Mantle," which was very popular at the time, and has since been erroneously attributed to Mr. Canning. The fertile imagination of Mr. Sayers, and his sarcastic humour, remained unexhausted till his death. One of his last publications was an heroic epistle to Mr. Winsor, the celebrated founder of the Gas Company, but who, for reasons which have not been satisfactorily explained, was precluded from the profits of his science and ingenuity. This poem abounded in wit, humour, and satire, and might fairly be compared with the memorable heroic epistle to Sir William Chambers, the author of which, like Junius, has never been discovered, but is now generally supposed to have been Mr. Mason, though so essentially different from all that gentleman's acknowledged productions, as to render the question doubtful with all critics of real judgment, taste, and acuteness.

I knew Mr. Sayers in early life, and nothing interrupted our friendship. The last time I had the pleasure of seeing him, was at a dinner in Staple-inn Hall. He was a member of the society of that inn of court, and I had often the pleasure of dining with him at the same social board. He was usually very

reserved at table; and the rest of the members, who highly respected his character and enjoyed his conversation, left him to retain his own humour. As I knew his powers, and wished to draw him forth, I always ventured to attack him with sportive hostility, in order to provoke him into action; and I generally succeeded. I well knew that I was likely to suffer under so powerful an opponent, but I induced him to come forward with sallies highly gratifying to the company, and not less so to myself, for, if I suffered, I profited by the display of his intellectual energy and satirical humour.

He never could resist the opportunity of indulging his turn for ridicule. I remember meeting him one morning at the house of our mutual friend the late Mr. John Kemble, just after the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, one of my oldest and most esteemed friends, had exhibited his fine whole-length portrait of that great actor, in the character of Hamlet philosophising on the skull of Yorick. Mr. Sayers had made a drawing in ridicule of that picture. The drawing displayed much point and humour. Mr. Kemble asked to look at it, and when it came into his hands, having a sincere friendship for Lawrence, he instantly placed it in his table-drawer, and told Mr. Sayers that he should never see it again, as a punishment for his attack on a work of great merit. I understood, however, that Mr. Sayers really intended to present the drawing to Mr. Kemble. The society of Staple-inn suffered a great loss in the death of Mr. Sayers, an event that was to me a subject of sincere regret.

But I must return to Mr. Pratt. I am convinced that his heart was kind, benevolent, and friendly,

though, as he subsisted wholly by his literary talents, I am afraid he was often under pecuniary embarrassments. He had tried the stage, and performed the characters of Philaster and Hamlet, at Covent Garden Theatre; but though, no doubt, he supported both with "due emphasis and discretion," yet his walk was a kind of airy swing that rendered his acting at times rather ludicrous, as I have heard, for his performance took place long before I was acquainted with him.

I was sorry, and indeed shocked, to see a letter from Miss Seward, in the second volume of Mr. Polwhele's *Memoirs*, in which she gives a very severe account of the character and conduct of Mr. Pratt, after having been upon the most friendly terms with him for many years. When Mr. Pratt first published his poem entitled "*Sympathy*," a work characterised by benevolence and poetry, she wrote an elaborate and most favourable commentary upon it, though she afterwards thought proper to drop the connexion, and to revile its author in the grave. Even admitting that there might be some foundation for what she alleges against him, she must have been fully aware of it before she became his friendly commentator. Miss Seward, however, was one of the last persons who should have assumed the office of a severe and moral censor, as it is well known that she suffered the attentions of a public singer, a married man, who resided with his family at Lichfield, and was in the habit of receiving him almost daily. Admitting also that the connexion was innocent, and I have no reason to suppose that it was otherwise, surely it was acting in contempt of public opinion to withdraw a man from his duty to his wife and family.

It may be said of Miss Seward, as a writer of prose or poetry, that she "inclination fondly took for taste." Her poems are stiff and formal, and a great part of her literary reputation arose from the encomiums which Mr. Pratt bestowed on her, and on the kindness with which he brought her name forward to public notice. Her first production was a monody on the unfortunate Major André, who was executed as a spy in America during our lamentable contest with our former transatlantic colonies. It was not recommended by any original merit or poetical vigour, and the same may be said of all her subsequent productions, and her attempts at criticism are vain, weak, and affected. Mr. Pratt, who had really a sincere friendship for Miss Seward, deeply regretted the cessation of their amicable intercourse, and earnestly desired to know how he had offended her, but never could obtain a satisfactory answer. Little could he conceive it possible that in cold-blooded enmity she would have waited till his death to revile his memory.

I am convinced that if Pratt had been born to a fortune, a great part of it would have been devoted to benevolence. He had written a copious account of his own life in two large volumes, of which he had made an abstract, and this he gave me to read at his lodgings, while he was writing something for the press which waited for him.

In the early part of his life he had been in America, but in what employment I do not remember. I suppose he gave public recitations, as he afterwards did at Edinburgh, Bath, and Dublin. He was for some time a curate in Lincolnshire, but tired of that occupation, he devoted himself en-

tirely to the profession of an author. He excelled in epistolary composition. His second dramatic work was intituled "The School for Vanity," which owed its failure chiefly to the great number of letters that passed between the several characters in the play addressed to each other, insomuch that when the last letter was presented, the audience burst into a general laugh, and the piece was hurried to a conclusion, and I believe never brought forward again. In fact, he lived amidst epistolary correspondents, and transferred his habits to the stage. This comedy he included in the four volumes of miscellanies, which he afterwards published. As he was once a popular writer, he must have derived great profits from his numerous works, but was sometimes in difficulties. Once, when he had just received twenty pounds unexpectedly, and had doubtless full occasion for that sum, having observed that I appeared grave, and, as he thought, melancholy, in company with three sisters whom we were frequently in the habit of visiting, and with whom I was generally in high spirits, he conceived that my apparent dejection resulted from some pecuniary pressure, and the next day he offered me his twenty pounds, telling me that all he requested was as early a return as convenient, his own situation exposing him to the mortification of pressing applications. He was totally mistaken as to the cause of my gravity. He was sometime in partnership with Mr. Clinch, a bookseller, at Bath, but preferring the writing to the vending of books, he relinquished the concern. When I first became acquainted with him, he was in the habit of gratifying the company with recitations from the poets, which he gave with im-

pressive effect ; but latterly the violent expression and energy of his delivery rendered it harsh and almost ludicrous. Poor Pratt ! he was one of my earliest literary friends, and I cannot but feel much pleasure in the opportunity of rescuing his character from the relentless rancour of Miss Seward's posthumous defamation.

The celebrated Angelica Kauffman, who was a friend of Mr. Pratt, presented drawings to him for the illustrations of some of his works. This lady I never had the pleasure of seeing, but by all accounts her person was highly interesting, and her manners and accomplishments were peculiarly attractive. It is said that Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was thoroughly acquainted with human nature, and never likely to be deceived in his estimate of individuals, was so much attached to her that he solicited her hand. It appeared, however, that she refused him, as she was attached to the late Sir Nathaniel Holland, then Mr. Dance, an eminent painter, whose portrait of Garrick in the character of Richard the Third is the best and most spirited representation of that unrivalled actor that ever appeared, though all the most distinguished artists of the time employed themselves on the same admirable subject. The correspondence that had taken place between Mrs. Kauffman and Mr. Dance became known, and was thought to be of a very interesting description, insomuch that his Majesty George the Third, who generally heard of anything worth attention, requested Mr. Dance would permit him to peruse the letters that had passed between them during their courtship. What put a period to an intercourse which, being founded upon mutual attachment,

held forth so favourable a prospect of mutual happiness, has never been developed, and is only matter of conjecture. Mrs. Kauffman, after the termination of this promising courtship, went abroad, and was unfortunately deluded into a marriage with a common footman, in Germany, who had assumed a title and appeared to be a person of high rank and affluence. Mrs. Kauffman, it is said, by the intervention of friends had recourse to legal authorities, was enabled to separate from the impostor, but did not return to this country, and died a few years after, having never recovered her spirits after the shock of so degrading an alliance. It is not a little surprising that a lady so intelligent and accomplished should have been the victim of such a deception.

The end of Mr. Pratt was lamentable. He resided for a short time before his death at Birmingham, and was thrown from his horse. He suffered severe contusions by the fall. A fever ensued, which in a few days deprived him of life.

CHAPTER VI.

AMONG those persons with whom I became acquainted at the apartments of Mrs. Brooke, was Mr. Henry Griffith, one of the authors of the *Letters of Henry and Frances*, which were published in six volumes. These letters are of a romantic description, and perhaps abound with more quotations than are to be found in any other English work, except Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, though those in the latter are much more learned; still the lovers of either sex, who may require extracts from the poets and other authors to strengthen their gallant effusions, can hardly apply to a more ample storehouse than to the letters of Henry and Frances. The heroine of the correspondence was, I believe, Mr. Griffith's cousin, to whom he was married, and from all I heard, they were a happy couple. They were both authors by profession. His literary compositions were chiefly written for magazines and newspapers, but I know not if he ever put his name to any of them. His wife displayed her literary powers with success. Her comedy of "*The School for Rakes*," was well received by the public, and had the advantage of being supported by the whole comic strength of the Drury-Lane Company during the management of Garrick. The chief performer was Reddish, who was a very respectable actor at that time, but who, when not much passed the prime of life, became insane, and

never recovered. I saw him in St. Luke's Hospital, and found him flattering himself that he should be able to resume his profession, and fulfil his engagement with the manager of Covent Garden Theatre. It was lamentable to observe the alteration in his person, manners, and attire. The change in the former might easily be accounted for, as he was necessarily confined to spare diet. He always dressed in his sane state like a gentleman, but in Bedlam he had all the tinsel finery of a strolling actor, or what is styled "shabby genteel." He seemed to be drinking a bowl of milk, which, though several visitors were present, he appeared eagerly to gobble like a hungry rustic.

His insanity took place soon after an unlucky occurrence at Covent Garden, the first night of his engagement. He appeared in the part of Hamlet, and in the fencing scene between him and Laertes, Whitfield, who performed the latter character, made so clumsy a lunge, that he struck off the bagwig of Hamlet, and exposed his bald pate to the laughter of the audience. In conversing with him in Bedlam, I soothed him by telling him that I was present at the scene, and that though the accident had a risible effect, the audience knew the fault was wholly to be ascribed to the awkwardness of his competitor. The mortification, however, made so strong an impression on his mind, that he never appeared on the stage again, and, I heard, ended his days in the infirmary at York. He was the second husband of Mrs. Canning, the mother of our late eminent statesman Mr. George Canning. He distinguished himself chiefly in the characters of Edgar, Posthumus,

and Henry the Sixth, in the play of "Richard the Third." Poor Reddish!

The next friend of my father, whose memory I cherish with respect and affection, was William Donaldson, Esq. He was, I understood, the son of a gentleman of the bedchamber to King George the Second, but I have since been informed that such a situation was not likely to be occupied by a person unallied to nobility. That his father was a gentleman, and in good circumstances, is highly probable, as the son had partly received his education abroad, and was deemed a good Latin and French scholar. He had passed the meridian of life when I first knew him, though he had long been intimate with my father. His friendship for the latter induced him to give me an encouraging reception at his house on Turnham Green, which was always open to me when I could spare a few days, and my father did not require my assistance in his profession; and I was always rejoiced at the opportunity of passing my time with so amiable and intelligent a man. My opinion of Mr. Donaldson's merits is supported by that of my friend Sir William Beechey, who knew him at an earlier period than I did, and who, being older and more experienced than myself, was better qualified to decide upon his character. There was a variety, intelligence, and spirit in his conversation, which I have seldom found in persons who have been more distinguished in the world, and admired for their convivial powers and store of anecdotes, particularly as he excelled in the imitation of foreign manners and languages, which enabled him to give a strong effect to every thing he said. He

bought two houses at Turnham Green, one of which he occupied himself, and the other he let to Lucy Cooper, a lady more celebrated for wit and beauty than for chastity. She was distinguished in the regions of promiscuous gallantry at the time when Fanny Murray and Kitty Fisher were her chief rivals in the circles of dissipation.

I will leave Mr. Donaldson for a few moments, as I write only from recollection, lest I should forget what might never recur to me. Lucy Cooper, the fair but faded tenant of Mr. Donaldson, I remember to have seen once, and she appeared to me to retain the traces of a face not strikingly handsome, but exhibiting nevertheless an expression of interesting languor. Her figure had probably been of the middle size, and her manner appeared to indicate the lady, with a softness bordering upon dejection. At this time she had for many years retired from what may be styled *public life*, and, with an annuity that enabled her to live comfortably, had fixed her residence at Turnham Green. She was reputed to be a woman of more understanding than her fair rivals above mentioned, but with less of *l'usage du monde*. Knowing how uncertain are the wages of profligacy, she had, as I was informed, been anxious to prepare against the decay of beauty, and secure an independence against the winter of life. While she was under the *protection*, as it is styled, of a young nobleman of great fortune, after he had been pouring forth vows of eternal attachment, like Prior's Celadon to his Celia, Lucy Cooper thought it a good opportunity for her to try to induce him to settle upon her some permanent provision, and with a melancholy softness, adverting to the uncertainty of her situation,

she asked him; if, after such an avowal of his fondness and unalterable constancy, he could bear to see her sink into poverty in age. The romance of the lover was over in a moment, and he coolly answered, "No, for by G— I would not then see you at all." Lucy used to relate this incident with a smile, and with a sarcastic compliment to the fidelity of man.

During her residence at Turnham Green, a young good-looking man lived in the house with her, whose name was Richardson. He assumed the appearance of a clergyman, and being inoffensive in his manners, and considered as her relation, he was admitted into a club at the Pack-horse, opposite to Mr. Donaldson's house. Dr. Wolcot, Mr. Jerningham, Mr. Jessé Foot, and myself, were afterwards members of the same club, and also Dr. Griffith, the founder of "The Monthly Review." Lucy Cooper died after a lingering illness of some years: Richardson was then thrown upon the world, and soon after left the place. What became of him was not known, but having a good memory, I many years after recognized him in the capacity of a foreman at a woollen draper's on Snow-hill. Not long after, I saw him at the head of a cook's shop in Newgate-street, slicing the beef for casual customers. His next transformation was into a butcher, opposite to Gray's-inn-lane, Holborn; and finally, I saw him with a basket, lined with a clean napkin, parading the streets with country pork and poultry. I heard that he afterwards became a baker, in King-street, Seven Dials.

The last time I ever saw him was under the gateway leading from Henrietta-street, Covent Garden, to the churchyard, where we had both sought shelter from the rain. I saw evidently that he had

recognised me, through all his vicissitudes, as the juvenile visitor to Mr. Donaldson; and as he stood near me, and looked at me with the utmost diffidence, as if subdued by misfortune, though decently attired, I entered into conversation with him, and he reminded me that he had often seen me since what he styled his happier days. I then observed that I had formerly supposed him to be a clergyman, and asked if he had ever been a member of the church, merely to make him think that I viewed him with respect. He seemed gratified to talk with one who had seen him in better times, and told me that he came from a good family, that he was once a linen-draper, with a prosperous business in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor-square, but that keeping a saddle-horse, and aspiring beyond the rank of a tradesman, he had become a bankrupt, and, to secure himself from actual want, had formed a connexion with Lucy Cooper, who could leave him nothing at her death, but goodwill and kind wishes. He was obviously much affected when he spoke of the lady. He made no application for pecuniary assistance, nor, by his appearance at that time, did he seem to require it. It is probable, however, that he underwent many other vicissitudes. He must be very old if still alive, but I hope he has been released from the caprices of fortune and the miseries of life,—miseries from which pride, wealth, and folly, as well as guilt, cannot escape in this world of universal trouble.

I now return to Mr. Donaldson. He was the nephew of Mr. Wood, a gentleman who held a high post at the Custom-house, and who wrote an answer to Lord Bolingbroke, with so much candour and good sense, that the noble philosopher desired

to be acquainted with him. In one of his visits to his lordship at Battersea, he took young Donaldson with him. Mr. Donaldson told me he never saw so expressive a face as that of Lord Bolingbroke, and when his lordship looked at him, his eyes were so penetrating, that he felt quite abashed. Whether Mr. Wood's book was on political or philosophical topics, I do not remember. Mr. Wood, in order to keep his nephew out of harm's way, employed him for a few hours every day at the Custom-house. He lodged in the same house with his uncle in Chancery-lane.

What induced Mr. Donaldson to visit Ireland at a later period, I know not. He there however became acquainted with a very fine woman, who proved in time an excellent actress : this was the celebrated Mrs. Yates, who then went by the name of Miss Graham. Mr. Donaldson was a handsome man, and it is by no means surprising, that his person, intelligent mind, and sprightly conversation, should have made an impression on Miss Graham, and that he should have been captivated by her fine figure and beautiful face. Mr. Thomas Sheridan, the father of my old friend Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was then a young man, and though of a grave character, was probably not insensible to the charms of a fine woman, and at that time, perhaps, there was not a finer than Miss Graham. She was to accompany Mr. Sheridan to England, and he had promised to endeavour to procure for her a situation on the London stage. When Miss Graham arrived in London, she attached herself wholly to Mr. Donaldson, who had returned to England, though not without some regard to appearance ; but they might be said to live together about

two years. What put a stop to this intercourse I know not, but it is not improbable that Mr. Yates, one of the best comic actors of his time, had paid honourable addresses to Miss Graham, and that they were soon afterwards married.

Beautiful as she was, she did not rise into eminence as an actress for many years, and then accidentally, as Mr. Murphy states in his "Life of Garrick." Mr. Murphy had presented his tragedy of "The Orphan of China" to Mr. Garrick, who had accepted it, and the heroine of the piece was assigned to Mrs. Cibber, but that actress, like those who think themselves without a rival, would not decide whether she should condescend to act the part, but kept the author and manager in suspense. Finally, she pleaded ill health, and refused it. Mrs. Yates, whom the author had first preferred on account of the superior grandeur of her person, had been prepared for the part, in order to provide against the illness or hesitating pride of Mrs. Cibber, and she performed it so well, that she at once established her reputation as a first-rate actress, and after the death of Mrs. Cibber, had no rival, till Mr. Barry brought Mrs. Dancer to London, who then divided with her the female part of the theatrical empire. Mrs. Yates had passed the meridian of life when I first saw her, but she had still fine remains of her former beauty, and was an excellent actress, though chiefly in tragedy.

According to Mr. Donaldson's account, there was a remarkable change in the temper of Mrs. Yates after her rise to distinction. He said that while she resided with him, she was meek, diffident, and timid, but he heard that when she had risen to

popularity, she became imperious, overbearing, and arrogant. Such is too often the effect of power, though, perhaps, the mortifying consciousness of declining beauty might contribute to sour her temper. He told me that after he had been some years in Jamaica, and had returned to this country, as he was walking through the Haymarket, a lady in a carriage saluted him with great earnestness, and eagerly repeated her friendly greetings. As the carriage was too distant for him to recognise the lady, he merely raised his hat. Finding that she was not known, and inferring, as he afterwards conceived, that her person must have undergone a great change for the worse, she sunk back in the carriage, with evident dejection. The gentleman in the carriage with her then projected his head, in order to see to whom her eager salutations were directed, and that gentleman was Mr. Yates, who at once enabled Mr. Donaldson to discover in the unknown fair one the object of his youthful admiration.

Mr. Donaldson in the early part of his life married Miss Faulkener, then a celebrated singer at Marylebone Gardens. He was of a party of pleasure in a journey to Richmond by water. Every thing was provided for dinner on board of the vessel, and Miss Faulkener delighted the company so much by her musical powers, but particularly Mr. Donaldson, that he paid court to her, and being a handsome and sprightly man soon gained her affections, and they were married. As Mr. Donaldson, in our frequent walks from Turnham Green to Richmond and London, informed me of most of the particulars of his life, I thought it strange that he never mentioned his marriage to me; and all that my father

or I ever knew of it was derived from the information of Mr. Peter Bardin, a respectable actor at the Goodman's Fields theatre at the time when Garrick burst upon the world with a blaze of excellence that has never since been equalled. Mr. Bardin is mentioned in the History of the Stage, in which it is stated that he had offended the audience so much that he deemed it necessary to quit the theatre. Chetwood does not relate the nature of the offence. Bardin then became the manager of a provincial company of actors, and finally went to his native country, Ireland. When Barry first brought Mrs. Dancer to London, Bardin accompanied them, and they all performed at the theatre in the Haymarket, where I saw them when very young, Barry in King Lear, Mrs. Dancer as Cordelia, and Bardin as Gloucester. Bardin was an intimate friend of Mr. Donaldson, and informed my father and myself that he not only kept up his connexion with Mr. Donaldson, but with his wife also, after their separation, as he had been their friend while they lived in conjugal happiness.

According to Mr. Bardin's account, Mrs. Donaldson was obliged to fulfil her engagement as a singer at Marylebone Gardens, and during her performance the Earl of Halifax was so charmed by her musical powers, that he actually fainted with ecstasy. He soon became acquainted with her, and withdrew her from the protection of her husband. Mr. Bardin said that Mr. Donaldson at first determined to send a challenge to his lordship, but, being persuaded from putting his life in hazard for a woman whom he could never receive again without discredit to himself, he acquiesced in the opinion of his friends.

Though possessed of the means of living like a gentleman, in order to dissipate the gloom arising from the infidelity of a beloved wife, he procured the situation of secretary to the government of Jamaica. Sir Henry Moore was then governor of the island, and Mr. Donaldson was admitted into his private friendship as well as to his official confidence. Mr. Donaldson always spoke of Sir Henry Moore with high respect and regard. Sir Henry first told the story of Monsieur Tonson to Mr. Donaldson, from whom I learned it, and was in the habit of repeating it to my friends in prose; but when Messrs. Fawcett, Holman, and Pope were giving readings and recitations at Freemasons' Hall, by their desire I versified it, and Mr. Fawcett delivered it with so much character and humour, as to render it more popular than it could have been from any intrinsic merits. Mr. Donaldson gave the tale with admirable effect in prose, and when I complimented him on it, he assured me that he did not approach the humorous manner in which he had heard it recited by Sir Henry Moore. Having acquired a competent fortune, Mr. Donaldson returned to this country, resided some years in Craven-street, and finally retired to Turnham Green, where my father first introduced me to him, and I found in him a "guide, philosopher, and friend," during many of the happiest days of my life. It is proper to mention that Mr. Johnson, the author of "The Adventures of a Guinea," in another of his works, giving an account of the connexion between Lord Halifax and Mrs. Donaldson, states that his lordship procured the appointment for Mr. Donaldson as a compensation for the loss of his wife; but Mr. Bardin,

who knew all the circumstances of the affair, and had no interest in concealing the truth from my father, stated the matter as I have related it. And if I may believe Mrs. Rudd, Mr. Johnson was not a writer on whose veracity any dependence could be placed. I shall have occasion to mention him again.

When Mr. Donaldson was in Jamaica, he became acquainted with the celebrated Constantia Phillips, then an old woman. This lady in her early days had been married to a Dutch merchant, named Muilman, who afterwards deserted her, and left her to support herself in the best way she could. She was a woman of great sense and accomplishments, and became acquainted with many of the higher ranks of noblemen in this country. The great Lord Chesterfield, if he may be so styled, thought so favourably of her talents, that he advised her to write "The Economy of Female Life," as a sort of companion to Mr. Dodsley's excellent work "The Economy of Human Life." Constantia Phillips, at the time when Mr. Donaldson knew her in Jamaica, was married to a hair-dresser. She originally went to that island with Mr. Needham, who possessed great property there, and was well known in the fashionable circles of London. She told Mr. Donaldson, that, of all her admirers, she was most attached to Mr. Needham. I shall have occasion to mention this gentleman again, and therefore now take leave of Constantia Phillips. It is a melancholy reflection, that a woman so well qualified to adorn private life, even in the most polished circles of fashion, and who might have furnished an impressive example to her sex, should have been induced, or rather reduced, to accept the

hand of a worthless Dutchman, and to become by his desertion the victim of misfortune, misery, and disgrace.

It appears strange to me, considering the many hours I passed with Mr. Donaldson alone, as he communicated to me most of the circumstances of his life, that he never touched upon the subject of his marriage with Miss Faulkener; but as nothing can be more humiliating to a man than the desertion of his wife, it is probable that pride and resentment kept him silent.

Mr. Donaldson told me that once having betted twenty pounds on a horse at Newmarket, he won, but at the end of the race could not find the person who had lost. Returning to London the next day, his post-chaise was stopped by a highwayman, whom he immediately recognised as the loser of the day before. He addressed the highwayman as follows: "Sir, I will give you all I have about me if you will pay me the twenty pounds which I won of you yesterday at Newmarket." The man instantly spurred his horse, and was off in a moment. It is somewhat strange that, soon after Mr. Donaldson landed in Jamaica, he saw the same man in a coffee-house. He approached him, and in a whisper reminded him of his loss at Newmarket; the man rushed out of the room, and, according to report, went to the Blue Mountains, and was never heard of again.

Mr. Donaldson was in real danger from another highwayman, who was celebrated in his day, and known as a fashionable man by the name of Mac-laine. This man came from Ireland, and made a splendid figure for some time, but as his means of

support were not known, he was generally considered as a doubtful character. He was by all accounts a tall, showy, good-looking man, and a frequent visitor at Button's Coffee-house, founded, as is well known, by Addison, in favour of an old servant of the Warwick family, but never visited by him, when driven from his home by the ill-humour of his wife: he then resorted to Will's, on the opposite side of the same street, that he might not be reminded of domestic anxieties. Button's was on the south side of Russell-street, Covent-garden; and Will's in the same street, at the corner of Bow-street. Button's became a private house, and Mrs. Inchbald lodged there. Mr. Donaldson, observing that Mac-laine paid particular attention to the bar-maid, the daughter of the landlord, gave a hint to the father of Mac-laine's dubious character. The father cautioned his daughter against the addresses of Mac-laine, and imprudently told her by whose advice he put her on her guard; she as imprudently told Mac-laine. The next time Donaldson visited the coffee-room, and was sitting in one of the boxes, Mac-laine entered, and in a loud tone said, "Mr. Donaldson, I wish to *spake* to you in a private room." Mr. Donaldson being unarmed, and naturally afraid of being alone with such a man, said in answer, that, as nothing could pass between them that he did not wish the whole world to know, he begged leave to decline the invitation. "Very well," said Mac-laine, as he left the room, "we shall *mate* again." A day or two after, as Mr. Donaldson was walking near Richmond in the evening, he saw Mac-laine on horseback, who on perceiving him spurred the animal and was rapidly approaching him; fortunately, at

that moment a gentleman's carriage appeared in view, when Maclaine immediately turned his horse towards the carriage, and Donaldson hurried into the protection of Richmond as fast as possible. But for the appearance of the carriage, which presented better prey, it is probable that Maclaine would have shot Mr. Donaldson immediately. Maclaine a short time after committed a highway robbery, was tried, found guilty, and hanged at Tyburn. The public prints at the time, I understand, were full of accounts of this gentleman highwayman, and I remember the following two stanzas of a song that was current at the time—

Ye Smarts and ye Jemmies, ye Ramillie beaux,
 With golden cock'd hats and with silver-laced clothes,
 Who by wit and invention your pockets maintain,
 Come pity the fate of poor Jemmy Maclaine.

Derry down.

He robb'd folks genteelly, he robb'd with an air,
 He robb'd them so well that he always took care
 My lord was not hurt, and my lady not frightened;
 And instead of being hang'd he deserv'd to be knighted,

Derry down.

Mr. Donaldson was considered a good scholar. In the earlier part of his life he published a kind of novel, entitled "The Life and Adventures of Sir Bartholomew Sapskull," obviously in the manner of that contemptible, nauseous, and obscene rhapsody, *Tristram Shandy*.* Mr. Donaldson's novel savours

* The author of "The Reverie, or a Flight to the Paradise of Fools," written by the author of "The Adventures of a Guinea," a man of taste and judgment, mentioning Sterne in the former work, says, "He was raised by the success of what he wrote some time ago, of which it may be difficult to determine whether its merit lay in its oddity, its obscenity, or its

too much in some places of its vicious archetype, but contains shrewd observations on human life, interspersed with sound political suggestions and allusions, more especially remarks on the important subject of agriculture, which he afterwards expanded into a work entitled "Agriculture considered as a moral and political duty." Lord Kaimes commended this work in one of his later publications, but was wholly unacquainted with the author. Mr. Donaldson lived long enough to despise his juvenile novel, and to regret that he had ever written it.

In his latter years he employed himself in a historical work, which he entitled "Portraits of the Kings of England," parts of which he condescended to read to me, thinking more favourably of me than I can presume to imagine that I had deserved. As far as I could venture to form an opinion at the time, and from what I still recollect, they appear to me to have shown an impartial examination of the characters and conduct of the respective monarchs, and also to have comprised a just, but unpretending history of the country. He had collected ample materials from the best authorities, and I cannot doubt that his work, when completed, would have been a valuable addition to British literature.

profaneness. However, the thing took with the public taste in an extraordinary manner. The novelty that recommended it being worn off, there was little or no notice taken of it. Besides, he had exhausted the spirit of obscenity and profaneness in the first parts, that there remained nothing for him now but dregs, too coarse for the grossest taste." Such was the opinion of an enlightened writer on "Tristram Shandy," and I heartily wish that my humble concurrence were of force sufficient to bring the fantastic folly into universal contempt.

He published a few numbers of a periodical work, entitled "The Reformer," intended as a vindication of the measures of Government against the attacks of the Opposition. This must have been a disinterested work, as he was easy in his circumstances, devoted to literary retirement, and wholly unconnected with ministers, but strongly attached to his Majesty George the Third. On the death of the mother of that monarch, Mr. Donaldson wrote an elegy, in which he reviled her enemies, and discountenanced all the opprobrious insinuations of her alleged intimacy with his Majesty's favourite northern minister.

Mr. Owen Ruffhead, who published the Statutes at large, and wrote the life of Pope, from materials furnished by Bishop Warburton, was one of Mr. Donaldson's most intimate friends. Mr. Donaldson described him as so plain a man, and with only one eye, that when he entered a room, every one was disposed to exclaim, "What an ugly man!" but when he joined in conversation, his voice was so sweet, and his manners so very engaging, that all seemed inclined to fall in love with him. It is somewhat strange, that Mr. Owen Ruffhead should have been so conversant with the dry study of law, and yet have displayed such a taste for literature as appears in his life of Pope. Mr. Donaldson spoke highly of his moral character. I knew a sister of Mr. Ruffhead. She was the wife of one of the officers of Chelsea Hospital, and she retained such an affection for him, that though he had been dead nearly forty years, the sense of her loss deeply affected her whenever he was mentioned. Mr. Bentley, who supplied the graphic illustrations to Gray's

poem, lived at Turnham Green, and was also an intimate friend of Mr. Donaldson. Dr. Griffiths, the founder of "The Monthly Review," a man of great experience, and a good judge of mankind, used to characterise Donaldson and Bentley as "the eyes of Turnham Green." Mr. Donaldson was often a gratuitous contributor to "The Monthly Review." The "luminaries," however, would have been a more appropriate designation, as the eyes only see, but the others irradiate.

I will now state a few recollections of what I have heard from Mr. Donaldson, and then take a final leave of him. He told me that he was acquainted with a colonel, whose moral worth and scholastic attainments recommended him to the honour of being appointed tutor to one of the young princes. This gentleman had two sons of the most depraved character. The father had in vain endeavoured to reform them by precept, exhortation, and example. They both became highwaymen; one was taken, convicted of robbery, and ordered for execution. The brother went to see him in Newgate the night before the dreadful penalty of the law was to be enforced, and finding the culprit in the agonies of despair, after attempting to console him in the usual manner, suddenly exclaimed, "Why do you snivel in this cowardly manner, when you must know that I shall meet you in hell next sessions?" The fate of the wretched man had no effect upon the surviving profligate, whose flagitious career, a few weeks after, terminated in the same disastrous way. The father soon after resigned his employment, and sunk into the grave with unappeasable dejection.

What the religious principles of Mr. Donaldson

were, I never knew, but I am sure he had too manly a mind to give way to superstition. The following circumstance, however, he told me as a fact in which he placed full confidence, on account of the character of the gentleman who related it. The latter was a particular friend of his, and a member of Parliament. In order to attend the House of Commons, he had taken apartments in St. Anne's Church-yard, Westminster. On the evening when he took possession, he was struck with something that appeared to him mysterious in the manner of the maid-servant, who looked like a man disguised; and he felt a very unpleasant emotion. This feeling was strengthened by a similar deportment in the mistress of the house, who soon after entered his room, and asked him if he wanted anything before he retired to rest: disliking her manner, he soon dismissed her, and went to bed, but the disagreeable impression made on his mind by the maid and mistress, kept him long awake; at length, however, he fell asleep. During his sleep he dreamed that the corpse of a gentleman, who had been murdered, was deposited in the cellar of the house. This dream co-operating with the unfavourable, or rather repulsive countenances and demeanour of the two women, precluded all hopes of renewed sleep, and it being the summer season, he arose about five o'clock in the morning, took his hat, and resolved to quit a house of such alarm and terror. To his surprise, as he was leaving it, he met the mistress in the entry, dressed, as if she had never gone to bed. She seemed to be much agitated, and inquired his reason for wishing to go out so early in the morning. He hesitated a moment with increased alarm, and then told her

that he expected a friend, who was to arrive by a stage in Bishopsgate-street, and that he was going to meet him. He was suffered to go out of the house, and when revived by the open air, he felt, as he afterwards declared, as if relieved from impending destruction. He stated that in a few hours after, he returned with a friend to whom he had told his dream, and the impression made on him by the maid and the mistress: he, however, only laughed at him for his superstitious terrors, but on entering the house, they found that it was deserted, and calling in a gentleman who was accidentally passing, they all descended to the cellar, and actually found a corpse in the state which the gentleman's dream had represented.

Before I make any observations on the subject, I shall introduce a recital of a similar description, and care not if scepticism sneer, or ridicule deride, satisfied that I heard it from one on whose veracity I could most confidently depend. I will, however, now take leave of Mr. Donaldson, though I could with pleasure dwell much longer on the memory of so valuable a friend.

The other extraordinary story to which I have alluded, I heard from what I consider unimpeachable authority. Mrs. Brooke, whom I have already mentioned, told me that she was drinking tea one evening in Fleet-street, where a medical gentleman was expected, but did not arrive till late. Apologising for his delay, he said he had attended a lady who suffered under a contracted throat, which occasioned her great difficulty in swallowing. She said that she traced the cause to the following circumstance. When she was a young woman, and in bed

with her mother, she dreamed that she was on the roof of a church, struggling with a man who attempted to throw her over. He appeared in a carman's frock, and had red hair. Her mother ridiculed her terrors, and bade her compose herself to sleep again, but the impression of her dream was so strong, that she could not comply. In the evening of the following day, she had appointed to meet her lover at a bowling-green, from which he was to conduct her home when the amusement ended. She had passed over one field in hopes of meeting the gentleman, and sung as she tripped along, when she entered the second field, and accidentally turning her head, she beheld, in the corner of the field, just such a man as her dream represented, dressed in a carman's frock, with red hair, and apparently approaching towards her. Her agitation was so great, that she ran with all her speed to the stile of the third field, and with difficulty got over it. Fatigued, however, with running, she sat on the stile to recover herself, and reflecting that the man might be harmless, she was afraid that her flight on seeing him might put evil and vindictive thoughts into his head. While in this meditation, the man had reached the stile, and seizing her by the neck, he dragged her over the stile, and she remembered no more. It appeared that he had pulled off all her clothes, and thrown her into an adjoining ditch. Fortunately, a gentleman came to the spot, and observing a body above the water, he hailed others who were approaching, and it was immediately raised. It was evidently not dead, and some of the party remarking that the robber could not be far off, went in pursuit of him, leaving others

to guard and endeavour to revive the body. The pursuers went different ways, and some, at no great distance, saw a man at a public-house sitting, with a bundle before him. He seemed to be so much alarmed at the sight of the gentlemen, that they suspected him to be the culprit, and determined to examine the bundle, in which they found the dress of the lady, which some of them recognised. The man was, of course, immediately taken into custody, and was to be brought to trial at the approaching assizes. The lady, however, was too ill to come into court, but appearances were so strong against him, that he was kept in close custody, and when she was able to give evidence, though he appeared at the trial with a different dress and with a wig on, she was struck with terror at the sight of him, and fainted, but gave evidence; the culprit was convicted and executed. The medical gentleman added, that when she had finished her narrative, she declared that she felt the pressure of the man's hand on her neck while she related it, and that her throat had gradually contracted from the time when the melancholy event occurred. At length her throat became so contracted, that she was hardly able to receive the least sustenance. Mrs. Brooke never had an opportunity of knowing more of the lady.

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER the death of Mr. Donaldson, I was soon introduced by my father to Dr. Monsey, Physician to Chelsea Hospital. He had been private and resident physician to the Earl of Godolphin, at his lordship's mansion in the Stable-yard, St. James's. In consequence of this connexion, and by his original humour, talents, and learning, he became known to some of the most distinguished of our nobility. He was very blunt in his manner, which has often been compared with that of Dean Swift. There was, however, this difference in their characters: the dean would vent his temper often with brutal insolence and without occasion; Monsey was never harsh in his manner, except to correct folly, revile vice, and ridicule affectation. He was born at Swaffham in Norfolk, where he had an extensive practice, and afterwards went to Norwich. His medical tutor was a very famous physician in the county of Norfolk, named Sir Benjamin Wrench, the grandfather, as I understand, of Mr. Wrench, a popular actor on the London stage. Sir Benjamin was so mild in his manner and so bland in his utterance, that he gave occasion to the well-known, but perhaps nearly obsolete, designation of "Silver-tongued Sir Benjamin." Dr. Monsey thought Sir Benjamin and old Dr. Heberden two of the wisest and most amiable men he had ever known, as well as two excellent physicians. There was a por-

trait of Sir Benjamin in Dr. Monsey's drawing-room at Chelsea Hospital, which the doctor often looked at with great reverence, and never without paying an affectionate tribute to his memory. The painting was by no means unskilful as a work of art, and the portrait had that expression of mild benignity which was generally ascribed to the original.

Dr. Monsey told the following story of Sir Benjamin, as a fact which he knew, but which I have since heard attributed to others. Sir Benjamin had visited a patient who had only given him a guinea as a fee, after a long and tedious consultation, which Sir Benjamin deemed an insufficient recompense. He therefore desired to have a lighted candle, though it was noon-day, and when he received it he stooped and looked about the room. Being asked if he missed anything, he said he was afraid that he had dropped a guinea. The patient took the hint, and the doctor departed fully satisfied.

Dr. Monsey was educated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, where he caught punning, but seldom condescended to practise it, yet he had all Dean Swift "by heart," to use the old expression. He used to relate many puns of his college contemporaries, which I have forgotten. I remember only one, which is, perhaps, not worth reviving. An old member of St. John's College, the high mart of punning, observing a carpenter putting a wooden covering over a bell to prevent the rain from injuring it, told the carpenter that the covering was too small. The man respectfully declared that it was large enough.—"Why," said the inveterate punster, "in spite of your covering, the bell must be now so wet you can (w)ring it."

Another sally of humour, though from a lower character, was of a higher order if intended. A querulous old fellow, high in one of the colleges, was perpetually complaining of something at the table. On one occasion he found fault with a large pewter dish which contained a calf's-head. The old gentleman declared that the dish was dirty, and the cook was ordered up to be sconced. "Why is this dish so dirty?" said old querulous. "Dirty," said the man, "it is so clean, that you may see *your face in it*." All but the old gentleman took the answer as a good joke, if not accidental; and the old gentleman unconsciously continued his complaint.

One story is certainly worth recording. Dr. Monsey, with two or three old members of the university, in the course of an evening walk, differed about a proper definition of man. While they were severally offering their notions on the subject, they came to a wall where an itinerant artist had drawn various representations of animals, ships, &c. After complimenting him on his skill, one of the gentlemen asked him if he could *draw an inference*. "No," said the artist, "I never saw one." Logic then gave way to jocularity, and a man coming by with a fine team of horses, they stopped him, spoke highly of the condition of his horses, particularly admiring the first. "That horse, carter," said another of the gentlemen, "seems to be a very strong one, I suppose he could draw a butt." The man assented. "Do you think he could *draw an inference*?"—"Why," said the man, "he can draw anything *in reason*." "There," said Monsey, "what becomes of your definition, when you met a man that could *not draw an inference* and a horse that could?"

Before Monsey settled as a physician in London, he had been very intimate with Sir Robert Walpole. Sir Robert was fond of wit and humour, and sometimes gave a dinner to his friends at an inn in the neighbourhood of his own seat, Houghton Hall. The landlord of this inn was reputed to be a great wit, and Sir Robert admired his prompt humour so much, that he generally desired him after dinner to join the company and take his place at the social board. The company were generally gratified by the humour of the landlord, who by the encouragement of Sir Robert was admitted upon terms of equality. On one of these occasions, when Monsey was of the party, an old dull Norfolk baronet, who had nothing to recommend him but wealth, was so jealous of the attention which the landlord received, that he openly remonstrated with Sir Robert on his permitting such a man to sit in his company. The landlord modestly observed, that as Sir Robert, who gave the dinner, and all the gentlemen present, condescended to admit him, he saw no reason why the baronet should take exceptions. "Pho," said the baronet, "your father was a butcher."—"Well," said the landlord, "there is no great difference between your father and mine, for if my father *killed calves yours brought them up.*" All the company took the joke immediately, except the baronet, who replied, "What! do you make my father a grazier?"

When Monsey established himself in London, his skill as a physician and the oddity of his humour, as well as his professional sagacity, introduced him to persons of the highest rank, who had sense enough to overcome the pride of nobility. Among others was the Lord Townshend of that day. He told the

doctor that when the great Lord Somers had fallen into imbecility, he was still apparently anxious to appear in the character of a statesman, regularly attending the cabinet council, where he sat in unobserving silence, and was regarded with great respect, but merely as a child before whom any discussion might take place. The only symptom of remembrance or recognition that he discovered was when the Duke of Marlborough began to speak, and he then uttered a shouting noise, as if he recollected that his grace was the only authority upon a military subject that deserved attention. The duke, upon the breaking up of the council, always used to say to Lord Townshend "if I ever am reduced to the state of Lord Somers, for heaven's sake save me, save me."

It happened unfortunately that his grace was reduced to a similar state of imbecility, and, like Lord Somers, would always attend the cabinet council. He was also so enfeebled in body, that he could not walk without the danger of falling, but so jealous that he refused assistance lest his weakness should be suspected; and Lord Townshend used to say that upon such occasions he was obliged to pretend the floor was so slippery that he was in danger of falling at every step, and therefore begged his grace's arm, that they might support each other, and in this manner he cheated the duke into safety. The doctor had known one of the house-porters at Marlborough House when in a former service, and requested that he would permit him, as he never saw his grace, to conceal himself in a corner of the hall, that he might see the duke enter his sedan-chair when he went on an airing. The man

consented, but desired the doctor not to let the duke see him, as his grace was always much disturbed at the sight of a stranger. The doctor went behind the door, but in his eagerness to see the duke, he projected his head too far, and caught his grace's eye. The duke, all the while that he was getting into the chair, and when he was seated, kept his eye steadily fixed on the doctor, and at the moment when the chairmen were carrying him away, Monsey saw his features gather into a whimper like a child, and tears start into his eyes. That respectable biographer, Archdeacon Coxe, in his life of the Duke of Marlborough, appears to represent him as having retained his mental powers to the last; but as he derived his chief materials from the archives of the family, it is not probable that they would comprise any records of imbecility, while Monsey's testimony was the evidence of an eye-witness, and corroborates that of Lord Townshend on the duke's attendancè at the cabinet council. His grace's favourite and constant expression of censure was the word "*silly*."

The duchess was asked how it happened that, among her many enemies, and the numerous attacks upon her, nothing was ever alleged against her conjugal fidelity. Her answer was, that as she had the finest and handsomest man in Europe, nobody would believe that she could listen to the jack-a-dandies of the day. The duchess was violent in her temper and coarse in her language, and Pope's character of *Atossa* was generally admitted at the time to be an exact portrait of her. It is well known that Lady Mary Churchill, one of her daughters, who married the Earl of Godolphin, was

very partial to Congreve the poet, who used generally to dine with her till his infirmities put an end to the intercourse. On the death of Congreve, she had a small statue of him placed always on her dinner-table with a plate before it, and she used to address the figure as if a living person, offering to help him to whatever he preferred. The duchess, her mother, in her usual rough manner, never mentioned her but by the name of *Moll Congreve*.

The Earl of Godolphin, with whom Dr. Monsey resided, was a very mild and amiable nobleman, of a retired disposition. He was very fat and difficult to bleed, but my father, who attended him as an oculist by Monsey's recommendation, always successfully performed the operation, and the Earl requested his assistance in that way when his eyes were wholly unaffected. The noble Lord only read two works, viz. "Burnet's History of his own Times," and "Colley Cibber's Apology." When he had perused these works throughout, he began them again, and seemed to be regardless of all other authors. On some occasions, the earl wishing to get rid of domestic state, used to dine in a private room at the Thatched House in St. James's Street with Monsey alone. On one of these occasions, as Monsey sauntered up St. James's Street, leaving the earl over a newspaper, he met old Lord Townshend, who learning where Lord Godolphin was, said he would dine with him. Monsey bitterly regretted what he had said, but there was no remedy, as Lord Townshend was a rough boisterous determined man. When he entered the tavern-room, addressing Lord Godolphin, he said, "Now, my lord, I know you don't like this intrusion." The earl mildly said in

answer, "Why, my lord, to say the truth, I really do not, because I have only ordered a dinner for Monsey and myself, and have nothing fit for your lordship unless you will wait." "No, no," said Lord Townshend, "anything will do for me," sitting down and indulging in a sort of tumultuous gaiety, very unsuitable to the placid temper of Lord Godolphin. In the course of conversation, Lord Townshend said, "My lord, does Monsey flatter you?" "I hope not," said the earl mildly. Monsey immediately said, "I never practised flattery, because I think none but a knave could give it, and none but a fool receive it." "That may be," added Lord Townshend, "but by G— we all like it!" "I wish I had known your lordship's opinion," said Monsey, "before I had made my foolish speech."

I do not mention this anecdote as interesting in itself, but as an illustration of character, and Monsey was too conspicuous in his day to be unworthy of notice, and too much misconceived not to demand from friendship a vindication of his nature and conduct. The great Lord Chesterfield, as he is generally styled, who carried good-breeding perhaps to an excess, was very partial to Monsey, and bore with his peculiarities because he saw that, however rough his manner at times, it had always a moral tendency, and its purpose to condemn, to expose, and to ridicule vice and folly. Lord Chief Justice de Grey, afterwards Lord Walsingham, was also distinguished for the elegance and suavity of his manners in private life, and he admired and cultivated an intercourse with Monsey, when he retired from the profession, to which his talents, learning, and judicial conduct did so much honour. I

was to dine one day with the doctor at the governor's table in Chelsea Hospital, and soon after I arrived, Lord Walsingham came in his carriage to ask Monsey to accompany him home to dinner. The doctor, knowing that I heard him, in his usual blunt way said, "I can't, my lord, for I have a scoundrel to dine with me." "Then bring your scoundrel with you," said his lordship. The advanced age of the doctor, however, then on the verge, if not turned, of ninety, and the thoughts of returning late at night, in the winter season, induced him to decline the invitation; and thus I missed the only opportunity that ever was presented to me of enjoying the society of two enlightened individuals, from the collision of whose talents and knowledge I might have derived great pleasure and important instruction. Lord Walsingham was the most elegant, clear, and eloquent forensic speaker it was ever my fortune to hear. His voice was musical, his temper mild yet firm, and his utterance remarkably distinct, without formality or affected precision. In this latter respect he strikingly resembled Garrick.

Monsey and Garrick were for many years upon terms of the most intimate friendship, and Mrs. Garrick was particularly gratified with the blunt sincerity of the doctor's manner, except upon one occasion.

The doctor, as he himself related, had passed a few days at Garrick's seat at Hampton. On the Monday morning, Garrick went on horseback to town to attend to the business of the theatre. Monsey and Mrs. Garrick were to follow in the course of the day, and the doctor was to dine with them in Southampton-street, When they reached Turnham

Green, Monsey corrected the lady in the pronunciation of an English word; on which she expressed her surprise, as she declared she pronounced the English language so well, that nobody took her for a foreigner. The doctor ridiculed her pretensions to such accuracy, and the dispute became so vehement on both sides, that the doctor was going to stop the coach, declaring that he would no longer sit with a woman so vain and foolish. Reflecting, however, that he might be obliged to walk all the way to town, he kept his seat, and neither spoke to the other for the remainder of the journey. The doctor, however, attended at dinner-time, but took no notice of Mrs. Garrick, nor she of him. At length Garrick observing this sullen silence on both sides, exclaimed, "Heyday! what, have you two lovers fallen out? Sure something terrible must have happened." The lady maintained a gloomy reserve, and left Monsey to tell the story.

After he had related what had occurred, "And so," said Garrick, "you thought of punishing yourself for her vanity and folly, when you ought rather to have turned her out of the carriage for her obstinacy and ignorance! Why, did you never hear of Potty Brice?" Garrick then said, that though he employed one of the most honest and respectable linen-draper in town, Mrs. Garrick went into an auction-room and bought a large quantity of damaged stuff, and that when the auctioneer required her name, she thought that she should give that of an English gentlewoman, and not of a servant, when she intended to say Betty Price, but instead of that she pronounced it Potty Brice, and her own maid was obliged to explain it correctly. Monsey, how-

ever, whose spleen ended with a few rough words, paid the lady some rough compliment, and harmony was soon restored. It is an old observation, that "every thing begets its like," and so far as relates to Monsey's manner, it generated something of the same kind in his ordinary associates, for they usually addressed him with the same gross familiarity that characterized his own behaviour. This reciprocal freedom always existed between him and Garrick.

Monsey having heard one day that the Duke of Argyle and several ladies of distinction were to sup with Garrick, reproached the latter for not inviting him. "I would have asked you," said Garrick, "but you are too great a blackguard." "Why, you little scoundrel," said Monsey, "ask Lord Godolphin, one of the best-bred men in the world, if I do not behave as well as the politest of his visitors." "Well," replied Garrick, "if you'll promise to behave properly, you shall come." Monsey promised accordingly, and attended. Garrick, however, gave the Duke privately an intimation of Monsey's character. All went on well till Mrs. Garrick began to help her noble guests, in the intervals of which attention, Monsey had several times presented his plate to her, but she was so occupied in showing her deference to the grandeur of the company, that she took no notice of him. At length, after presenting and withdrawing his plate, as other parties engaged her attention, he could restrain himself no longer, and exclaimed, "Will you help me, you b——, or not?" Garrick fell back in his chair with laughter; the Duke, though somewhat prepared for the oddity of Monsey's character, was struck with surprise, and all was consternation with

the rest of the company. Monsey, not the least abashed at the confusion which he had excited, gave way to his humour, related some whimsical anecdotes, and rendered the remainder of the evening a scene of good humour and merriment.

I remember a similar instance when I dined with Mrs. Billington and her first husband at Brompton. Dr. Wolcot, the well-known Peter Pindar, was of the party. The doctor, who appeared to be hungry, eyed one dish with particular eagerness. Mr. Billington, who was an intelligent and agreeable man, with a waggish disposition, gave me a wink, and disregarded Wolcot's plate, under an appearance of respect to other persons near him. The doctor's appetite could be restrained no longer, and thrusting his fork into the dish, he exclaimed, "D— me, I will have this," to the surprise and amusement of all present, among whom was the celebrated Irish orator, Curran. After dinner, Curran and Wolcot drew close to each other, and entered into conversation. Curran introduced the subject of painting, and expressed his peculiar notions and views. After hearing him for some time, the doctor suddenly arose and left the room. As I came with him, I followed him to know if he was taken ill, or wished then to return to town. I found he was disgusted with the conversation of Curran, exclaiming, "Talk of Dr. Numpskull, he would cut into a dozen such fellows as Curran." A Dr. Holton, who conducted "The Herald" newspaper at that time, was nicknamed Dr. Numpskull, because he had placed the Poet's Corner in the middle of the paper.

A difference afterwards took place between Dr. Wolcot and me, which lasted some years, but hear-

ing, during the interval, from my friend Mr. Northcote, that he had dined the day before at Mr. Godwin's, in company with Curran and Dr. Wolcot, I expressed a desire to know if the doctor had formed a more favourable opinion of the Irish wit than at the last interview. "That I can tell you," said Mr. Northcote, "for we walked home together." Speaking of Curran, said he, "Dr. Wolcot expressed great disgust at his presuming frivolity, and declared he would not insult his magpie by offering her that fellow's brains for a dinner."

I have been always puzzled by the contradictory opinions of Dr. Wolcot and my friend Joseph Richardson, on the powers of Mr. Curran. I have stated the Doctor's, but on asking Richardson his, he said that Curran was certainly a man of great genius. From what I heard from Curran myself, I confess I formed no favourable opinion of him, perhaps for want of compasses to measure his character, at the meeting already mentioned.

Before dinner, Mrs. Billington, addressing Curran said, "I hear you are to be Lord Chancellor for Ireland, and then I hope you will procure some appointment for me." Curran, instead of modestly expressing his doubt if ever he should be raised to such a situation, simply said, that he should always be happy to testify his respect for her. After dinner, he evidently endeavoured to impress Dr. Wolcot with a high opinion of his conversational talents. I heard him speak in precise terms of "a concatenated series of consecutive arguments," and other phrases which appeared to me redundant and verbose. Yet it cannot be supposed that the good sense of the Irish people would have raised Mr.

Curran into unmerited distinction ; and the excellent biographical tribute which the son has paid to the memory of his father, appears to justify the national estimation.

It is now full time for me to return to Dr. Monsey. Garrick gave the following account of the origin of his acquaintance with him. He said, that being in the court at the Old Bailey he heard a gentleman request a man who stood before him to move a little on one side, that he might have an opportunity of seeing the bench ; the man, however, a stout fellow, obstinately retained his station. The gentleman repeated his request, but the fellow continued inflexible. At length the gentleman, in a tone somewhat louder than a whisper said, " If I were not a coward, I would give you a blow even in the court." The oddity of the declaration induced Garrick to think he must be a singular character, and he felt a wish to be acquainted with him, which desire increased when he knew that the gentleman was Dr. Monsey, of whom he had often heard but never seen.* Garrick therefore contrived to get introduced to the doctor, and for many years a close intimacy subsisted between them.

It may be asked, as Dr. Johnson says of Addison and Steele, what could divide such friends ? " but," as he adds, " among the uncertainties of the human state, we are doomed to number the instability of friendship." Nor is the reference inapplicable, for Garrick and Monsey possessed such intellectual powers as might have qualified them for an intimacy

* This circumstance is differently stated in a memoir of the doctor in the *European Magazine* of 1789, as having happened at the theatre, but I recollect Monsey's account precisely.

with the former two distinguished characters. The cause of the separation, as I heard Monsey state, was as follows: A feud arose in the theatre, perhaps, on account of the memorable Chinese Festival, which Garrick in vain came forward to appease, and was grossly insulted. The circumstance having been mentioned on the following morning to Pulteney, Earl of Bath, when Monsey and a well-known literary character were present, the Earl expressed his surprise that Garrick, who had fame enough as well as property, did not, after such an outrage, indignantly retire from public life. "Why, my lord," said Monsey, "Garrick knows that a guinea has cross on one side and pile on the other." Monsey positively assured me that this was all he uttered on the occasion. The literary man, however, who probably had reasons for courting Garrick, reported the conversation to him, with doubtless some exaggeration of what Monsey had said.

A few days after Monsey received an anonymous letter, with the words of Horace, "*Hic Niger est, hunc tu Romane caveto*," in which the writer, in a disguised hand and in very severe terms, reprobated those who abused a friend in his absence. Monsey having no suspicion who was the author, in a few days called as usual upon Garrick, but found the husband and wife so cold and repulsive in their reception, that he took a hasty departure. On his way home it struck him that Garrick had written the letter, and on examining it he saw evident marks, through the disguise, of Garrick's hand. Monsey called the next day on Lord Bath, and mentioned how he had been received by the Garricks, when his lordship agreed in the suspicion that Garrick wrote

the letter, at the same time declaring that if he could discover the malignant tale-bearer, he never should enter his doors again. The parties were never reconciled, and the separation must have been a great loss to both, as their humours were similar, and they afforded much amusement to each other.

Monsey had a great contempt for Warburton, whose learning he distrusted, and whose abilities he despised. He told me that he once dined at Garrick's with Warburton and Dr. Brown, the author of "An Estimate on the Manners of the Times," of "An Essay on the Characteristics of Shaftesbury," and of the tragedy of "Barbarossa." He also wrote a poem on the death of Pope, forming a sort of parody on "The Essay on Man," which Warburton introduced into his edition of Pope's works. Brown was a more obsequious parasite to Warburton than even Bishop Hurd was reported to have been. After the dinner, and during the wine, Garrick said, partly in earnest and partly in jest, "Now, Monsey, don't indulge in your usual freedom, but let us be a little serious."—"Oh!" said Brown, "you may be sure that Monsey will restrain his strange humour before Dr. Warburton, as he is afraid of him." Monsey said that he waited a moment or two, to hear whether Warburton would say anything in rebuke to Brown, and ask why Dr. Monsey should be afraid of him; but as Warburton maintained a kind of proud silence, Monsey said, "No, sir, I am neither afraid of Dr. Warburton nor of his Jack-pudding." This sally produced a solemn pause, to the confusion of Garrick, who saw it was hopeless to restore good-humour, and the party soon broke up.

As I do not profess to write with any regard to

regular order, but relate my recollections when they occur to me, I may be permitted to say a few words more of Warburton, who was once addressed in a pamphlet, "To the most impudent man alive," and to whom proud and insolent might have been very properly added. Quin was in the habit of meeting Warburton at Mr. Allen's, at Prior Park near Bath. Quin was a discerning man, and above all sycophantic arts. He had often observed the interested servility of Warburton towards Mr. Allen. Warburton was mortified at the superior powers of conversation which Quin possessed, but was afraid of encountering his talents for prompt repartee. On one occasion, after a conversation on the subject of the martyrdom of Charles the First, for the justice of which Quin contended, Warburton asked him "by what law the king was condemned." Quin, with his usual energy exclaimed, "By all the law which he had left in the land!" an answer which was more ingenious than founded in truth and reason, but which however at once put an end to the controversy.

On another occasion, when Warburton with grave subtlety endeavoured to degrade Quin from the social and equal companion to the player, he professed his desire to hear Mr. Quin recite something from the drama, as he had not an opportunity of hearing him on the stage. Quin delivered the speech from Otway's "Pierre," in which there is the following passage :—

Honest men

Are the soft, easy cushions on which knaves
Repose and fatten,

alternately looking at Allen and Warburton, in so marked a manner that the reference was understood

by all the company, and effectually prevented any subsequent attacks from the divine on the actor.

An evident proof of Warburton's pride was related to me by Dr. Wolcot. The doctor knew a cousin of Mr. Allen, a chattering old woman; she told Wolcot that people in general were much mistaken in supposing that Dr. Warburton was a proud man, for she had often met him at her cousin Allen's in the company of lords and bishops and other high people, and he paid more attention to her, and talked more with her, than with any of the great folks who were present.

This fact fully illustrates Warburton's character, as it shows that he manifested his indifference, if not contempt, of the higher visitors by his familiarity with an ignorant woman, from whom he could receive no entertainment, except what his vanity derived from the consciousness of his own superiority. It has always been wonderful to me that Warburton should have acquired so high a reputation. His insolence, vanity, and ridiculous ambition of superior penetration, have been ably exposed by the severe criticism on his "Comments on Shakespear's text," by Mr. Heath, in his revisal of that text, and by the caustic humour of Mr. Edwards on the same subject.* Beautiful as the "Essay on Man" is as a poem, it is an inconsistent jumble of religion and philosophy. There are many passages in favour of fatalism which Warburton has attempted to reconcile and defend as supporting the

* The arrogance of Warburton is well described in a work called "The Reverie, or a flight to the Paradise of Fools," mentioned before, written by the author of "The Adventures of a Guinea," of whom more hereafter.

Christian faith and doctrines, but with refining sophistry, if not with interested dissimulation and pitiable prejudice. How Pope could be content with such a vindication of his poem is surprising, as the frequent references to fatalism in Warburton's defence must have convinced him that his poem was liable in that respect to all the objections which had been urged against it. It was generally reported that the passage in the comedy of "The Hypocrite," where Mawworm, speaking of his wife when addressing Cantwell, says, "Between you and me, doctor, Molly is breeding again," was a copy of what Warburton had said to a *friendly* clergyman, with whose wife he was supposed to be upon too intimate a footing.

There is a curious letter of Warburton's, written to Concanen, one of Pope's enemies, degrading the genius of the poet, before he had discovered the importance which he might derive from an alliance with him. This letter Mr. Malone has copied and introduced at the end of the play of "Julius Cæsar," in his edition of the works of Shakspeare. I asked the late James Boswell, the son of Johnson's biographer, what had become of the original of that letter, and he told me that he could not find it among the papers of Mr. Malone, to whom he was executor.

I cannot refrain from breaking in upon the progress of my narrative, as I have often done, in order to pay a tribute to Mr. Boswell junior. I have frequently dined with him at a Mr. Neelson's, a stock-broker to the banking-houses of Coutts and Snow, and also at Mr. John Kemble's and Dr. George Pearson's, and have always found him to be a man of learning, wit, and humour, and

one of the most honourable characters that I ever knew. He died after a very few days' illness, in the prime of life, to the regret of all his friends. He was an intimate friend of the celebrated General Paoli, who, I believe, appointed him one of his executors. I was very intimate with his father, the biographer of Johnson, and remember dining with him at Guildhall, when the elder Alderman Boydell gave his grand civic festival on being raised to the mayoralty. Mr. Pitt honoured the table on that occasion with his presence, and when the company removed to a room appropriated to sociality, I had the pleasure of sitting near the great minister and Sir Joshua Reynolds. In a short time Mr. Boswell contrived to be asked to favour the company with a song. He declared his readiness to comply, but first delivered a short preface, in which he observed that it had been his good fortune to be introduced to several of the potentates, and most of the great characters of Europe, but with all his endeavours he had never been successful in obtaining an introduction to a gentleman who was an honour to his country and whose talents he held in the highest esteem and admiration.

It was evident to all the company that Mr. Boswell alluded to Mr. Pitt, who sat with all the dignified silence of a marble statue, though indeed in such a situation he could not but take the reference to himself. Mr. Boswell then sang a song of his own composition, which was a parody on Dibdin's "Sweet little cherub," under the title of "A grocer of London," which rendered the reference to Mr. Pitt too evident to be mistaken, as the great minister was then a member of the Grocers' Com-

pany. This song Mr. Boswell, partly volunteering and partly pressed by the company, sang at least six times, insomuch that Mr. Pitt was obliged to relax from his gravity, and join in the general laugh at the oddity of Mr. Boswell's character. Boswell and I came away together, both in so convivial a mood that we roared out all the way "The grocer of London," till we reached Hatton-garden, where I then resided, to the annoyance of many watchmen whom we roused from their peaceful slumbers, without however being taken into custody for disturbing their repose. In the course of the evening Mr. Boswell and I happened to differ about the meaning of a word. I met him the next day about twelve o'clock near St. Dunstan's church, as fresh as a rose. He recollected our dispute, and took me into a bookseller's shop to refer to Johnson's Dictionary, but which of us was right I cannot now recollect. ✓

I introduced Dr. Wolcot to Dr. Monsey, a few months before the death of the latter, of whom Wolcot made an admirable likeness, which Monsey left to me, and which I presented to Mr. Soane, the architect, in return for much kindness on his part. Wolcot and Monsey did not harmonise, though they were both men of learning, both well acquainted with the world, and similar in their opinions of it. Monsey had the highest admiration of Pope, and Wolcot, though also a warm admirer of the poet, was too much inclined to criticise some of the passages which Monsey quoted, who could not bear to have opinions long rooted in his mind attacked with unexpected severity. Therefore, when the portrait was finished, Monsey desired that I would bring Wolcot no more. Dr. Monsey had the utmost con-

tempt for funeral ceremonies, and exacted a promise from his daughter, that she would not interfere with the arrangement which he had made with Mr. Thompson Forster, the surgeon, for the disposal of his body, conceiving that whenever it was dissected by that gentleman, something might occur for the illustration and advancement of anatomy. "What can it signify to me," said he, "whether my carcass is cut up by the knife of a surgeon, or the tooth of a worm?" He had a large box in his chambers at Chelsea, full of air-holes, for the purpose of carrying his body to Mr. Forster, in case he should be in a trance when supposed to be dead. It was provided with poles, like a sedan-chair. He was accustomed to say that he should die, as his father did, without any real or nominal complaint, and go out like the snuff of a candle; generally adding, "I wish I were dead, but, like all fools and all wits, I am afraid to die." He exacted another promise from his daughter, importing that after his death she should not live within a certain distance of London, conceiving that she might be tempted to launch into expense beyond her income.

His daughter had been married to Mr. Alexander, a wholesale linen-draper in Cateaton-street, and, I believe, great uncle to the present Lord Caledon. I was intimately acquainted with one of their relations, Mr. Henry Alexander, who was a member of the House of Commons, and afterwards secretary to Lord Caledon, during his government at the Cape of Good Hope. Harry Alexander, as he was generally styled, was a scholar and a gentleman. He had a great command of words, but never affected oratory, and his voice being unequal, he was not

attended to as he ought to have been, as his understanding was sound, and his matter always solid. The inequality of his tones in Parliament procured him, as I have heard, the name of "*Bubble and Squeak*." He was, however, an excellent man, and I revere his memory. I have some pride in recollecting, that on account of the good terms in which I lived with politicians whom I knew on both sides, he gave me the name of "Atticus," of which, however undeserving, I am proud as the flattering designation of a friend. It is certain that while I was kindly received by some distinguished members of the Pitt party, I was upon the most intimate footing with Sheridan, Richardson, and their political associates.

Dr. Monsey and the celebrated Mrs. Montague lived long in intimate friendship, and kept up a sort of ludicrous gallantry with each other. I remember I once had the pleasure of meeting her at Dr. Monsey's, and of handing her to her carriage. I said, as we went down stairs, "Are you not afraid, madam, of being known to visit a gentleman in his chambers?" "Why, yes," said she, "considering my youth and beauty, and the youth of the gallant. I hope the meeting will not get into *The Morning Post*."

The published letters of this lady are admirable, and her Essay on Shakspeare is a valuable vindication of our great bard from the strictures of Voltaire. It was supposed that at an early period of her life, she had been attached to the venerable Lord Lyttelton, beyond the limits of platonism; but Monsey, who would not credit any imputation upon her moral character, said that, if such a supposition could possibly have any foundation, it rather applied to Lord

Bath, with whom and his lady she made a tour in Germany. There was something remarkably shrewd and penetrating in her eyes, tending to disconcert those towards whom they were particularly directed. Dr. Monsey gave me two of her letters, of which I permitted copies to be taken for a periodical literary vehicle, no longer in existenee, and which I may introduce in the present work.

Mrs. Montague, in the early part of her life, was so fond of having various colours in her attire, that Lord Chesterfield always called her IRIS. Her letters are throughout excellent, and I understand were written without any hesitation. In the "Dialogues of the Dead," written by Lord Lyttelton, there are two written by Mrs. Montague, which, in all respects, are much superior to those of his lordship. The unfavourable manner in which Dr. Johnson mentions Lord Lyttelton, in his "Lives of the Poets," induced her to relinquish all intercourse with him. She was indebted for some part of her education to the celebrated Dr. Conyers Middleton, and it is said, that such was the precocity of her powers, that she had copied the whole of "The Spectator" before she was eight years of age; but whatever might have been the maturity of her mind at that early age, it is hardly possible to give credit to the report.

Mentioning Voltaire, I may as well relate in this place a circumstance communicated to me by Monsey, upon what he deemed good authority, that Voltaire being invited to dine with a lady of quality while he was in London, to meet some persons of distinction, waited upon the lady an hour or two earlier than the time appointed. The

lady apologised for the necessity of leaving him, as she had visits to pay, but begged he would amuse himself with the books in the room, promising to return very soon. After the party broke up, having occasion to refer to her escrutoire, she evidently found that it had been opened in her absence, and though nothing had been taken away, her papers were obviously not in the same order as when she left them. She inquired anxiously who had been in the room, and was assured nobody but Voltaire, who had remained there till she returned home. As Voltaire was destitute of all religious principles, it is not wonderful that he was equally devoid of all moral delicacy. A severe account of his conduct towards the great King of Prussia, while he was at the court of that monarch, is given in "The Reverie," a work before referred to.

Voltaire once dined in company with Pope, Lord Bolingbroke, and several of the most distinguished characters in London, and said it was "the proudest day he had ever enjoyed."

Conyers Middleton, whose learning and talents it would be presumptuous in me to praise, had a high opinion of the mental powers of old Chubb, who was in the humble condition of a tallow-chandler, at Salisbury, and says in one of his letters, "I mean soon to spend a philosophical day with Chubb at Salisbury." Chubb was a very shrewd and well-informed man, though unacquainted with classical literature. He published many tracts on religious subjects. He was a pious Unitarian, and in one of his works, whimsically, but profanely, terms the Trinity, "A Triangular Deity." I once dined with an intelligent lady, a native and constant resident of Salis-

bury, who declared that she had never heard of Chubb's name till I mentioned it, and then professed an earnest desire to read the works of her old countryman.

Dr. Monsey, I regret to say, was equally free in his opinions of the doctrine of the Trinity, and once riding with a bishop in Hyde-Park, the latter declined noticing a person who bowed to him, telling the doctor his reason — that the person who had passed, believed only in “One God.” “Why,” said Monsey, “I know many fools who believe there are three.” The bishop immediately galloped off, thinking the devil was beside him. But whatever might be the opinions of the doctor on religious subjects, it is certain that he admitted the existence of a Divine Agent, though his language was sometimes whimsical on this subject.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. HUGH KELLY. This gentleman was one of my father's friends, whom I knew in early life. He took notice of me in my youth, and allowed me the use of his library. He lived then in Knight-rider Street, Doctors Commons, in a house that belonged to his friend and patron, Sir Robert Ladbroke.

Mr. Kelly's history is rather curious. The earliest accounts of him represent him a pot-boy at a public-house in Dublin. This house was frequented

by the inferior actors. In this humble situation he displayed literary talents, and having gained access to one of the newspapers, he contrived to obtain orders for admission into the theatre from those inferior actors, by paying frequent tributes to their merit in a public print. Struck with his talents, he was rescued from this degrading situation and bound apprentice to a stay-maker, with whom he served his time with diligence and fidelity. As soon, however, as he was released from his indentures, having increased his literary reputation during his apprenticeship, and feeling an ambition above the station of a stay-maker, he determined to try his fortune in London, and soon procured a connexion among the publishers of magazines and daily papers. At length he was appointed editor of "The Public Ledger," a prominent journal at that period, and he became well-known as a political writer in favour of government. A pension of two hundred pounds a year was allowed him by the minister of that period, which he retained till his death, as he had been the victim of popular fury in his character of a dramatic author; and his widow was permitted to enjoy a moiety of this pension till her death, which happened in 1826. Mr. Kelly died in 1777.

Reflecting on the uncertainty of permanent support arising from magazines and newspapers, Mr. Kelly had turned his attention to the law, and was in due time called to the bar. Having a retentive memory, and a promptitude of expression, he soon began to rise in reputation as a lawyer, and would probably have acquired a respectable independence if he had lived, but he died in his thirty-eighth year, of an abscess in his side.

It seemed to be Mr. Kelly's aim, both in conversation and in his writings, to use fine words, apparently, if possible, to obliterate all traces of the meanness of his origin, and of his early employments. Soon after he was called to the bar he turned his attention to the drama, and produced his comedy entitled "False Delicacy," which, from the novelty of its characters and the refinement of its sentiments, but particularly from the admirable manner in which it was represented, made a very favourable impression on the public. He had, however, one great difficulty to encounter before the manager, Mr. Garrick, could venture to bring the play forward.

Mr. Kelly had written a poem entitled "Thespis," in which he criticised the chief theatrical performers of that time, in the manner of Churchill's "Rosciad," but with an inferiority of talent which admits of no comparison. This work appeared soon after Mr. Barry returned from Ireland and brought with him Mrs. Dancer, whom he afterwards married. She was an excellent actress both in tragedy and comedy. Her Rosalind was, in my opinion, one of the most perfect performances I ever attended. She happened to be very near-sighted, and Kelly, in his "Thespis," when mentioning Barry, alluding to Mrs. Dancer, said that he had "thrust his moon-eyed idiot on the town." There was a severity and vulgarity in this censure, quite inconsistent with the character of Mr. Kelly, and his strictures on other performers were not more gentle, so that it required all the suavity of his own manners, and even all the zeal of his friend Mr. Garrick, to effect a reconciliation.

As Mr. Kelly had allotted a principal character to

Mrs. Dancer in his play, it was natural to suppose that she would revolt with indignation from a proposal to take any part in support of it. The lady, however, though at first repulsive and hostile, proved in the end forgiving and good-humoured. She supported the part assigned to her with admirable spirit, and also condescended to speak a long and humorous epilogue written by Mr. Garrick. Her admirable mimicry of the Scotch and Irish characters, added much to the attraction and success of the comedy.

In this play, to keep aloof from the familiar appellations of ordinary life, and perhaps to throw a farther veil over his original condition, two of the ladies were named Hortensia and Theodora, and the males are chiefly men of rank and title. In his subsequent comedy of "A School for Wives," when a challenge is sent from one character to another, it is addressed "To Craggs Belville, Esq."—Craggs having been the name of a gentleman formerly high in office, and esteemed by Pope and Addison; and from what I recollect of Mr. Kelly, I have no doubt that his choice of fine names arose from the motive which I have assigned.

Mr. Kelly, as I have said, was, perhaps, too lofty, pompous, and flowery in his language, but good-natured, affable and gentlemanly in his deportment, even to an excess of elaborate courtesy. An unlucky instance of his loftiness of language occurred, as well as I can recollect, on the trial of the notorious Barrington, who had picked a lady's pocket. The prosecutrix seemed to be inclined to give her evidence with tenderness, and the culprit might probably have escaped punishment, but unfortunately

Mr. Kelly pressed her a little too much, and seemed to convert her lenity into self-defence, when he addressed her in the following words: "Pray, madam, how could you, in the immensity of the crowd, determine the identity of the man?"

This question was wholly unintelligible to the simple woman, and he was obliged to reduce his question into merely "How do you know he was the man?" "Because," said she, "I caught his hand in my pocket."

As a dramatic writer Mr. Kelly evidently improved in his progress. His last comedy, "A School for Wives," is much more effective in humour, and more pathetic in interest, than his "False Delicacy," and his "Word to the Wise." The last piece fell a victim to party prejudice. To this last work he wrote a preface, which he addressed to Mr. Horne, since Horne Tooke, and it is a composition of considerable merit, liberal, just, candid and argumentative.

It was an adventurous undertaking for an unlearned man to attack Horne Tooke, but Kelly had right and justice on his side, and Horne Tooke did not attempt an answer. As party prejudice was still strong against Mr. Kelly, he was obliged to remain in ambush when his "School for Wives" was represented; and the late Major Addington, afterwards Sir William, and head of the Bow Street magistracy, attended all the rehearsals at the theatre, appeared in the character of the author, and when the play was successful came publicly forward and gave the credit to Mr. Kelly.

I remember, when I called on Mr. Kelly at his house in Gough Square to congratulate him on the

success of his play, and found Mrs. Kelly alone, she said exultingly, "Yes, we have stolen a march upon the patriots."

Mr. Kelly had the privilege of writing orders for Covent Garden theatre by the kindness of the late Mr. Harris: which was the more kind as none of Mr. Kelly's plays were originally produced, or I believe ever represented, at that theatre. Mr. Kelly often favoured me with orders, by which means I had frequent opportunities of attending dramatic performances, and imbibed a great partiality for the stage.

Before I take leave of my father's old friend, and I may add my own indulgent patron, I will state one fact which Mr. Kelly mentioned to my father. Lord Baltimore, as is well known, was tried for having kept in his house, as was supposed for seduction, a Miss Woodcock, the daughter of a tradesman in the city of London. As the public prints were full of the story, which made a great noise in the metropolis, Lord Baltimore wrote to Mr. Kelly, desiring that he would call on him. Mr. Kelly accordingly waited immediately upon his lordship, who consulted him on the propriety of publishing some answer to the numerous attacks which were made on him through the public press, proposing that Mr. Kelly should take up his cause and publish something in his favour. After entering into his lordship's feelings, Mr. Kelly advised him to wait the issue of the trial, and then, if public prejudice remained still strong against him, whatever the decision might be, there would be time enough to bring forward a defence or vindication. His lordship heard him with great attention, and apolo-

gizing for retiring a few moments, returned to the room, thanked Mr. Kelly for his candid, judicious, and disinterested advice, and attended him himself to the street door. When Mr. Kelly reached home, he found a very polite letter from Lord Baltimore, written during the few moments that he had been absent from the room, and despatched immediately, containing a bank-note for one hundred pounds. This delicate act of generosity was characteristic of his lordship.

On the death of Mr. Kelly, I was sent by my father with his subscription to the widow for the publication of her husband's works. After some years, she married a Captain Davis, who never could bear to hear that her first husband had been a stay-maker, though his own talents and attainments would admit of no comparison with those of her former husband.

To my surprise, after more than forty years' separation, Mrs. Kelly called on me at the Sun Office, in the Strand, and invited me to dine with her, and talk over old stories. In my early acquaintance I was unable to appreciate her talents, but on the renewal I found her a very pleasant and intelligent old lady, her mental powers unimpaired, and full of anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, and the chief literary characters of her day.

Mr. Kelly had two sons, both of whom died in the East Indies, of whom one had settled a comfortable income on his mother. He had married, and left a daughter, who had also married, and returned with her husband to England. She told me that she was not on good terms with them, as she thought they had treated her ill, and she added that they

should not derive any advantage from her death. A few days before that event, she sent for me, but I happened unluckily to be out of town, otherwise perhaps I should have had some token of old friendship. She was about eighty-eight years of age.

The late Sir HENRY BATE DUDLEY, Bart. I had the pleasure of being acquainted with this gentleman during at least forty years, and had, therefore, a good opportunity of forming a due estimate of his character. He was constituted, both in mind and body, for the army or navy, rather than for the church. In either of these provinces of national defence, he would have been distinguished for the intrepidity of his spirit, as well as for the resources of a quick and inventive mind. He had often, in his younger days, displayed his poetical talents in monthly magazines, but never appeared conspicuously before the public till he established a daily paper, under the title of "The Morning Post," which, though it has since passed through various other hands, is still a respectable public journal, and probably owes the continuance of its reputation to the character which it originally derived from his talents and enterprising spirit.

There was a sportive severity in his writings, which gave a new character to the public press, as the newspapers, before "The Morning Post" appeared, generally were dull, heavy, and insipid. It may be said that he was too personal in his strictures in general, and in his allusions to many characters of his time; but it may be said also, that they were generally characters of either sex, who had rendered themselves conspicuous for folly, vice, or some prominent absurdity, by which they became proper objects

for satirical animadversion. Such effusions of his pen brought him into hostile collision with some of the persons whom he censured, but he always manfully supported his character, and was wholly incapable of degrading concession or compromising artifice.*

* Among the unlucky hostile contests in which Sir Henry was engaged, was that with my old friend Joe Richardson, which I sincerely believe he was desirous to avoid. The origin of the unhappy dispute was as follows. Sir Henry, then the Reverend Henry Bate, was thwarted by the other proprietors of "The Morning Post," at a general meeting, among whom were the well-known Dr. Trusler and Alderman Skinner. There were other proprietors of inferior talents, none of whom were competent to decide upon the measures which Mr. Bate recommended, as necessary to promote the prosperity of the paper, except Mr. Richardson, who had remained silent. Irritated by their opposition, Mr. Bate called them a parcel of cowards, and withdrew. After he was gone, Mr. Skinner said, "If I had not a wife and family, I should call him to account for the stigma which he applied to us." No other person spoke on the subject. Reflecting upon it, and on what Skinner had said, Richardson thought it incumbent on him to demand from Mr. Bate an exception from the imputation of cowardice which he had thrown upon the proprietors. I dined with Richardson at the Rainbow Coffee-house next day, for the purpose of his addressing a letter to Mr. Bate, requiring that exception. Richardson's letter was, perhaps, somewhat too lofty for the temper of such a man as Mr. Bate, and the answer was not conciliatory. Another letter was written by Richardson, but in such softened terms as to draw a more pacific answer from Mr. Bate. I believe a third letter followed, with no better effect; and the conclusion was, that the parties were to meet the following morning at five o'clock in Hyde-Park. I was the bearer of all Mr. Richardson's letters to Mr. Bate, who then lived in Surrey-street, Strand. My anxiety for the welfare of Mr. Richardson prevented my going to bed, and I waited in the Park the result of the meeting. A coin was tossed for the first fire, which fell to Mr. Bate, who wounded his antagonist in the right arm, and rendered him unable to return the fire.

If his pen was generally and chiefly severe, much is to be ascribed to that knowledge of human nature which the conduct of a public journal is sure to afford, a species and an extent of knowledge which is by no means calculated to operate in favour of mankind.

It is impossible for those who have not been occupied in such a situation, or who have not been familiar with the scene of action, to have any just conception of the depravity, folly, and offensive qualities which it tends to develope. We may, therefore, fairly infer, that Sir Henry saw so much of the vice

Mr. Bate then, as I understood, came forward, and said that if Mr. Richardson's letter had been written in a less commanding style, this event would not have happened, and that he had no hesitation then in saying, that he would otherwise most willingly have exempted Mr. Richardson from any such imputation as he had applied to the other proprietors, holding him in respect and esteem. Thus the matter ended, and Mr. Bate and Mr. Richardson afterwards were always on the most friendly terms. Mr. Dennis O'Brien was the second to Mr. Bate, and Mr. Mills, a surgeon, the friend of Mr. Richardson, his second. As soon as Mr. Richardson reached home, and Mr. Mills had examined his arm, he showed how well he could unite the pleasure of friendship with the profits of his profession, for he said, "Oh! Joey, don't be alarmed; this is only a five guinea job!"

Mr. Bate related to me a circumstance that well illustrates the character of an Irish duellist, which ought to be carefully distinguished from that of an Irish gentleman. He said that once being apprehensive that a dispute between him and another gentleman would terminate in a mortal contest, and being unprovided with arms, he asked a Mr. Brereton, with whom he had long been acquainted, to lend him a brace of pistols. Mr. Brereton seemed delighted with the request, as if it was a great favour conferred upon him, and brought the weapons, of which he spoke with high commendation, as if admirably con-

and vanity of the world, as to excite something of a misanthropic feeling, which gave vigour, spirit, and severity to his pen.

In private life he was social, good-humoured, intelligent, and hospitable. He particularly excelled in relating anecdotes, in which the substance was always prominent, and the result pointed. He was the friend of merit in whatever province it might appear, and he justly prided himself on having first introduced to public notice the musical talents of the late Mr. Shield, a man whose original and powerful genius as a composer, was even ex-

structed for the purpose. It happened that the adverse party made a satisfactory explanation to Sir Henry, and he returned the pistols, stating that he had fortunately had no occasion to use them. Mr. Brereton expressed much discontent that his pistols should have been borrowed for nothing, and then observed that Sir Henry had sometime before uttered some words that had offended him, and that he had often determined to demand an explanation. Sir Henry assured him that he never could intend to offend him, and had no recollection of having said anything that could possibly displease him. This courteous assurance, however, by no means appeased Brereton, who seemed to be rising into violent emotion. "Ch! I perceive what you are at," said Sir Henry: "There, I'll take this pistol and you take the other, and we will settle the matter immediately." Finding Sir Henry so resolute, Brereton said, "Ah! I see you are a man of spirit, and as you are an old friend, let us shake hands, and the matter is over."

Some years after, Brereton, in a tavern in Dublin, waited at the bottom of the stairs, with his hanger, ready to attack a person whom he expected to descend. The other, however, was prepared, and attacked Brereton first with a drawn hanger, and gave him so many wounds, that he died on the spot. Such was the fate of that desperate man, who had determined to make a victim of his more wary opponent.

celled by the benevolent and moral character of his mind.

Sir Henry possessed dramatic and poetical powers, which were successfully exercised upon many occasions. He was a profound judge of theatrical merit, and hence his admiration of Garrick was heightened into a cordial friendship between him and that unrivalled actor, of whose character, as well as genius, he always spoke in the warmest terms of friendship and esteem.

It is my sincere opinion, from a full consideration of the character of Sir Henry Bate Dudley, that the spirit, acuteness, and vigour, which animated his pen as a public censor, would have rendered him conspicuous for heroism, judgment, zeal, and enterprise, in the military or naval service, at once honourable to himself, and glorious to his country. As a magistrate, he was distinguished for knowledge, decision, firmness, activity, and spirit. He was, indeed, so eminently beneficial within his sphere of action, as to stand forth as an example to all who may be invested with such judicial authority.

CHAPTER IX.

DR. OLIVER GOLDSMITH. This pleasing, if not great poet and admirable prose writer, I never knew. He may be said to have died before my time, but not before I had begun to turn my attention towards literary pursuits. I once volunteered the delivery of a letter to him in the Temple, from a friend of my father, in order to have a chance of seeing his person ; but he either was not at home, or thought it prudent to deny himself even to a boy, as his circumstances were probably quite poetical. My old friend Mr. Cooke, the barrister, who brought letters to him from Cork, in the year 1766, used to speak of his benevolence and simplicity in the highest terms.

Goldsmith's life and character are so well known to the world, that it would be wasting time to enter on particulars. I shall therefore content myself with relating one anecdote, as it marks his character and has not been printed. Mr. Cooke had engaged to meet a party at Marylebone-gardens. He had cash enough to pay for admission, but not for the necessity of coach-hire and the casualty of a supper. He therefore applied to his friend Goldsmith for the loan of a guinea. Poor Goldsmith was in the same *Parnassian* predicament, but undertook to borrow the sum of a friend, and to bring it to Cooke before he departed for the gardens. Cooke waited in expectation to the last moment that allowed him a chance of witnessing the entertainments of the

place, but no Goldsmith appeared. He therefore trusted to fortune, and sallied forth. Meeting some hospitable Irish countrymen at the place, he partook of a good supper, and did not return to his chambers till five in the morning. Finding some difficulty in opening his door, he stooped to remove the impediment, and found it was the guinea that Goldsmith had borrowed for him, wrapped in paper, which he had attempted to thrust under the door, not observing the hole in the letter-box, obvious to everybody else. Cooke thanked him in the course of the day, but observed that he ought not to have exposed the sum to such danger in so critical a state of their finances, as the laundress, coming early in the morning, or any casual stranger, might have seized the precious deposit. At what time Goldsmith had left the money, he could not recollect; but he might naturally have thought that he brought it too late, as Cooke had left the chambers. In answer to Cooke's observation as to the danger of losing the guinea, he said, "In truth, my dear fellow, I did not think of that." The fact is, he probably thought of nothing but serving a friend.

Goldsmith in the midst of all his luxuriant playfulness, was easily put out of countenance. The Miss Clara Brooke, whom I have mentioned before as one of my earliest and dearest playmates, who lived some time in my father's family, being once annoyed at a masquerade by the noisy gaiety of Goldsmith, who laughed heartily at some of the jokes with which he assailed her, was induced in answer to repeat his own line in "The Deserted Village,"

"And the loud laugh which spoke the *vacant* mind."

Goldsmith was quite abashed at the application, and retired, as if by the word *vacant* he rather meant barren, than free from care. Dr. Johnson wrote the prologue to Goldsmith's comedy of "The Good-natured Man," to which comedy the public have never done justice. In the copy of this prologue which appeared in the Public Advertiser, in 1769, the following couplet was inserted,—

Amidst the toils of this returning year,
When senators and nobles learn to fear ;

but it was omitted in the copy which accompanied the play, either from Goldsmith's or Johnson's caution, but probably the former. Johnson, mentioning the author in the prologue, had styled him "our *little* bard," but the pride of Goldsmith revolted at this epithet, and it was changed to "*anxious*."

I mentioned these alterations to Mr. Malone, who regretted that he had not known of them before, as he might have introduced them into a new edition of "Boswell's life of Johnson," to illustrate Goldsmith's character. By the way, just as the first quarto edition of that most amusing biography was on the eve of publication, I met the elder James Boswell, the biographer, who took the title-page out of his pocket, and asked me what I thought of it. It began, "The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D. containing," &c. I objected to the word containing, as more appropriate to an advertisement for a lost trunk, as "*containing*," &c. He asked me what word I would substitute. I proposed "comprehending."—"Stay," said he, seeing Sir Archibald Macdonald at a little distance, to whom he ran with the paper in his hand, and pointing to me, consulted Sir Archibald on the proposed alteration. He

then returned to me, and said, "You are right, the word shall be adopted." On the publication of the work, he sent the two volumes to me. It was an unfailing joke with me afterwards, when I met him, to ask him when *we* should bring out another edition of *our* immortal work; and his son, my excellent friend James Boswell, relished the same jocular allusion to himself as editor of the work.

JOHN WILKES. I knew Mr. Wilkes, but was too young at the time to be admitted into any intimacy with him, even if I had then felt any turn for politics. I, however, saw enough of him to be convinced that he was irritable and passionate. I was better acquainted with his brother, Heaton Wilkes, a very good kind of man, but by no means calculated to take any conspicuous part in public life, though his brother once thought that he should be able to procure for him the chamberlainship of the city, a situation which he afterwards was glad to obtain for himself.

Soon after the death of John Wilkes, Heaton told me that he had not long before asked him for the loan of twenty pounds, but was refused, though at that time John occupied a house in Grosvenor-square, and maintained an establishment corresponding with the situation. He added, that his brother had left all his property to his daughter, and that if she died and made no provision for him, he should be in a destitute situation. Yet John Wilkes was a friend to the people, though he forgot to include his brother among them.

John Wilkes had certainly written two biographical works, which he intended for publication after his death. One of them was an account of his private and the other of his political life; but his daughter

devoted them to the flames, as if she thought there was nothing in the character of her father worth recording. Wilkes had a natural son, whom I knew. His father sent him for education to Germany, and he came back so completely Germanised, that he must have been taken through life for a foreigner. He went by the name of Smith, and his father procured for him a military appointment in the service of the East India Company. He was a good sort of young man, inclined to boisterous mirth, but without any promising abilities.

The last time I met Mr. Wilkes I inquired after Smith, who I said I had heard was at *Seringapatam*. "Yes," said Wilkes, "he was when I last heard of him at *Seringapatam*,"—thus somewhat rudely differing from the pronunciation which I had adopted according to general usage.

I was present at his last unsuccessful attempt for the representation of Middlesex. He was speaking softly to me about the progress of the poll, as we were standing on the hustings at Brentford, and happening to ask him if he thought he had been extensive enough in his canvass, he raised his voice in a most ungentlemanlike manner, and in very passionate tones told me that I was damping his cause. He however soon recovered his temper, and talked to me as before, but not on the subject of the pending election. It is astonishing that a man of his learning and taste should have indulged himself in such cold-blooded profligacy as he exhibited in his licentious parody of "The Essay on Man." It is difficult to conceive what gratification a mind erudite and intelligent like that of Wilkes, could derive from such a low and despicable amusement, particularly as all

his political pursuits for personal advantage, and all his contentions with individuals, especially with Mr. Horne Tooke, as well as his luxurious indulgence in private life, had never weaned him from literature.

He had long meditated the publication of a correct edition of "Catullus," which he at length brought out, and which was generally admitted to evince his taste and scholarship. To show that his respect for learning and talents was not overborne by political animosity, when the work came forward, Mr. Horne Tooke informed me that he sent a copy to him. In his public controversy with that sturdy adversary, he certainly appeared to most advantage. Tooke's letters were rancorous and dull in comparison with the lightness, spirit, and gaiety of his competitor's. Wilkes was conscious that "Nature had not formed him in her prodigality," but he used to say that the handsomest man could only be rated at a fortnight before him when courting the smiles of the ladies. His wit and humour were admirable, and a strong proof of their influence is, that they could triumph over the impression of his person. Those qualities however cannot throw a veil over the profligacy of his life, the looseness of his morals, and the freedom of his political principles,—for he was, unquestionably, not merely a whig but a republican.

The late Mr. John Palmer, member for Bath, told me that he passed a few days with Wilkes in the Isle of Wight. On one occasion Mr. Palmer at dinner spoke highly of some pigeons on the table, as of an extraordinary size. Wilkes gave the following account of them. "I was particularly fond of pigeons," said he, "and wanted to encourage a

fine breed. I procured some from France and other places on the continent, but, having taken all possible pains to render their reception agreeable, after a short time they returned to their native place. At length I despaired of ever possessing a breed of my favourite bird, when a friend advised me to try Scotland. I did so, and the pigeons that you admire, of which I procured a large stock, have never returned to their own country.”—Perhaps the illiberal hatred of Scotland which he entertained in common with Dr. Johnson, a feeling unworthy and disgraceful to both, was one of the reasons why the great moralist consented to be acquainted with him.

There are many proofs of Wilkes’s wit, which are too well known to be introduced in this place. The following however, I believe, have not publicly appeared. A lady once asked him to take a hand at whist, but he declined in the following terms, “Dear lady, do not ask me, for I am so ignorant that I cannot distinguish the difference between a *king* and a *knave*?” Here the republican tendency of his feelings is manifest.

In a dispute between Sir Watkin Lewes and himself, the former said, “I’ll be your butt no longer.” “With all my heart,” said Wilkes, “I never like an *empty one*.”

It was generally rumoured at the time, that Wilkes wrote an answer to a satirical letter to Sir Watkin from Horne Tooke, when Sir Watkin was sheriff. The answer concluded as follows: “It only remains, sir, for me, in my office of sheriff, to attend you to that fate which you have long deserved, and which the people have impatiently expected.”

Wilkes was among the persons who were suspected to be Junius, but though witty, pleasant and humorous, he never could soar to the dignified height of the great inscrutable censor of the times, who threw firebrands among all ranks without distinction or remorse. Upon another occasion he displayed his sarcastic humour on royalty, for he said "he loved the King (George the Third) so much, that he hoped never to see another."

Upon having a snuff-box presented to him to take a pinch, he said, "No, sir, I thank you, I have no *small vices*."

One evening when the House of Commons was going to adjourn, he begged permission to make a speech, "for," said he, "I have sent a copy to the 'Public Advertiser,' and how ridiculous should I appear if it were published without having been delivered."

When he was member for Aylesbury, he invited the Mayor to visit him in London, promising him an hospitable reception. The mayor, who had never been in the metropolis, declined the invitation, alleging that he had heard London "contained nothing but rogues and prostitutes." Wilkes, with a confidential air, said, "Why to tell you the truth, Mr. Mayor, I have reason to believe that there are in London a few suspected characters."

The last time I met Wilkes was in Holborn, when I resided in Hatton Garden, the scene of my infant days, and of all my youthful enjoyments. I expressed my surprise at seeing him in that street, as his usual course home to Knightsbridge or to Grosvenor Square, was through Cheapside and the Strand, and I asked him if he had been at his old

friend Horne Tooke's trial, which was then proceeding. His answer, from the loss of teeth, was not intelligible; and making a motion as if I was prevented from hearing, by the noise of passing carriages, he repeated the same sounds, which, receiving as if I understood him, I found on reflection were, "Forbid it delicacy."

Wilkes was certainly a brave, learned, and witty man, but his patriotism was a mere trade for power and profit. My friend Joe Richardson used ludicrously to say, that he had "an affectionate contempt for Wilkes." I was quite a boy when Wilkes was imprisoned in the King's Bench, and was on the ground of St. George's Fields when young Allen was shot, little thinking that I should live to be acquainted with the favourite of the mob.

The mob collected in vast numbers every day before his window in the King's Bench, and the loudest acclamations arose whenever he appeared before them. There was certainly nothing respectable in Wilkes, but his determined spirit, his talents, and his erudition. He was said to be elegant in his manners, but in reality he was irritable in his temper, and, at times, rude in his behaviour.

CHAPTER X.

THE EARL OF CHATHAM. I once, and only once, saw this noble statesman, happening to be present in the House of Lords when he appeared there for the last time. Earl Temple came first, and a whisper quickly spread among the people before the bar, importing that "as the Jackall was come, the Lion might soon be expected." The venerable Earl of Chatham arrived soon after. He was dressed in a suit of black, which by no means appeared to be new. There was nothing remarkably dignified in his form altogether, but, old as he appeared, there was a grandeur in his features, though they evidently indicated the languor of sickness. He arose feebly, and his speech at first was weak, but became stronger as he proceeded. The subject was our war with America. Young as I was, I was struck by the force of his language and the variety of his expressions. He said, "have we resisted Gallic invasions, Scottish irruptions, British insurrections, Danish intrusions, Irish rebellions," and mentioned other attacks upon this country, varying his epithets on every similar occasion. I accompanied my friend Mr. Richardson at this time, and we both agreed as to the several terms which he had adopted.

When he had closed his speech, apparently more from fatigue than from having fully expressed his sentiments, the Duke of Richmond rose and answered him with great violence, partly resulting

from the warmth of his feelings, and partly, as it seemed to me, from vexation that, for want of oratorical fertility, he was frequently obliged to pause. He looked at Lord Chatham all the time, and directed all he said particularly to his lordship. The earl, in animadverting on the proposal of acknowledging the independence of our American colonies, had exclaimed emphatically, "Shall we disinherit the Prince of Wales of his hereditary dominions?" This question seemed chiefly to agitate the irritable temper of the Duke of Richmond, who answered with great vehemence, and in the whole of his manner failed to treat the earl with that respect which was due to him for his vast abilities, his eminent services, his high and venerable character, and his advanced time of life.

During the whole of the Duke of Richmond's intemperate, hesitating, and confused harangue, the Earl of Chatham occasionally nodded, not, as I presumed to think at the time, and as I still conceive to have been the case, as if he assented to anything that had been advanced by the Duke, but only in reference to points that he intended to answer. Before, however, the Duke had ended his violent philippic the Earl of Chatham fell back, but was immediately supported by the peers who were near him.

If I may venture to express my own impression of the scene, I should say what, even at this distance of time, I still think, that the indignation of the Earl of Chatham at being assailed in so coarse, vehement, and vulgar a style, by a person so much beneath him in talents, knowledge, experience, and wisdom, operating upon the known irritability of the noble lord's temper, probably increased by age,

actually choked him with passion, to which the feebleness of his frame, debilitated also by sickness, gave way. This opinion I communicated to Mr. Richardson, who assured me that he had drawn the same inference.

The attack on the illustrious statesman, even as the scene passed before me, reminded me of the fable which represents the insult offered to the dying lion. I do not presume to question the abilities of the Duke of Richmond, or his public spirit, but he had connected himself much with a certain democratical party at that period, without, perhaps, being sufficiently aware that they did not act upon the pure old whig principles, which really aimed at the preservation of the British constitution without intending to lessen the proper rights and dignity of the throne, but were attempting to establish a republic, of which they expected to become the leaders: though, happily, the example of revolutionary France and the good sense of the country restrained them, or the Duke of Richmond might have found to his cost that he would have sunk with the aristocratical branch of our unrivalled constitution.

As the scene which I have endeavoured to record may be thought to have some historical interest attached to it, I will add a few words on the subject. Many years after this interesting event took place, I was surprised, on seeing the late Mr. Copley's fine picture of the death of the Earl of Chatham, at the accuracy of the representation; and unless the artist had been present, I cannot account for the truth of the arrangement, as it is hardly to be conceived that even he, not being aware of what was likely to be the result, would have viewed the

whole with any future consideration of picturesque effect. One circumstance which particularly struck me in the picture was, the position of Lord Mansfield, leaning on the table and looking with apparent indifference on the fainting statesman, while all the rest of the members were crowding towards him with evident eagerness and solicitude. I could not help recollecting at the time the hostility which had long existed between the two noble statesmen, and I even presumed to conceive that Lord Mansfield did not view with regret the probable end of his powerful, and, indeed, irresistible competitor. It is not improper to remark, that the picture is erroneous in one respect, as the peers never debate in their parliamentary robes; but the taste of the artist naturally tended to the picturesque, and, certainly, the scene as he has represented it, appears with more senatorial dignity.

Soon after the French revolution broke out, I became acquainted with a French ecclesiastic, named the Abbé Sechard, who seemed to be deeply interested in that melancholy event, and apprised of all the designs of its leaders. He predicted to me all the successes of the revolutionary armies in France, Italy, and other parts of the European continent. All his predictions were rapidly fulfilled. Happening to be favoured with the attention of a gentleman high in office at that time, I thought it my duty to inform him of what the Abbé had said to me, not in confidence, but apparently with a triumphant anticipation of the revolutionary achievements. I ventured to suggest, not as a politician, but as an alarmist, to use my old friend Sheridan's word, that in the present state of things, when the lower orders of

people seemed likely to be ensnared by the revolutionary doctrines, and incited by democratical orators to similar measures, it would be wise on the part of Government to grant annuities upon liberal terms, in order to render the measure desirable to the people at large, and thereby create a strong and extensive interest in support of the British constitution and government. I took the liberty of remarking, that, as it was a question of security rather than of revenue, the conditions ought to be liberal, even should Government derive no advantage from the measure, or even though it should be attended with some expense.

Such a measure was afterwards adopted, but it would be ridiculous in me to suppose that my humble suggestion had any weight in producing it, particularly as it was founded upon a principle which never occurred to me, viz. that of receiving only funded stock in the purchase of these Government annuities, thereby gradually to diminish the national debt. The measure answered its purpose till the probability of danger was removed, and the precaution no longer required.

The gentleman to whom I made those communications, and to whom I presumed to offer those suggestions, is no longer in office, but is advanced in rank, and can attest the correctness of my present statement. The Abbé Sechard positively declared that, to his certain knowledge, the last King of France, when Monsieur, had lavished upwards of one hundred thousand pounds upon a favourite mistress, and that his general expenses before the revolution had been marked by similar profusion.

The Abbé attended the Duchess of Kingston, on

her visit to the Empress of Russia, as a sort of chaplain,—a strange office, as the Duchess was never understood to be a Roman Catholic; but from the general tenor of her life, it may be reasonably supposed, that her sense of religion was much upon a par with her regard for decency, as it is well known that she once appeared in a masquerade at Ranelagh, in the character of Iphigenia, almost without the vulgar incumbrance of attire.

What became of the Abbé I never heard. He was a very intelligent man, had seen much of the world, was full of anecdotes, very fond of music, and accompanied himself tolerably on the pianoforte. He appeared to be about seventy years of age, but manifested all the ardour of youth when the French revolution became the subject of conversation, and expressed his admiration of its principles with vehemence and the most unguarded freedom. What he said of the extravagance of the late King of France, though he asserted it with apparent sincerity and confidence, was probably much exaggerated; yet it is certain that the pride, arrogance, and dissipation of too many of the French noblesse, in a great degree precipitated the revolution. The privileged orders of society in all countries too frequently treat the general community as inferior beings. The natural consequence is, that some men of high intellectual power arise among the commonalty, men who do not, as Dryden expresses it, see nature “through the spectacle of books,” but penetrate into the substance of things, and propagate principles calculated to give a new foundation to society. Such men will be found in all states, and unless the higher orders

manifest less arrogance, no country can be secure from revolutionary movements. The free intercourse, however, that prevails in the British empire, between the several gradations of rank, imparts a stability to the British Government, which is not to be found in any other. .

About this time, I became acquainted with the late Lady Wallace, sister of the late Duchess of Gordon. She was a woman of a strong mind, and much disposed to play the part of a politician. I remember sitting with her one night in the pit of the King's Theatre, when she indulged herself in commenting on the revolutionary principles of France, which then seemed to be rapidly spreading over this country. By what I could gather from her discourse, she seemed to think that Mr. Fox and his party supposed those principles would soon produce the same effects here, and that they were preparing for the event, in expectation that they would be able to maintain the same ascendancy over the people in general, when the British monarchy should be destroyed, as they held over their immediate political adherents. With a sound knowledge of the real tendency of those principles, she observed that Mr. Fox was but a shallow politician if he expected to be one of the rulers of the people when the throne should be overturned. "The probability is," said she, "that while Mr. Fox harangued the mob, for we must not insult the people in general by supposing that his audience would be otherwise than the mob, some serjeant of the army would knock him on the head in the midst of his sputtering elocution."

If I were to give full credit to what Lady Wallace said, I should conclude that she was in the secret of the party, and that they wished, and even endeavoured to promote, the events for which they were making preparation.

That Mr. Burke was evidently of this opinion, his quarrel with Mr. Fox, and subsequent attack upon him, fully demonstrate. Mr. Burke accused him of having sent an ambassador from the party to the Court of Russia, to contravene the measures of his own Government; and this was a fact which could not be denied. But Mr. Burke did no credit to himself by his condemnation of the measure in question, since at the time it was adopted, he must have been aware of it, and have sanctioned it with his own concurrence, for it is impossible to suppose that what was styled the Fox party, of which he was a leading member, would have ventured upon so important a measure without his knowledge and participation.

His attack upon the Duke of Bedford for objecting to his pension, violent as it was, might be excused on the ground of self-defence; but his reference to the ancestors of his Grace, and the means by which they acquired wealth and distinction, was illiberal and mean, and, after all, it would be difficult to show how it had been deserved.

Mr. Burke had previously broken off all connection with Mr. Sheridan, on account of something which the latter had said on the subject of the French revolution. I remember meeting Mr. Sheridan at the Haymarket Theatre during the time when it was opened for the reception of the Italian singers and dancers, after the destruction of the

Opera House, when a room was opened for the higher ranks, taken from an adjoining house, little better than a stable, and lined with green baize, to conceal its homely aspect.

His late Majesty, when Prince of Wales, used, after the performance, to visit this room, and, in spite of its green baize lining and general homeliness of aspect, was of course followed by all the rank and fashion in the house.

Meeting Mr. Sheridan in this room, and being upon friendly and familiar terms with him, I asked him if there was any likelihood of his being reconciled to Mr. Burke; and with all his acuteness, in order to show how little he knew of the character of the latter, he told me that "matters were coming round," though, from the irritable and vindictive temper of Mr. Burke, an amicable arrangement was impossible.

Mr. Burke was reputed to be disposed to "melting charity," but the hardness of his nature was evident in his rejection of all friendly overtures on the part of Mr. Fox, who absolutely shed tears in the House of Commons, when he found that an old and apparently an indissoluble friendship was for ever extinguished. My late friend Mr. William Cooke, an old member of the English bar, who brought letters of introduction to Mr. Burke from Ireland in the year 1766, and became intimate with him and his brother Richard, spoke of them both as not entitled to any moral respect; and the conduct of Mr. Burke towards Mr. Hastings has been often and strenuously imputed to resentment, because the Governor-General of India refused to give an appointment of great responsibility to a relation of Mr.

Burke, who had been stigmatised for his profligacy at home.

I am afraid that I shall provoke the resentment of the friends and admirers of Mr. Burke by what I have here written, but I cannot forget the almost indecent exultation with which he spoke of our late beloved monarch during his first mental alienation, which excited the sympathy and grief of all ranks of the people. Mr. Burke said in the House of Commons, that "God had hurled him from the throne." This was said of a monarch who afterwards recovered and rendered the whole British empire a scene of loyal festivity.

Whatever might be the abstract notions of Mr. Burke on the *sublime* and *beautiful*, it is evident that he was defective in *taste*, for otherwise he would not in the House of Commons, and before the world at large, considering the dissemination of the debates, have indulged in the indecent allusion to "the rinsing of the bottles," and the vulgarity of "three skips," &c. His merits as a politician and an orator cannot be disputed; yet his reflections on the French Revolution were too diffuse, and he entered into a formal and elaborate discussion of political theories of Government, as promulgated by the sanguinary usurpers of France, evidently too speculative for practice, and only likely to obtain an ephemeral existence with the transitory demagogues who projected them.

Having touched upon the character of Mr. Burke in another place, I shall here drop the subject, except to express my surprise that Dr. Johnson should have held him in such high admiration as to think it necessary to collect all his intellectual powers whenever he was likely to come in competition with him.

Dr. Monsey told me that he placed Mr. Burke in a ludicrous situation soon after the first publication of his work on the "Sublime and Beautiful." The sincerity of the doctor was acknowledged by all who knew him and could estimate his character, but he was a matter-of-fact man, and only solicitous for practical and useful truths. Meeting Mr. Burke, I believe, at Mrs. Montague's, he said with his usual blunt sincerity, "Mr. Burke, I have read your work on the Sublime, but I don't understand it—to me it appears to be nothing but 'about it goddess and about it.'—What do you mean by sublime? it seems to me inconsistent with nature and common sense." The company looked on Mr. Burke anxious for his answer. The doctor said he seemed to be a little puzzled and embarrassed, and only said in answer, "There is certainly a sublime in Nature, though I cannot at once define it."

Upon the appointment of Mr. Burke as Paymaster, Dr. Monsey wrote a friendly and facetious letter to him. I saw Mr. Burke's answer at the time. It was elegant, playful, and friendly. It principally turned upon the fertility of the doctor's fancy at his advanced time of life, which, as well as I can recollect, was beyond his ninetieth year. The doctor wrote a similar letter to the celebrated Charles Townshend, brother of Lord Townshend, on his being admitted into the administration, and I remember that the answer of that witty statesman was full of humour and expressions of friendship. Dr. Monsey had letters from the most distinguished characters of his time, which would be a valuable treasure in the present age of autographical zeal and solicitude.

CHAPTER XI.

FRANCIS NORTH, Earl of Guildford. This nobleman was one of the most facetious, pleasant, and homorous characters I ever knew. When I had first the pleasure of being introduced to him, his father and elder brother were alive, and he was distinguished amongst his friends by the familiar designation of Frank North. In point of size and pleasantry, he quite realised the idea of Falstaff. He was intimately acquainted with the present General Phipps, George Colman the younger, John Kemble, and other conspicuous characters of the time. He is the frolicsome hero of one of my friend Colman's sportive tales, where he is described as having roused a medical man at midnight, who had inscribed upon the side of his door, "Please to ring the bell." The story is so well known that it is only necessary to refer to it, and they who have not read it have a great pleasure to come.

Frank North went abroad for a year or two, and on his return became Earl of Guildford, by the death of his elder brother. During his absence he laid a wager that he would write a dramatic piece within a given time. The piece was written and sent to this country, consigned to his friend Colman, then proprietor and manager of the Haymarket Theatre, and was brought out there under the title of "The English Baron." The wager was for a hundred pounds, which the author of course won.

Soon after he became Earl of Guildford I met him, and he saluted me in his usual free, open, and good-humoured manner. "Before I answer," said I, "I must know whether I am speaking to Frank North or to Lord Guildford?"—"Oh! Frank North for ever, among old friends," said he, and we renewed our intercourse, as far as the difference of our ranks admitted, for the remainder of his life. Before he became an earl he held an appointment under Mr. Pitt, then Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and his duty was to be present at Walmer Castle, in order to receive Mr. Pitt, when the great statesman took possession of the place. On this occasion he took with him as a companion a person who acted in a subordinate situation with the Fox party, and was chiefly employed in collecting the parliamentary friends of Mr. Fox when the opposition had any favourite measure to support in the House of Commons. This person was a man without education or intellectual powers, but had seen much of life, and related vulgar stories with some humour; when he failed in language, he generally supplied the deficiency with winks, nods, and other significant gestures.

Frank North used to describe him, as the great Lord Mansfield described a dull companion, when a friend expressed his surprise that his lordship should be so intimate with so barren a visitor. "Why," said Lord Mansfield, "I use him as a couch to rest my mind upon, when I am fatigued with thinking, and disinclined to all farther intellectual labour." Such was the manner in which Frank North spoke of his companion, except that he derived amusement from the blunders of this humble friend, and I seldom

had the pleasure of meeting him that he did not detain me a few minutes to relate some of those blunders.

His manner of describing what passed at the interview when he officially received Mr. Pitt as Lord Warden, was so humorous and so characteristic, that I am always diverted with the recollection. He said that he introduced his humble friend to Mr. Pitt as Colonel ——, though he had reason to believe the statesman was well acquainted with the person and real situation of the man, from his constant attendance at the House of Commons, as an humble servant of the Fox party. Mr. Pitt stayed to partake of a dinner which had been provided for him, and the pseudo-colonel was one of the party. Mr. North said that it was impossible for him to describe the devotion which the *colonel* paid to Mr. Pitt, who occasionally directed his attention to the colonel. The colonel then bowed, as if he were in the presence of some being above the race of mankind.

Mr. North said, that whenever Mr. Pitt pronounced the word colonel, there was a sort of subtile sarcasm in his tone which fully indicated that he was aware of the colonel's military character; but when Mr. Pitt asked the colonel to take a glass of wine with him, the reverence of the latter mounted to such a height that he seemed to be almost bereft of his senses on receiving so great an honour. At length Mr. Pitt left the party on his return to town. For some time the colonel seemed to be absorbed in meditation, as if an important matter engrossed his whole faculties. However, after some hesitation and apparent difficulty to develope his feelings, he suddenly exclaimed, "What extraordinary things happen

in this life!—could I ever think that I should live to shake hands with *that fellow?*” According to Frank North’s interpretation, he was afraid that having dined in company with Mr. Pitt, and shown such reverence to their great political adversary, the story might reach the ears of his patrons, the Foxites, in town, and bring suspicion on his political rectitude and consistency.

Such was the story as related by Frank North, with admirable humour, and which was too good to be concealed from the Foxites, who made allowance for the consternation of the *colonel*, and did not the less confide in his *political sincerity*.

As might be expected, the feelings of an author arose in the mind of honest Frank after our mutual greetings on his arrival in town; and his first question was whether I had attended the representation of his play. I told him the fact without any colouring, viz. that the characters were well cast, and well represented; that in scenic decoration, it was brought forward in a manner creditable to the piece, and to the manager as his friend, and had been well received by the audience; finally, that, considering it to be a hasty building upon a whimsical foundation, it manifested a power of doing something better with time and attention. He was gratified with this account, which was confirmed by the testimony of other friends.*

* My late worthy friend Michael Kelly, in his pleasant Reminiscences, says, that on the first night of this play he went behind the scenes, and was introduced to the author; but the introduction must have been on another occasion, as the author did not return to England till a year or two after the representation, as I have above stated.

Honest Frank ! his death was a loss to many friends, and his familiar ease was no abatement to the dignity of his rank. As far as his fortune would enable him, he would have kept up all the hospitable spirit of the ancient nobility, and without aristocratical pride, would have held forth an example to his equals, and diffused good humour around him, to the full extent of his property and influence. His talents, knowledge, and manners, endeared him to all his friends, from the studiously grave John Kemble to the exuberantly vivacious George Colman.

MR. JOHN KEMBLE. I became acquainted with this gentleman in the first season of his performance in London, at Drury Lane Theatre. I attended his first appearance, which was in the character of Hamlet. It was impossible to avoid being struck with his person and demeanour, though the latter was in general too stately and formal ; but, perhaps, it only appeared so to me, as I had seen Garrick perform the same character several times a few years before, and had a vivid recollection of his excellence. There was some novelty in Mr. Kemble's delivery of certain passages, but they appeared to me to be rather the refinements of critical research, than the sympathetic ardour of congenial feelings with the author. I sat on the third row of the pit, close to my old friend Peregrine Phillips, the father of Mrs. Crouch. Phillips was enthusiastic in his admiration and applause, upon every expression and attitude of Kemble, even to a fatiguing excess. When Kemble had dismissed one of the court spies sent to watch him, and kept back the other, Phillips exclaimed, " Oh ! fine, fine." " It may be very fine," said I, " but what does it mean, my friend ?" " Oh !" he an-

swered, "I know not what it means, but it is fine and grand." The enthusiasm of my old friend may be accounted for from a report which prevailed at the time. Miss Phillips, his daughter, was very beautiful, and it was said that while Mr. Kemble was at Liverpool, immediately preceding his engagement in London, it had appeared as if a marriage between them were approaching, and the father was, therefore, naturally strenuous in supporting his expected son-in-law. However, the match, if ever intended, did not take place, and Phillips, I suppose, felt an abatement of his admiration of the actor.

I knew Miss Phillips before she appeared on the stage, and a more beautiful and interesting girl, then about fifteen, I have never since known. I continued my acquaintance with her till her death, and whatever might be the events of her life, I had never any reason to alter my opinion of her intrinsic worth. She was a very pleasing actress, and sung with pathos and effect. Her merit in the part which she performed in the comedy of "The Heiress," and in my excellent friend Prince Hoare's humorous afterpiece, "No Song no Supper," was all that criticism could require.

I was, at first, so little an admirer of John Kemble's performance of "Hamlet," that considering it stiff, conceited, and unnatural, I wrote four epigrams in ironical commendation of it, and inserted them together in a public print which I then conducted. The late Mr. Francis Twiss, who took a strong interest in the welfare of Mr. Kemble, introduced me to him in the lobby of Drury Lane Theatre. I had just before seen him point Kemble's notice to me, and heard him whisper the word epigrams: I

was, therefore, not prepared for the unaffected civility with which he addressed me. We immediately fell into conversation, and I remember that Mr. Kemble very soon began a defence of declamation, stating it as originally constituting one of the chief features of theatrical excellence on the Grecian stage; whence, on reflection, I inferred that he thought I was disposed to require too much of the manners of familiar life in dramatic representations. From that time we often met in company, became well acquainted, and, judging from myself, our intercourse gradually ripened into what is commonly denominated friendship. I am convinced that if he had been born to affluence, and in a higher station, he would have been a distinguished character in political life. He had suffered the privations naturally incidental to a connexion with a provincial theatre; but when he rose to reputation and fortune in the metropolis, he acted with a spirit and liberality that seemed as if he were "to the manner born."

The late Mr. William Lewis, himself an excellent comic actor and a shrewd judge of theatrical merit, told me that as he once passed through an obscure town in Yorkshire, to perform as "a *star*," he saw John Kemble in the part of "Lovewell," in "The Clandestine Marriage," ill-dressed for the character, with antiquated finery, unsuitable to a merchant's clerk, and with black unpowdered hair; yet, notwithstanding the stiffness of his deportment, he displayed so much good sense and judgment, that Mr. Lewis assured me he silently predicted Mr. Kemble would rise into theatrical distinction.

Mr. Kemble's classical and general knowledge, and the courtesy of his manners, as well as his im-

proving theatrical powers, soon procured him high and extensive connexions. He kept a hospitable and elegant table. He gave a liberal premium with one of his nephews to an eminent artist, and an equal sum with another to a solicitor. When the late Mr. Francis Twiss had compiled an index to Shakspeare, a work of marvellous industry and labour, and, of course, valuable to the admirers of the great bard, but was not willing to hazard the expense of publication, Mr. Kemble, with the zeal of friendship, and admiration of the poet, determined that so interesting a work should not be buried in obscurity, and engaged with the bookseller, at his own risk. He however instituted a subscription among his friends at two guineas for each copy; but though, no doubt, he collected a considerable sum, it was probably by no means sufficient to indemnify him for the expense of a publication of so very arduous and complicated a description. I hardly need add, that I became one of the earliest subscribers. A great part of this laborious work, which, most probably, will never be reprinted, was destroyed by an accidental fire, so that the remaining copies have been much advanced in price.

I was in the habit of constantly visiting Mr. Kemble on a Sunday morning for many years, and if I saw him in the intermediate days, he always said, "Taylor, remember the Hebdomadal." I found him generally with some book or manuscript before him relative to his art. Sometimes he was cold, negligent, and less courteous than at others, and then feeling disgusted, I resolved to forbear my visit the next week, but the pleasure I always found in his company overcame my temporary spleen. He

was fond of Dryden, and sometimes read to me passages from that admirable poet. I do not think he was a good reader, for he generally read in a tone either too low or too high. There is obviously but one tone in reading or acting that excites the sympathy of the hearer, and that is the tone which feeling suggests and expresses; and such was the charm of Garrick, which rendered his acting in tragedy or comedy impressive in the highest degree.* There were many of Kemble's visitors who made court to him by telling him of faults in Garrick's acting, or of the unsuitableness of his person for some of the characters which he represented; for instance, Sir Charles Thompson, afterwards Hotham, a respectable old baronet, told Kemble that Garrick always gave him the idea of a little butler. Kemble generally told me what was said to him of this kind, not as appearing to believe such remarks, but to know whether they received a confirmation from me. On such occasions, I never abated in my reverence for Garrick, but always discountenanced such insidious flattery, and to the best of my recollection and ability, asserted the wonderful powers of the departed actor. Kemble always listened to my panegyric on his great predecessor with apparent conviction, but I cannot help believing that he would have liked me much better if I had never seen Garrick.

Kemble, with all his professional judgment, skill,

* Dr. Wolcot used to read his own compositions, and the comic productions of others, with admirable ease, humour, and spirit, but he read all grave poems with a kind of ludicrous quaintness and familiarity. He was, however, a sound critic on other readers.

and experience, like all other mortals, was sometimes induced to mistake the natural direction of his powers, and to suppose that he was as much patronized by the comic as by the tragic muse. When I called on him one morning, he was sitting in his great chair with his nightcap on, and, as he told me, cased in flannel. Immediately after the customary salutation, he said, "Taylor, I am studying a new part in a popular comedy, and I should like to know your opinion as to the manner in which I am likely to perform it." "As you tell me it is a comic part," said I, "I presume it is what you style intellectual comedy, such as the chief characters in Congreve, Wycherley, and Vanburgh." "What do you think," said he, "of Charles, in the 'School for Scandal?'" "Why," said I, "Charles is a gay, free, spirited, convivial fellow."—"Yes," said he, "but Charles is a gentleman." He tried the part, but his gaiety did not seem to the town to be of "the right flavour." It was said by one of Mr. Kemble's favourable critics in a public print, that his performance was "Charles's restoration," and by another, that it was rather Charles's martyrdom."

Another time he attempted a jovial rakish character in one of Mrs. Behn's licentious comedies, from which, however, he expunged all the offensive passages; but he was not successful.* I met him

* Kemble certainly believed that he possessed comic talents, and as far as a strong sense of humour and a disposition to enjoy jocularities could tend to excite such a conviction, he might naturally yield to self-deception. My lively friend George Colman, whose exuberant gaiety spares nobody, and to whose satirical turn I have often been a witness and a victim, being asked his opinion of Kemble's 'Don Felix,' said that it dis-

one day as I was hurrying home to dress for dinner abroad, and he strongly pressed me to go and dine with him, alleging that as *Pop* (Mrs. Kemble) was out of town, he should be lonely and dull. I told him I was positively engaged, and should hardly be in time. "Well, then," said he, "I'll go home and study a pantomime." It is hardly possible to conceive so grave a character contemplating new tricks and escapes for harlequin, and blunders for the clown.

He had determined to act Falstaff, and I was in the green-room at Covent Garden theatre one Saturday, when, after his performance of some character which I do not recollect, three beards were brought to him, that he might choose one for Falstaff. We were invited to dine the next day with the late Dr. Charles Burney, rector of Deptford. Kemble took me in his chariot, and we talked on the road of his intended Falstaff. He said that he had resolved to

played too much of the Don and too little of the Felix. Kemble could bear jocular remarks on his acting with unaffected good-humour. I remember that after we became tolerably well acquainted, and were one day talking on the subject of his Hamlet, I, perhaps too freely, said, "Come, Kemble, I'll give an imitation of your Hamlet."—"I'll be glad," said he, "to improve by the reflection." I then raised my right hand over my forehead, as connoisseurs do when looking at a picture, and looking intently as if some object was actually before me, and referring to the platform scene, exclaimed, "My father," and then bending my hand into the form of an opera-glass and peeping through it continued, "Methinks I see my father." He took this freedom in good part, and only said, "Why, Taylor, I never used such an action."—"No," said I, "but from your first action everybody expected that the other would follow."—Whenever he spoke of his great predecessor he never failed to say "Mr. Garrick."

attempt the part, but was afraid that, when "he came to the point, his heart would fail him." A ludicrous incident happened at this dinner. The doctor, in helping Kemble to part of a pudding, gave him a very large portion, which induced me to say, "Burney, you do not observe Kemble's rule in your ample allotment to him. "What is that?" said the doctor. "Why," said I, "when I last dined with him, I was as lavish as you in distributing a similar dish. Kemble said, 'Taylor, don't help so much to an individual, for if you do it will not go round the table.'" Being somewhat in the habit of imitating Kemble, I spoke these words in his manner, forgetting that he was before me. "Now," said Kemble, "he thinks he is imitating me—I appeal to the lady;" and these words he delivered so much in the manner which I had assumed, that Mrs. Burney and the doctor could not help laughing, Kemble gave way to the same impulse, and I was relieved from embarrassment.

I was one night in a box with him when the theatre was illuminated preparatory to the opening for the season, and a Mr. Rees was employed to give imitations, in order to try the effect of the voice. Kemble was one of the persons imitated, and while the man was delivering an imitation of him, Kemble, in little above a whisper, knocking his stick on the ground, said, with perfect good humour, "Speak louder, you rascal, speak louder." The man did not hear, nor did Kemble intend he should.

Before the return of Mrs. Kemble from the country, I dined with him one day *tête-à-tête*, and a very pleasant evening I passed. I submitted to him my tale of Frank Hayman, on which he made some

judicious corrections in writing, on the spot, and afterwards read to me his translation of Ovid's epistle from *Ænone* to *Paris*, which, so far as I could judge by mere recitation, was rendered with poetic spirit and beauty. He told me that he intended to publish it with graphic illustrations by his friend Sir Thomas Lawrence. It is to be regretted that it was not published, as it would do honour to his memory. He held Sir Thomas Lawrence in the highest esteem and friendship, and these feelings were evidently returned in full measure by the great artist, as by the many portraits which he painted of Mr. Kemble, it is obvious that his time and talents might have been employed to much pecuniary advantage, while they were thus devoted to friendship. I believe no friendship which history has recorded, was more sincere and warm than that between the great painter and the great actor,—both with minds well stored, both men of correct taste and polished manners.

Mr. Kemble possessed a high and manly spirit. He was involved in a duel with Mr. Daly, the manager of the Dublin theatre, before he first came to London; and another with Mr. James Aikin, a respectable actor of Drury-Lane theatre, when Mr. Kemble was manager. Aikin, though a sensible and worthy man, was irritable and obstinate. Mr. Kemble might easily have avoided the last duel, but would not suffer his spirit to be called in question.

The late Hon. Mr. St. John had written a tragedy, entitled "*Mary Queen of Scots*," which he had submitted to the Drury Lane manager, and which had been accepted for representation; but the anxiety of

the author induced him to complain of delay in bringing it before the public. Some hasty words passed in the green-room on the occasion between him and Mr. Kemble. At length, in the irritation of literary vanity and aristocratic pride, he told Mr. Kemble that he was a man whom "he could not call out." Mr. Kemble answered with perfect coolness, "But you are a man whom I can turn out, and therefore I desire you will leave this place immediately." Mr. St. John prudently retired, but, reflecting on the insult which he had offered to a scholar and a gentleman, soon returned, and made an apology, which restored good humour, and the play was soon afterwards represented, but not with much success.

It was a common trick with Tickel, when supping at a coffee-house with a friend, to quit the room upon some pretence for a few moments, and leave the friend to pay the reckoning. I met him and Joe Richardson one night in the Piazza at Covent Garden, and they insisted on my going with them into the coffee-house to take a few oysters. I readily complied, but reflecting that I had only a few shillings in my pocket, and fully aware of Tickel's practice, I kept watch over him, that I might run no hazard. At length, remaining till a very late hour, as might naturally be expected with men of such talents, I desired my friend Richardson to pay my share, and retreated. This habit was certainly not the effect of meanness or of parsimony in Tickel, but of a waggish humour, by which I should assuredly have suffered, as it would have been an additional pleasure to play it off on a novice.

I was well acquainted with the characters both of

Tickel and Sheridan. It was supposed by some of their friends, though not of the most discerning, that Sheridan was jealous of the conversational powers of Tickel. If there really was any jealousy between them, which I sincerely hope was not the case, as they were originally warm friends, besides being connected by marrying two amiable sisters, the jealousy was more likely to be on the side of Tickel, as he had failed in an opera, entitled "The Carnival of Venice," and Sheridan had been successful in all his dramatic pieces, which are styled what are called stock-plays, and had, moreover, become one of the chief national characters as an orator and a politician. Besides, Sheridan's poetical genius was of a higher cast, as evinced in his "Monody on the Death of Garrick," and his admirable prologues and epilogues, which are equal to any in our language. It is not, however, to be inferred, that though Sheridan's powers were of a superior order, Tickel was not possessed of considerable talents,—in fact, that he was not a man of genius. He displayed great wit, humour, and an appropriate delineation and characteristic diversity of character in his "Anticipation," and poetical spirit in his "Wreath of Fashion," and more in his "Charles Fox, partridge shooting, to John Townshend, cruising." He was peculiarly spirited and entertaining in conversation.

A whimsical circumstance, exemplifying this last quality, occurred during a short visit which he paid at Oxford, to the head of one of the colleges. Dining in the common room, and happening to be more than ordinarily facetious, a very old member of the University, whose mind had been impaired by study and time, and who was very deaf, observing the

effect of his lively sallies on the company, and hearing that his name was Tickel, asked the gentleman who sat next to him, and who was a wag, whether that was the Mr. Tickel who had been the friend of Mr. Addison. The gentleman told him it was the same person. The old member then expressed great regret that he sat at such a distance, and was too deaf to hear the brilliant effusions of Mr. Tickel's genius, particularly, too, as he might also hear some original anecdotes of his immortal friend the author of "Cato." The wag, to console him, promised that whenever Mr. Tickel uttered any thing of striking humour, or told an interesting anecdote, he would relate it to him. The wag gave a hint to the company, most of whom happened to be as sportive as himself, of the old member's misconception in taking the Mr. Tickel present for his grandfather, and promised themselves much entertainment from the mistake. Tickel exerted himself with great gaiety to exhibit his genius and learning, and the old member was quite agog to hear what passed. Whenever a laugh was excited by what Tickel said, the old gentleman resorted to his waggish friend, to know what he had heard. The wag either invented a *bon mot*, or told a ludicrous incident, which, perhaps, delighted the former even more than if he had heard Tickel's real effusion. This whimsical entertainment continued till the humour was no longer diverting to the party; and the object of this hardly allowable jocularly retired, proud that he had been in company with the friend of Mr. Addison, but lamenting that he could only profit by his wit and humour at second-hand.

Tickel, though such I believe was not the case, might envy the superior genius of Sheridan, but the latter had no reason to be envious of Tickel. Tickel had more of vanity, Sheridan more of pride. Tickel was perpetually gay and ambitious to shine in society; he was therefore always on the watch for some opportunity of making a brilliant sally, and often succeeded. Sheridan was contented to be easy and observing, and quietly waited till the stream of conversation should bear something worthy of his notice, and give occasion for some appropriate anecdote or sarcastic observation. In telling a story, Sheridan's terms were selected with so much judgment that the substance and point came forth with full effect, and admitted of no addition or embellishment, and his satirical strokes were shrewd, pointed, and evinced a very unfavourable opinion of mankind. In relating an anecdote, Tickel was too apt to decorate it with a flourishing luxuriance, and to look round to observe its effect on the company. Sheridan seemed only intent on telling the plain matter of fact, and generally addressed himself to an individual. Tickel seemed desirous of impressing the person whom he addressed with a sense of his sprightliness and fancy. Sheridan, when he spoke to a mere stranger in company, spoke in a kind of confidential manner that disarmed all awkward feeling, and excited an idea in the hearer that he was deemed worthy of conversation and confidence. This air of confidence on the part of Sheridan rendered his manner irresistible. There had certainly been some difference between Sheridan and Tickel, which even the death of the latter had not subdued in the mind of the former,

for, on their return from Richardson's funeral, at which I was present, Sheridan behaved in a manner that indicated the decline of friendship between them.

Tickel could not but have been happy in his first marriage with an accomplished branch of the Linley family, a family distinguished for talents; but he was certainly not so in his second. The lady was a beauty, and brought some fortune. They kept a coach, an extravagance which her fortune and his income as a commissioner of the Stamp-office could not support. His wife expected him to be constantly with her, and when he wanted to take a walk with a friend, she importuned him to ride in the coach with her. At length he became embarrassed in his affairs, and desponding in his temper, and he, who was once all vivacity, sank into melancholy and dejection, inso-much as to render it doubtful whether his falling from the parapet at Hampton Court Palace was wholly accidental.

It is a melancholy consideration that almost immediately after his death, a near relation, who had been apprised of his desponding state, came with ample means to relieve him from all his necessities. His chief production was the popular pamphlet, entitled "Anticipation," in which he characterized with admirable ingenuity and humour the more conspicuous members of the House of Commons at that period. It was generally supposed that he derived considerable advantage from the hints of Lord North, who possessed great wit and humour.

The second Mrs. Tickel, it is said, found a less indulgent husband in her second marriage, and sank into a despondency like that which attended the last days of her former partner. A beautiful whole-

length drawing of her was made by my late friend Cosway, with all the taste and spirit which distinguished his works in miniature, from which there was a correct engraving. This lady was the daughter of a captain in the East India Company's marine, in which service he had amassed about twenty thousand pounds, but, being afraid to vest it in any public securities, he lived upon the capital, which gave Tickel little hopes of deriving much from the death of his father-in-law, and probably augmented that dejection which occasioned the termination of his life.

CHAPTER XII.

REV. WILLIAM PETERS. With this gentleman I was acquainted in my early days. I was introduced to him by the Rev. Richard Pinnock, rector of Abinger in Surrey, and of St. John's, Bermondsey. He was also chaplain to the Earl of Godolphin, and one of the officers of the British Museum. He was an irritable but an honourable man; a good classical and French scholar. He had a turn for humour and poetry. Whenever I received an invitation to dine with him, it was generally conveyed in rhyme. He lived to a very advanced age, and I joined in the melancholy duty of attending his funeral, with the present Sir John St. Aubin, Bart. and the late Mr. Planta, then chief officer of the British Museum.

I knew Mr. Peters had entered into the church.

As an artist, he had gained considerable reputation in portrait-painting. After he became a clergyman, he resigned his situation as a Royal Academician, conceiving that it would be unsuitable to his clerical function; but on his resignation, he was appointed chaplain to the Royal Academy, which, though a mere nominal office, evinced the respect of the President, the late Sir Joshua Reynolds, and of the Council of that Institution.

Mr. Peters told me, that besides the propriety of resigning his academical honour, he was induced to relinquish his profession of an artist by the following circumstance: A lady of quality having requested he would recommend her to a good landscape-painter, as she wanted a couple of pictures of that description, he replied, that considering Richard Wilson as the best painter of landscapes, he recommended him. The lady then desired that he would accompany her to the painter's house. He accordingly went with her, and found the artist at home. The lady desired to see some specimens of his skill, and Wilson had luckily not sent home two pictures which he had just finished, and brought them to her. Peters said he was afraid that Wilson's bold style and rough colouring would not be suitable to female taste, and that the lady would not be duly impressed with the grandeur of his conceptions, that he, therefore, placed them at some distance, in order to make them appear to more advantage. The lady, however, happened to be struck with them, and gave him a commission to paint two landscapes, at a liberal price, on subjects chosen by himself. As Peters was going to hand the lady into her carriage, not intending to return with her, Wilson

whispered that he wanted to speak to him. Peters, of course, returned with him. Wilson, after thanking him warmly for his kind recommendation, told him he was so distressed, that if Peters would not lend him ten guineas, he could not fulfil the order, as he had no money to buy colours or canvass. Peters promised he would send the money to him as soon as he reached home. Peters assured me that the distress of this great artist produced a strong effect upon his mind; for if Wilson, who was decidedly the best painter in his province of art, was so reduced, what must he expect who had so many rivals of distinguished talent in the line of portrait?

Peters after this began to prepare himself for the church, and entered his name at one of the colleges at Oxford. In this university he became acquainted with the late Mr. William Gifford, whose translations of "Juvenal" and "Persius" prove his learning and poetical vigour, and whose editions of the works of Massinger, of Ben Jonson, and of Ford, may fairly rank him as the best dramatic critic in our language. Mr. Peters, no doubt, improved his classical knowledge, and prepared himself for the sacred calling, by the assistance of Mr. Gifford. Mr. Peters and Mr. Gifford remained in intimacy and friendship for some years, but, as Dryden says,

"All human things are subject to decay;"

and, unhappily, friendship is founded on the same uncertain tenure. At length these friends became bitter enemies; but before this melancholy event took place, I dined with Mr. Peters at a house in

Millbank, which belonged to the late Lord Grosvenor, and in which his lordship permitted him to reside. On this occasion I first met Mr. Gifford, to whom Mr. Peters had expressed a desire to introduce me. What was the immediate cause of the dissension between these old friends I never heard, but their hostility to each other was of the bitterest kind.

When Peters quitted Oxford, he continued to correspond with Gifford, who remained there; and, to save the expense of postage, Peters obtained franks from Lord Grosvenor for his letters to Gifford, and his lordship permitted the letters of Gifford to Peters to pass under cover to his lordship. On one occasion Gifford forgot to seal his letter to Peters, and Lord Grosvenor frankly confessed that he had the curiosity to read it. His lordship was so struck by the literary merit of this letter, that he thought the author would be a proper travelling tutor for his son, the present Lord Grosvenor. He, therefore, desired Peters to invite Gifford to London, where he soon received an invitation to reside at his lordship's house, in Grosvenor Square. Gifford was shortly appointed tutor to Lord Belgrave, and afterwards accompanied his noble pupil abroad.

During the time that Peters and Gifford remained in friendship, the former considered the unsealed letter as an accident, but when they quarrelled, he represented it to me as an artifice, by which Gifford thought to tempt the curiosity of Lord Grosvenor. He had taken, it seems, uncommon pains with the letter, in order, as Peters alleged, to make a forcible impression on his lordship, and his plan succeeded.

Gifford had become acquainted with Mr. Hopp-

ner the painter, and had introduced him at Grosvenor House. This circumstance, no doubt, must have displeased Peters, who knew that Hoppner was of a very satirical turn, and spared nobody. What hastened the extinction of the friendship between Peters and Gifford, I know not, except that Gifford and Hoppner, as Peters said, had undermined him in the estimation of Lord Grosvenor, and forced him to relinquish his connexion with his lordship. At length there was an open rupture between the former friends.

Gifford was accused by Peters of having, in a public newspaper, ridiculed his pictures in the Royal Academy exhibition, assisted by the professional suggestions of Hoppner. I remember to have read a critique of this description, on a picture of Adam and Eve in Paradise, which was remarkably humorous and severe. Mr. Combe, who was a friend to both parties, at length interfered to prevent further hostilities, but failing, he signified that unless Lord Grosvenor put a stop to this persecution of his old friend Peters, he would write an heroic epistle to Lord Grosvenor from his repudiated lady. As Mr. Combe was known to possess a powerful pen, and was a zealous friend to Peters, this intimation was conveyed to his lordship, who then interposed, and requested that all this literary warfare should end, and from that time they were contented to abuse each other in private.

By this time I had become very well acquainted with Gifford, and frequently heard the complaints of both parties. It was curious to find that their accusations against each other were exactly the same. They each charged the other with mean and dis-

graceful subserviency to the vices of Lord Grosvenor. It is certain that Peters, before he took holy orders, and probably while he was not in a very prosperous state, painted some subjects for the noble lord which were far from being of a decorous nature ; but who is to blame, the rich man who suggested such subjects, or the poor one who stood in need of his patronage ? I have often heard Peters deeply lament that he ever devoted his talents to such subjects, not only because they were degrading to his character, but, as far as I could judge, from sincere moral regret. On the other hand, Peters charged Gifford with a pliant subserviency to those vices of his patron which had dictated the subjects in question. In proof of this charge Peters used to relate a story, which, even if I could believe, I should not think proper to introduce in this place.

I have often, though with caution, sounded both as to the possibility of effecting a reconciliation, but found it a hopeless matter, and therefore never acknowledged to either that I had seen the other, and avoided a subject which was mournful and disgusting.

Mr. Peters being troubled with asthma for some years before his death, was obliged to sleep in the country, so that I very rarely saw him ; but soon after his death I received a note from his widow, requesting I would call on her in town, as she had something to communicate to me. I went accordingly, and was informed by her that her husband had left me a legacy of fifty guineas. I was much surprised at this bequest, as I had not seen Mr. Peters for some years, and thought he had forgotten me. His legacy, however, was a proof of his friendly

feeling towards me, which had not lessened by absence.

MR. JOHN HORNE TOOKE. I was acquainted with this gentleman many years, and always found him polite and good-humoured. I was first introduced to him when he resided in Richmond Buildings, by Mr. Arthur Murphy, and though I did not adopt his political principles, he was too agreeable, and too instructive a companion for me not to cultivate the connexion. He told me, soon after I became acquainted with him, that he knew who Junius was at the time of his public correspondence with him; and when I expressed my surprise that he did not contrive to answer his formidable assailant in a private manner, he declared he became acquainted with him under such circumstances of honourable secrecy, that it would have been treachery in him to avow his knowledge. In his correspondence with Wilkes, after his quarrel with him, he certainly does not appear to much epistolary advantage in comparison, however strong might be his facts, and however cogent his arguments. Wilkes's answers were always playful, sprightly, and humorous. It does not appear that Wilkes provoked him to the attack, but Horne Tooke was too discerning a man not to see that Wilkes was in reality a patriot for his own interest, not for that of the public.

Tooke was certainly a republican, and having discovered Wilkes's interested views, withdrew all confidence from him and became his bitter enemy. Mr. Tooke once advised me, whenever I said anything that I wished to have kept secret, never to say it in the presence of a third person, "for if," said he, "there were only one person present, and he were

to betray you, you might deny all he said, and the testimony of each would then depend upon his own character, and your denial, though untrue, would be a just punishment on your opponent for his treachery."

I once called on him in Richmond Buildings, with Mr. Merry, the poet, just as the latter was on the eve of being married to Miss Brunton the actress. In the course of conversation, Mr. Tooke adverted to this intended marriage, and directing his discourse to me said, "I told this gentleman that I was once as near the danger of matrimony as he is at present, but an old friend to whom I looked with reverence for his wisdom and experience, gave me the following advice. You must first, said he, consider the person of the lady, and endeavour to satisfy yourself that if she has excited, she is likely to secure, your admiration. You must deeply scrutinize her mind, reflect whether she possesses a rate of intellect that would be likely to render her an intelligent companion; if you are satisfied she does, you are to examine her temper, and if you find it amiable, and not likely to irritate your own on any occasion, you must proceed to obtain all the information you can procure respecting her parents and other relatives, and if you have no reason to object to their being your relations and companions, you must then inquire who and what are her friends, for you must not expect her to sacrifice all her old connexions when she becomes your wife, and if you find them agreeable people, and not likely to be burthensome or intrusive, and are quite satisfied with the prospect, you may then order your wedding clothes, and fix the day for the marriage. When the bride is dressed suitable to the occasion, the friends at church, and

the priest ready to begin, you should get upon your horse and ride away from the place as fast and as far as your horse could carry you." "This counsel," added Mr. Tooke, "from one who was thoroughly acquainted with the world, made me investigate the nature of wedlock; and considering the difficulties attending the advice which he recommended, made me resolve never to enter into the happy state."

This counsel, however, had no effect upon Mr. Merry, who soon after married, though certainly he was solicitous to avoid the match. Mr. Tooke however was a man of gallantry. He had two amiable daughters, with whom I have had the pleasure of being in company, and was assured by the late Dr. George Pearson, that they were good Latin scholars. He had also a son, but whose conduct he represented as so different from that of his daughters, that on Mr. Merry asking what had become of him, Mr. Tooke said he did not know, but hoped the next news he should hear of him would be that he was hanged.

It would be presumptuous in me to attempt to measure the mind of Mr. Horne Tooke, but, as far as I could venture to judge, he combined logic and waggery so habitually, that he would not have been an eloquent parliamentary orator; as he would rather have endeavoured to detect and ridicule the errors and inconsistencies of others than have proposed anything original from himself. He told me that when he attended at any political meetings he very seldom went with an intention to speak, but that he as seldom maintained his contemplated silence. I remember once, and only once, I dined with the Revolutionary Society, instituted in a great measure

in honour of King William the Third. The celebrated Dr. Price was the chairman on this occasion, and Mr. Horne Tooke sat next to him. In the course of the day I asked the latter, if he intended to address the company. He said "No, I delight in the anniversary of a day intended to celebrate the delivery from monarchical despotism and bigotry, and resign myself wholly to convivial enjoyment." I ventured to hint that something would occur probably which would draw forth his public spirit, and so it happened, for in about an hour something induced him to address the company, when he was answered by my old friend, now Mr. Baron Garrow: I have totally forgotten the subject of their brief controversy, but I remember the jocularly of both excited merriment through the room, and ended in good-humour.

I went afterwards into the tea-room with Mr. Tooke, and it was there he suggested to me the cautious policy which I have mentioned above. I believe that this dinner which I attended was the last time the society ever assembled. It once, however, numbered amongst its members some of the most respectable whig characters in the country, but as they had not taken leave of monarchical principles, when they saw the dreadful excesses which the revolutionary dogmas of France had occasioned they withdrew from the society, and left it to the low tavern reformers, who never attempted to muster another meeting.

It has been said that when Mr. Tooke was conveyed by the way of Islington in custody to the Tower, he looked at the fields, and, with tears in eyes, said—"Ah! I am afraid I shall see you no

more." These words are so repugnant to the firm and decisive temper of his mind, that it is impossible for those who knew him to give any credit to the report.

The last time I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Horne Tooke, was in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he was walking with his daughters. I joined them, and in the course of conversation he said, "I have often invited you to my dinner parties on Sundays, at Wimbledon, but I know you dare not come." I assured him that I expected too much pleasure on such an occasion to be afraid of appearing there, and that I should take an early opportunity of accompanying my friend Dr. Pearson in his carriage. Something or other, however, always interfered, and I never attended the meetings. Politics must of course have generally been "the order of the day," as Mr. Tooke has more than once told me that in all his conversations, and in all his writings, whatever was the subject, politics were sure to intrude. I have said that I believe he was a republican, and I think the following passage from one of his letters to Junius will justify the suspicion, even were there no other reasons that I could offer in support of it.

"*The right divine and sacredness* of kings is to me a senseless jargon. It was thought a daring expression of Oliver Cromwell in the time of Charles the First, that if he found himself placed opposite to the king in battle, he would discharge his piece into his bosom as soon as into any other man's. I go farther; had I lived in those days, I would not have waited for chance to give me an opportunity of doing my duty; I would have sought him through the ranks, and without the least personal enmity, have

discharged my piece into his bosom *rather* than into any other man's."

My late friend Mr. Joseph Richardson told me, that, generally, after a certain baronet had been with Mr. Horne Tooke for a few days, he returned to town with a mind so heated by the principles of that gentleman, that he seemed as if he had been in a political furnace; and it was not till several days had passed that Mr. Fox and his other political associates could bring him again within the sound influence of constitutional whiggism. They however held in great respect the understanding and political principles of the baronet, and attributed his occasional tendency to republican notions wholly to the reasonings and ingenious sophistry of the politician of Wimbledon.

There was such a mixture of humour, waggery, ridicule, archness, and learning, in the character of Mr. Tooke, that when he took pains to gain proselytes to his opinions, he was generally successful. In his controversy with Junius, the argument was certainly in his favour, but he proved much inferior in literary talents. Junius had rashly advanced charges against Mr. Horne, which he could not support, and therefore he was, of course, conquered in reasoning; but the humour and ingenuity with which Junius retreats from the contest, demonstrates the superiority of his literary skill.

The two poetical quotations which Mr. Horne introduced into his letter, and for which he is so humorously attacked by Junius, are taken from the works of Ben Jonson, as the late Mr. William Gifford told me, but I have never thought it worth while to trace them in his plays. That admirable

artist, Mr. Westall, related to me a circumstance which illustrates the logical waggy which I always observed in Mr. Horne Tooke, and also the vehement irritability of Dr. Parr. He said that he was in company with these distinguished characters, and witnessed a dispute between them. Parr was vehement and loudly declamatory; Tooke was sportive and satirical. Notwithstanding the thundering hostility of Parr, Tooke was serene and jocosely bitter. At length Parr arose, and said, "If I had entertained an opinion which I thought founded on truth, and determined never to abandon—if I thought that your opinion was the same, I would immediately renounce it with detestation."

If Mr. Horne Tooke could have transferred the same jocular severity to his pen which was so conspicuous and successful on his tongue, he might have equalled, if not have conquered Junius, in wit as well as in argument.

I once promised myself a very pleasant and instructive day, having invited Mr. Combe, whom I have before mentioned, and Mr. Horne Tooke, to dine with me. What prevented Mr. Combe from coming I do not recollect, but I believe that a total difference in political principles with Mr. Horne Tooke, occasioned his reluctance to meet him. Upon general topics, Mr. Combe would have been highly entertaining, particularly in the abundance of his anecdotes of high life when he mixed in fashionable circles; and Mr. Horne Tooke's general opinion and reflections would have been equally instructive, but as his conversation, however begun, invariably led to politics, and might have ended in an unpleasant controversy, it was well that they did

not meet. As Mr. Horne Tooke did not keep the engagement, I wrote to him the next day, and after expressing the disappointment which I felt in not having been favoured with his company, I assured him I consoled myself with the idea that he was too much absorbed in some work, intended for the advantage of mankind, to recollect such a trifling concern as an engagement to dinner with an humble friend. I received the following answer, of which I have preserved the original as a curiosity, coming from so extraordinary and conspicuous a character.

TO JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

I beg, ten thousand times, your pardon. My house is repairing and my memoranda were all taken down in the dirt and confusion of my parlour; in which confusion I still remain. I completely and totally forgot my engagement. I feel extremely for the displeasure you must have entertained. I have only the excuse of *Œdipus*—

“My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.”

Again, I beg you to pardon me.

Dear sir,

Your sorrowful humble servant,

J. H. TOOKE.

The late Dr. George Pearson was very much attached to Mr. Horne Tooke, and visited him as often as he had opportunity, and thought highly of his character apart from politics, which the doctor told me he always cautiously avoided, though it was difficult, indeed impossible, to restrain Mr. Tooke's

tendency to the discussion of such topics. The doctor however always contrived to turn the discourse, and give occasion to some wagery, in which he was as ready to indulge his humour, as in political animadversion. Dr. Pearson was generally deemed well read in Latin and Greek, and considered Mr. Tooke as an acute critic and profound scholar.

Mr. Prince Hoare told me that he was once present in company with Mr. Horne Tooke, when he proposed some subject relative to the powers of the human voice; that he separately addressed all the company, requesting their opinions, which he afterwards summed up, and then delivered his own, manifesting such perspicuity, as well as comprehensive knowledge, as excited the admiration of all present. Firm as his mind was, like all human beings, he had some odd conceptions, and was at times very irritable. His desire of being buried in his garden was a whim, which his executors prudently rejected, and had him interred according to the ordinary rites of sepulture. I regret to hear *h. Tooke* that he was so irascible and violent in his temper as *Ch. Hoare* death approached, that there were no traces of the philosopher in his conduct, and he was so turbulent, that it was painful to go near him, yet perpetually calling for attendance. At length, after a painful illness, he was released from his sufferings, and his attendants ascribed his impatience to the severity of what he endured, which wholly overcame his natural tendency to good-humour.

CHAPTER XIII.

EDWARD JERNINGHAM, ESQ. This gentleman I consider as altogether one of the most amiable and intelligent persons I ever knew. I had admired his poems in general when I had not the least idea that I should ever become acquainted with him. He had received his education chiefly in France, and came to London about the twentieth year of his age, for the purpose of being present at the coronation of King George the Third. His family were Roman Catholics, and he was of the same persuasion. He told me that the first subject which engrossed his attention was the grounds of difference between the Protestants and Roman Catholics, and he therefore read attentively all that the most eminent advocates on both sides had said in support of their respective principles. The result was a firm conviction of the truth of the Protestant faith, to which he conformed; and such were the liberal sentiments of his family, that, as they knew he was not governed by any motives of worldly interest, they indeed regretted, but were not offended at his desertion of their traditional and hereditary religious creed.

He told me that he had been always a great admirer of poetry, and at a very early period had become a votary of the muse; that he therefore had felt great pleasure in bringing from France a letter of introduction to the celebrated Miss Martha Blount, the favourite of Pope. He described her

as short, plump, and of rather a florid complexion, agreeable and lively in her manners, but not with such an understanding, or such marks of elegance and high-breeding, as might have been expected in the favourite of so distinguished a poet as Mr. Pope.

Mr. Jerningham was admitted to a familiar intercourse with the great Earl of Chesterfield, who told him that, seeing Miss Blount at a large party one evening when the report of the day had been that Mr. Pope was dead, he made his way to her in the room, and expressed the peculiar pleasure which he felt in seeing her, as her presence contradicted the melancholy rumour of the morning, concluding that if it had been well founded he should certainly not have seen her in that place. When the lady understood the nature of it, she affected some surprise that such a report should be expected to prevent her from visiting her friends, and displayed so much flippant indifference on the subject, that the nobleman, who had a great friendship for Mr. Pope, resented her levity so much that he never spoke to her again. Pope manifested his opinion of Lord Chesterfield by the following couplet on using his lordship's pencil, which ought to have been included in the poet's works.

Accept a miracle, instead of wit,

See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ.

Mr. Jerningham used to dine very frequently with Lord Chesterfield towards the close of that nobleman's life. The dinner-hour was three. The party generally consisted of the earl, his countess, and an old Roman Catholic priest. The lady and the priest were perpetually jangling, chiefly on religious topics. They were both very violent, and though the earl could not hear them, he saw by their gestures that

they were engaged in controversy, and used to console himself that there was one advantage in his deafness, as it prevented him from hearing the grounds of their disputes, and consequently from being appealed to as an arbiter by either party. The disputants paid no regard to his lordship, or to his guest Mr. Jerningham, who, by the assistance of the earl's ear-trumpet, was enabled to converse with him, and described his conversation as a source of the most interesting and instructive observations. Here I may properly introduce a very elegant compliment which Mr. Jerningham paid to Lord Chesterfield in some verses, the whole of which would do honour to these pages. After a general reference to the earl's merits, he thus ingeniously adverts to his deafness :

Though deafness, by a doom severe,
Steals from thine ear the murm'ring rill,
And Philomel's delightful air,
E'en deem not this a partial ill.

Ah ! if anew thine ear was strung,
Awake to every voice around,
Thy praises, by the many sung,
Would stun thee with the choral sound.

I had once an opportunity of applying the last line very aptly to the author himself. We were at a concert together in the Hanover Square rooms, when, observing him lean on the orchestra during the performance, I softly asked him if it did not "Stun him with the choral sound." He did not at first recollect the reference, but in a moment turned away with a sort of laughing confusion.

In the prologue to his comedy of "The Welsh Heiress," which I wrote at his desire, I styled him

A modest minstrel of the plaintive choir.

In the four volumes of his works will be found not only many pathetic poems, but several of them characterised by high and heroic sentiments. His poem entitled "The Shakespeare Gallery," that on "The rise and progress of Northern Poetry," that "On Enthusiasm," and, indeed, many others, are marked by such poetical genius as, in my opinion, give him a place among some of our celebrated poets. His works were very popular in the higher circles, particularly with those who added taste and learning to rank and affluence.

Horace Walpole, afterwards Lord Orford, complimented him in verse. He was intimate with the late Earl of Harcourt, at whose seat he was a frequent visitor, as well as with the late Earl of Carlisle, with whom he passed some months at Castle Howard. But what, indeed, proves the estimation in which his character and talents were held, is, that he was honoured with an invitation to the Pavilion at Brighton by his late Majesty George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, remained there for two or three weeks, and, by desire of his Royal Highness, regulated the library.

When Mr. Jerningham published the last collection of his works, he introduced a note to his poem of "Abelard to Eloisa," which I venture to insert, because I was proud of the friendship of such a man, and could not but be highly gratified with his commendation. The note was as follows:—"The following poem has been distinguished by a beautiful sonnet, inserted in a volume of poems that does honour to modern poetry, by Mr. Taylor, a gentleman whose commendation is a passport to fame, except where it is directed (as in the present

instance) by the amiable bias of friendship." Mr. Jerningham was not merely a gentleman, a scholar, and a poet, but a patriot and a politician. His poem, entitled "Peace, Ignominy, and Destruction," written during the time of the French revolution, displays an ardent devotion to his country and the British constitution, as well as a sound knowledge of its principles.

Mr. Burke having been alluded to in the poem, as the great champion of order and good government, says, in a letter to the author, "I read your poem with great pleasure. The conceptions are just, the sentiments affecting, and the pictures forcible and true. I can say that I am not particular in this opinion, nor am I bribed to it by your indulgence to me, your fellow-labourer in the same cause. Mr. Wyndham, I understand, (and he has a judgment not to be deceived or corrupted by praise,) thinks of your poem as I do. I have the honour to be, with the most sincere regard, dear sir, your most obliged and most faithful servant, Edmund Burke."

This poem, though one of his last, and written at an advanced age by the author, is one of his best and most vigorous productions. Mr. Burke pays him a still higher compliment on his poem of "The Shakespeare Gallery." Speaking of the author, he says, "I have not for a long time seen anything so well finished. He has caught new *fire*, by approaching in his *perihelium*, so *near* to the *sun* of our *poetical system*." Dr. Parr was liberal and even profuse in his eulogium on this poem, and more particularly on Mr. Jerningham's poem entitled "Enthusiasm," of which he says, "The general plan of the work is well formed. The imagery is striking,

without glare; the texture of the whole style is easy, without feebleness. Almost all the lines flow melodiously. Many of the expressions are wrought up to an exquisite pitch of eloquence, and the debate for and against the claims of the enthusiasts is conducted at once with the perspicuity of argument and the animation of poetry."

Mr. Jerningham always experienced a liberal reception from "The Monthly Review," through the whole of his poetical life, and no unfavourable allusion to him appeared till my late friend William Gifford wrote a couplet in his poem of "The Baviad," which shows that he certainly was not acquainted with Mr. Jerningham's works, for he speaks of him as a pastoral poet, though Mr. Jerningham has not one pastoral poem in all his numerous productions. The author of "The Pursuits of Literature" also mentioned Mr. Jerningham unfavourably in a parody on a line of Pope. Mr. Jerningham answered them both with manly spirit, in one of the best of his poems. I had the pleasure of bringing Mr. Gifford and Mr. Jerningham together, and of exciting in them kind sentiments towards each other.

I dare say if Mr. Mathias, whom I have long had the pleasure of knowing, was really the author of "The Pursuits of Literature," he, upon reflection, would regret that he attacked a brother bard whose political sentiments and principles were the same as his own. Here I may say that in a conversation with Mr. Mathias, who was as well-bred a gentleman as I ever knew, referring to the suspicion and the report that he was the author of the poem in question, said to me, "They will find out their

mistake some time or other." Mr. Mathias presented his tract to me on the subject of the poems attributed to Rowley; and I think he has fairly and fully proved that, however they may have been interpolated by Chatterton, they were not his productions. Mr. Mathias's reasoning is perfectly satisfactory, at least to me. I understand that this gentleman resides at Naples in good health. I hope he will long enjoy it, for the sake of his friends as well as of himself; for his learning, talents, and urbanity must render him the subject of respect, esteem, and admiration, to all who have the pleasure of knowing him.

There is so much spirit in Mr. Jerningham's vindication of his poem, and the allusion to Gray's elegy is so apt, that the following extract may be acceptable to the reader:—

If each bold village Hampden may withstand
The little tyrant of his little land;
May not the Muse with equal right maintain
The long-earn'd honours of her small domain?
Ye great departed shades! who, when on earth,
Hail'd with benign applause the Muse's birth;
O CHESTERFIELD! O CHATHAM's sacred sire!
O GRAY! thou lord of the enchanting lyre!
Beneath your fost'ring praise, a lowly Muse
Smiled, like the flow'ret fed with heavenly dews,
And shall this flow'ret perish in her noon,
Beneath the dull-ey'd peasant's clouted shoon?

I have seldom passed so agreeable a day as when I accompanied a lady and Mr. Jerningham on a visit to Mr. Pope's villa at Twickenham, before "the spoiler came," and destroyed every vestige of its interesting state as left by the poet. A rustic lad, when we entered the memorable grotto, pointed to

an old deal table, and said with ludicrous simplicity, "There Mr. Pope used to sit and write a copy of verses." There was an impressive solemnity in that part of the grounds which was consecrated to the memory of the poet's mother. Mr. Jerningham, who had often visited the place, abounded with anecdotes of the bard, and with some accounts of his personal habits, which he learned from an old boatman who used to convey Mr. Pope from Twickenham to Richmond.

Towards the decline of life, Mr. Jerningham turned his attention to religious subjects, but without any tendency to fanaticism. His first publication on these subjects was a well-written tract on "The mild Tenour of Christianity," which soon passed through a second edition. He paid me the compliment of writing the following manuscript lines on the blank leaf of the book.

TO JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

Unvaried friend, through many a varying year,
Indulge the voice that courts religion's muse,
Nor thou (to virtue as to science dear)
Thy candid audience to my theme refuse.

EDWARD JERNINGHAM.

March 25, 1807.

This tract displays extensive reading and research, and is characterized by the same mild spirit which forms the subject. He also published about the same time a translation of "Select Sermons and Funeral Orations" from Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, with an original essay on the "Eloquence of the Pulpit in England." His next work was a tract on "The Dignity of Human Nature." The last of his religious tracts was entitled "The Alexandrian

School ; or a Narrative of the First Christian Professors in Alexandria." All these tracts were liberally received by the periodical critics, and passed through several editions. With the last work he again addressed me in manuscript in the following words. "To you, my amiable and long-tried friend, I present my little theological tract. They who have written half so well as you, will read me with less candour." If I am accused of vanity in having inserted these commendatory passages, I can only say that I am proud of such testimonies of friendship from so amiable, intelligent, and learned a character, and have only to regret that I do not deserve them.*

I had not seen Mr. Jerningham for some time, and at length received a note from him earnestly requesting that I would call on him as early as convenient at night, as he had something particular to say to me. I of course went, and was shocked to hear that he was alarmingly ill. He was in bed, and I attended him in his chamber. Conceiving that an illness of some weeks had very much altered his person, the curtain was drawn before him, that I

* I have above fifty letters which I received from Mr. Jerningham, from which I might extract many passages so favourable to me that I have not courage enough to insert them in this place. Most of these letters are worthy of public attention, as they are characterised by wit, good-humour, taste, descriptive elegance, and moral sentiments, as well as by genuine piety. As a critic, in my humble opinion, he was acute, profound, and liberal. Speaking of translations in one of his letters to me, he says, "Translations are only crutches for those who are lame. I think I should express myself better if I were to say, that reading the original is gathering the fruit from the tree with all its raciness and flavour."

might not be shocked at the change, and I did not see him at this last meeting. He told me that he felt death was approaching, and that he had requested my presence to take a last farewell. As far as I can recollect, the following were his last words.

“ I know that when I am no more, you will say something kind of my memory, but I am already dead to all the vanities of this world, and what I desire is, that you will say I was consistent in my religious creed and conduct. I am besieged by some Roman Catholic priests, who are anxious I should return to their persuasion, and, if there were no likelihood of contradiction, they would certainly make no scruple of asserting that I had done so. They would even think it meritorious so to do, for the honour of their religion. All, therefore, that I require of you, as the last testimony of friendship, is, to state in your newspaper that I took the sacrament on Wednesday last according to the rites of the Church of England.” He then in the most friendly and affecting terms took leave of me, and died on the following day. After I left him, he ordered a whole-length drawing of himself to be sent to me without delay. I inserted a tribute to his literary and moral character in the Sun newspaper, and added all that he had desired me to say on the consistency of his religious principles. I sent the paper to his nephew, Mr. Edward Jerningham, and apologised for having adverted to the subject of his religion, as his creed differed from that of his family, declaring that I should not have done so, if it had not been in compliance with his uncle’s last solemn desire. The gentleman called on me, to thank me for the tribute which I had paid to the

memory of his uncle, and readily admitted that I had properly discharged the last duty of friendship.

I wrote to Mr. Combe, whose literary character I have previously noticed, and who was one of Mr. Jerningham's oldest friends, to give him the unwelcome tidings of his death. The following is his answer. "So Mr. Jerningham has bid us farewell! I was always confident that he had virtue enough, but I was not without an apprehension that he might want nerve, to meet the awful moment, as I find he did. I am infinitely gratified to hear that he died calm, resigned, and happy. But, as old Jeremy Taylor has said, and no man ever did or will say what is more applicable to human wants and weakness, or whose sentiments are more encouraging or consolatory to our nature, 'When God is pleased to send trials, he never fails to send strength.'"

In addition to the testimonies of Mr. Jerningham's poetical genius which I have given, I may properly show in what estimation he was held by the late Lord Byron, who, in a note to his vigorous satire, entitled "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," has the following passage: "I hear that Mr. Jerningham is about to take up the cudgels for his Mæcenæ, Lord Carlisle; I hope not: he was one of the few who, in the very short intercourse I had with him, treated me with kindness when a boy, and whatever he may say or do, 'pour on, I will endure.'"

No person was more able to appreciate a character than Lord Byron, or less disposed to spare those whom he might think deserving of censure; therefore the submissive respect with which he treats Mr. Jerningham, will justify the conclusion

that he thought highly of his moral qualities, as well as of his poetical powers, as he must have been well aware of his rank among the English bards.

A more affectionate relative than Mr. Jerningham could hardly exist. He lived many years with his mother till she died at a very advanced age; and by his tenderness and filial affection, illustrated all that his poetical predecessor, Pope, has so beautifully said of his own attention to his venerable parent, under the same circumstances.

In a letter which I received from Mr. Jerningham, at Cossey, dated 1809, he says, "Since I had the pleasure of seeing you, I have dragged through a long and melancholy scene. I found my brother (the late Sir William Jerningham) at my arrival at Cossey, in a state that excluded the least indulgence of hope. A gradual and visible decay, at the expiration of five weeks, terminated in his death. If it be a salutary thing to go into the house of mourning, I ought to be the better for what I have beheld. On Tuesday last, my brother was deposited in the vault of the new Gothic Chapel, (the first inhabitant of that dreary mansion,) to take his long repose. I will venture to say that, at his resurrection, he will not find himself outdone in acts of benevolence by any who may be summoned to the same awful tribunal."

In another letter, received from the same place, dated 1811, he says, "My nephew (the present Lord Stafford) and his wife, who is very accomplished, live in a higher rank of splendour than my late brother, and equal him, if possible, in all the milder attractions that beam from benevolence and generosity." In the same letter he gives an inter-

esting account of the manner in which he passed his time. Having the indulgence of breakfasting by himself at his own time, he enjoyed a long studious morning. He says, "If you ask me what I have been reading, I answer that I have seen nothing new, but the excellent library here is more than sufficient for the most omnivorous appetite. I have had some intercourse with Gibbon. I have read all his notes to his history, which show his extensive reading and his investigating spirit. I have amused myself with a second perusal of Godwin's Chaucer, which contains frequently deep reflections. Chaucer is only the text, while the interesting facts of the age are made to rally round the poet. St. Bernard's moral discourses have been part of my reading. He has warmth and energy, but his Latin is inferior to that of Lactantius, of whom I read half a volume last year. St. Bernard appears to me to have thought in old French, while he wrote in Latin; but you will think me an old pedantic monk, if I should proceed, and so I will leave off and begin my walk."

I cite these passages out of many others of the same description, merely for the purpose of showing that Mr. Jerningham was a scholar and a critic, as well as a poet. He was a warm and steady friend, and to his servants a kind and indulgent master. Some years after his death, I heard them speak of him with great respect, gratitude, and affection.

I have dwelt the longer on the memory of Mr. Jerningham, because, as I have before said, I consider him one of the most amiable characters I ever knew. He was my warm and sincere friend; to him I was indebted for many happy hours, and for much interesting and valuable information. No per-

son ever enjoyed a more familiar intercourse with the learned world, as well as with the ranks of fashion; and, with a slight alteration, what Pope says of himself in his imitation of Horace, Book ii. Sat. 1, is strictly applicable to Mr. Jerningham.

Envy must own I live, among the great,
No tool of party and no spy of state,
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats,
To help who want, to forward who excel:
This all who know me know, who love me tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scribblers or peers, alike are *mob* to me.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHARLES TOWNLEY, Esq. This gentleman was deservedly distinguished by a wide circle of learned and elegant connexions, and was esteemed one of the best-bred men in the kingdom. He possessed a considerable fortune, which he employed in hospitality and in patronizing the Fine Arts. His collection of the works of ancient sculpture equalled any of the most celebrated in this country, and his doors were liberally opened to all men of taste. I was introduced to him by the Rev. Mr. Penneck, of the British Museum, and was afterwards invited to see what were generally denominated the Townley Marbles; and a finer collection was, perhaps, never before in the hands of a private person. His bust of Clytie, one of the most admired remains of Gre-

cian sculpture, enabled him to gratify many of his friends, by having plaster casts made from it. It is now in all the sculpture shops. Its beautiful, delicate, and pensive expression, fully illustrates the fable on which it is founded.

Mr. Townley was the nephew of the unfortunate gentleman who was beheaded for high treason, and whose head I remember to have seen placed upon a pole on the top of Temple Bar. As this exhibition was painful in no slight degree to Mr. Townley, some of his friends, among whom was Mr. Penneck, formed a plan for removing it; and one night, which happened to be a very windy one, they effected their purpose without interruption. No inquiry was made, as it was inferred that the head had been blown off by the storm. Mr. Townley had, therefore, the melancholy pleasure of having deposited the head in the tomb of his ancestors. Though a Roman Catholic, Mr. Townley possessed a truly liberal mind, of which the following fact is a sufficient proof. He had a good benefice in his gift. A Roman Catholic clergyman of great learning, and of the most amiable character, wholly without a provision, was offered the living, under the unavoidable condition of his conforming to the established religion of the country. The clergyman, though without the means of support, felt conscientious scruples, which he avowed, and seemed disposed to decline the generous offer. To settle the matter Mr. Penneck invited Mr. Townley to dinner. The Rev. Mr. Warner, chaplain to Lord Gower when our ambassador to France, just before the breaking out of the revolution, and the Roman Catholic priest, were of the party. After dinner the subject was

brought forward by Mr. Townley, who observed, that being a layman, though brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, he could not be supposed to be sufficiently conversant with the grounds of difference between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants to be able to remove the scruples of the priest, but as the good of mankind was the object of both, and as the reverend gentleman was not likely to engage in religious controversy, but to inculcate the true principles of christianity, it seemed to him that he was better qualified to do justice to the situation than any Protestant divine whom he knew. Mr. Penneck followed, and avowed the same opinions, and requested the priest to accept the living, to which he did not doubt that he would do credit. At length it was Mr. Warner's turn to express his sentiments ; and being a convivial character, and quite a latitudinarian in matters of religion, he proposed that the priest should leave the subject to the discussion of his friends, while he took a walk round the Museum gardens. The priest agreed, and said, " Well, gentlemen, I am duly sensible of your kindness, and deeply grateful to Mr. Townley for his generous offer ; I leave my honour in your hands, and doubt not that your decision will be just." He then retired to the gardens, the gentlemen returned to the bottle, and not a word passed on the subject during the priest's absence. On his return they told him that they had weighed his scruples, and having fully canvassed the question, were all agreed that he might conscientiously accept the living. He did so, became a favourite preacher with his congregation, and performed his duties with exemplary zeal and piety.

When the late Sir Henry Bate Dudley was appointed an Irish Dean, a young lady who resided on the spot thus expressed her wish. "Oh! how I long to see our *Dane*. I am told that he is a very handsome man, and that he fights like an angel." Sir Henry was certainly a handsome, well-formed man, and by his strength and activity was properly qualified for pugilistic contests, in which he was always victorious.

The lady who rode a thousand miles in a thousand hours on one horse, which forms the subject of an admirable ironical paper in Dr. Johnson's "Idler," No. 6, was a Miss Pond. She was the daughter of Mr. John Pond, a celebrated dealer in horses, and author of a work relating to the turf, very popular at the time. I knew Miss Pond very well. I used to meet her at Mrs. Jackson's, in Lyon's Inn. Mrs. Jackson was the first wife of my early friend the Rev. William Jackson, who was tried for high treason in Dublin, and would have suffered capitally if he had not died suddenly in the court, as it was supposed from the effects of poison. Miss Pond was advanced in life when I knew her. She was tall, and with a good form, by no means handsome, but well bred and accomplished. She played very well on the piano-forte. There was a gravity, and even melancholy in her manner, which I was told was the effect of disappointment in love. It appeared that she was attached to Mr. O'Bryen the actor, who is mentioned with praise, even by that stern critic, Churchill, in his "*Rosciad*." Mr. O'Bryen clandestinely married Lady Susan Strangeways, the daughter of Lord Ilchester, and it is said that immediately after the nuptial ceremony was performed at

St. Paul's, Covent Garden, and as the new-married pair were quitting the church-door at one end, the father and his party entered at the other to prevent the union. It was an unfortunate marriage for O'Bryen, except that he had an affectionate wife; for the pride of the family obliged him to quit the stage, and an appointment was procured for him in one of our West India Colonies, where he remained for many years, deprived of a profession in which he delighted and in which he was admired, and remote from his friends, who were some of the first people in this country. He was, I have heard, a fencing-master in Dublin, or the son of a fencing-master, but with manners so easy and so sprightly, that he was admitted into the best company, and was a member of several of the most fashionable clubs at the west end of the town.

A brother of mine, who died at Calcutta many years ago, and was well able to estimate characters, and who knew Mr. O'Bryen, assured me that he had never seen any person equal to that gentleman for unaffected ease, spirit, and elegance of manners. Mr. O'Bryen possessed literary talents. He wrote a comedy, entitled "The Duel," partly, I believe, taken from the French; and a farce, popular at the time, entitled "Cross Purposes."

As Miss Pond is the heroine of one of the papers written by Dr. Johnson, she may well be considered worthy of remembrance, and of having her name recorded here, as it is not mentioned in any notes to "The Idler" that I have seen, or probably in any that were ever written.

MR. BATTISHILL. This was an admired musician and composer in his day, but a man very careless and

dissipated in his conduct. He first became known by his music to a ballad entitled "Kate of Aberdeen," written by Mr. Cunningham, a poet and an actor well known in the provincial theatres of the north, a worthy man, and one of the early friends of the late Mr. Shield. I once had the pleasure of introducing Mr. Battishill and Mr. Shield to each other. They had before only known each other by reputation. Battishill was married to a very pretty woman, who ran off with Webster, the celebrated singer. Battishill married again, and to a plain, decent woman, who was not likely to follow the example of her profligate predecessor. Poor Battishill was always embarrassed, and had shifted his quarters all round the suburbs of the metropolis so often, that he died in obscurity, and no notice seems to have been taken of the time or place, though he was a man of unquestionable merit in his profession.

To show the careless and convivial disposition of Battishill, as I was passing over Blackfriars Bridge one evening, I saw him walking before me, and hastening my pace, I tapped him on the back. Without turning his head to see who had touched him, he said, "Ah! will you go with me to Jemmy Rowley's?"—concluding, of course, that I was one of his boon companions. Considering his general state of embarrassment, it is somewhat singular that he was not rather alarmed at a tap on the shoulder.

DR. SHEBBEARE. I was slightly acquainted with this gentleman, and introduced Dr. Wolcot to him one evening as we returned to town after having dined with Dr. Monsey at Chelsea Hospital. We dined at the Governor's table, as it was then styled,

but which has long been abolished. We let Dr. Shebbeare have all the talk to himself, as he had once been a distinguished character, and we wished to know, so far as we had opportunity of judging, what were his pretensions to the fame he had acquired. He was loud, positive, loquacious, and dictatorial. To keep him in good humour, I spoke in praise of his novel, entitled "Lydia, or Filial Piety," which I had read in my early days, and which I recollected with pleasure; and this notice of his work induced him to say that he had lately called on a friend, who not being at home, he took up a book which he found upon the table, and opened it in the middle. After reading some pages, he said he found the "author's train of thought," (such was his expression,) so congenial to his own, that he turned to the title-page, and found it was actually his own work, of which I had been speaking. This statement was evidently a falsehood, for the work deals little in reflection, and it was impossible for him to have read a single page without meeting the names of some of the characters of which the work consisted.

I never read his "Letters to the English Nation," which contained the libel for which he was sentenced to the pillory. From respect to his function as a clergyman, he was, as I have heard, permitted to stand upon the board, instead of putting his head through the hole. During the hour while he stood, there was a very hard rain, and an Irish chairman held an umbrella over him all the time. When the punishment ended, he gave the man half-a-crown. "What, no more, please your honour?" said the man. "Why you stood but an hour," said

the doctor, "and surely that is enough." "Ay, but consider the disgrace, plase your honour," rejoined the man, and the doctor, far from being offended, gave him a guinea for his humour. This trait of the doctor's temper is the most favourable anecdote I ever heard of him. His son was a clergyman of the Church of England, a very respectable character, and a great admirer of music.

MR. TETHERINGTON. This person I have met in private and in tavern parties. He was an Irishman, and chiefly known at gaming-tables, and places of a similar description. I have heard that when he first came from Dublin, he affected great simplicity, and the persons in general with whom he associated, expected to find him so easy a dupe, that he went by the name of "The Child;" but it soon appeared, to use their language, that he was "a deep one," and more than a match for all of them, as they found to their cost. He, however, retained the name of "The Child." He had more of that mode of speaking which is styled *slang* than any man I ever met with, not excepting Hewerdine, whom I have mentioned in another place. As I was once returning late with Dr. Wolcot from a company with whom we had passed the night, we met Tetherington, who was so tipsy that he hardly knew me, but notwithstanding his convivial state, all he said was, "Will you go and have a booze?" We, however, declined the overture, and wished him good night. He had an agreeable person; and an actress of merit on the London stage was so attached to him, that she relinquished a good situation to live with him, and thereby lost her reputation, and finally sunk into dejection and ruin.

The late Mr. Lewis, the great comic actor and the unaffected gentleman, told me the following anecdote of Mr. Tetherington. An elephant was brought to Dublin, and as it was the only one that had ever been seen in Ireland, the proprietor charged a crown for the sight. Tetherington, who wanted to see, but was not inclined to pay, hastily entered the place, exclaiming in a hurry, "Where's your elephant? What! is that him? Turn him about: Lord, how he stinks!—I can't stay any longer;" and, holding his nose while he uttered this complaint, he as hastily left the place as he had entered, and the keeper was afraid to stop him and demand payment, lest he should bring a disgrace upon the animal, and lessen its attraction. If this story had reached London before Tetherington, he might have been deemed, in the words of Pope upon Gay, "in wit a man," rather than "in simplicity a *child*."

COAN, the dwarf. This man is mentioned by Churchill in his "Rosciad;" speaking of Barry, who was very tall, he says,

While to six feet the vig'rous stripling grown,
Declares that Garrick is another Coan.

Coan lived at the house of one of the Pinchbecks: of these there were three brothers, all of whom were acquainted with my father. They had invented the metal which went by their name, and to attract public attention they pretended to quarrel, and advertised against each other, all claiming the invention, and proclaiming the superiority of the article in which each of them dealt. They were, however, upon the most amiable footing in reality, and used to meet every night and divide the profits of the day. The metal had lost its popularity when I used

to accompany my father to visit his patients, and he generally called on them as he passed their way.

In my time one of the Pinchbecks kept the toy and rarity shop in Cockspur Street, and was patronized by King George the Third, who was fond of ingenious curiosities; another was a pawnbroker, in West Smithfield; and the third was landlord of a coffee-house and tavern in Five Fields, Chelsea. With him resided Coan the dwarf, whose portrait was the sign of the tavern.

I remember being with my father at this tavern, of which Coan was the principal attraction. I was about twelve years old, and Coan was shorter in stature than myself. He walked to and fro in the room conversing with great ease and spirit with my father, upon public affairs, I presume. The notice which Coan excited, and the familiar vivacity of his manner, I well remember mortified me, as I was left by myself in one of the boxes without notice, though I thought that, as I was taller than he, I was entitled to as much attention, overlooking entirely the difference of our ages. As well as I can possibly recollect the events of so distant a period, Coan, at the time when I saw him, was about forty years of age, and an intelligent, observing, and reflecting person. My father, who was a man of sense, wit, and discernment, represented him to me in that light. I shall conclude this chapter with a few anecdotes.

The late King, when Prince of Wales, gave a magnificent fête at Carlton House, and for a few days after persons having previously obtained tickets were permitted to see the tables and the adjoining rooms of that palace. Lady W—— complained

bitterly to Colonel Bloomfield that her husband was not invited. The colonel attempted to soothe the lady, observing his Royal Highness had so many persons to invite, that, to avoid giving offence to any, it had been deemed expedient to follow the alphabet for the order of names, but the company was found to be complete before the list reached down to W. "Pooh, pooh!" said the lady, "don't tell me, for I dare say there were many Ws there."

Mr. Pitt went one evening into the late Duchess of Gordon's box at the Opera-house. Not having seen him for some time, she addressed him with her usual blunt familiarity. "Well, Mr. Pitt, do you talk as much nonsense as you did when I last saw you?"—"I know not that," said Mr. Pitt, "but I have certainly not heard so much nonsense since I had last the pleasure of seeing your grace."

During war-time a Member of Parliament arose in the House of Commons and proposed that the militia should not be ordered out of the kingdom. Mr. Pitt immediately arose, and with sarcastic smile said, "Except in case of invasion."

Dignum was once performing one of the dumb nobles in the play of King Henry the Eighth, and hearing in praise of Cardinal Wolsey's learning, "Witness those *twins*, Ipswich and Oxford," colleges which the cardinal had founded, Dignum whispered his brother noble on the stage, observing that he never knew the cardinal had been married, and asking if the twins were his natural children.

DR. JOHNSON. I hold in reverence the character of this great man, but as he was avowedly attached to the Stuart family, there can be no harm in

illustrating his sentiments by a fact. Dr. Monsey assured me that he had once been in company where the conversation turned upon the age of our late excellent monarch George the Third. Johnson was present, and suddenly exclaimed, "Pooh, what does it signify when such an animal was born, or whether he had ever been born at all?"—"Yet," added Monsey, "I have lived to see that man accept a pension from the king whom he thus affected to despise."

BUCKHORSE. This man was one of the lower order of boxers; he used to frequent the schools of Westminster and Eton, and would let the scholars hit him as hard as they could, even on the face, for a shilling. He used to sell little switches for boys, which he styled jemmies. I remember to have seen him towards the end of his life, when he was a poor decrepid creature. He had only one eye, but I suppose he had lost the other in early life, for there is a print from a picture by a painter of that time, named Collins, representing two females fighting, and Buckhorse appears to be taking part in the contest, and seems to have been a stout man. Buckhorse was once so notorious that two volumes were published entitled "Memoirs of the noted Buckhorse," but I suppose they were merely the vehicle of humour or of political satire. I never read them, and when I wanted to obtain them they seemed to have been expunged from the circulating libraries.

EMERY, the actor, whom I well knew, was a man of talents and of worth, but too much devoted to convivial enjoyments. He was excellent in rustic characters, and indeed so plain, simple, and correct in performing them, that he did not seem to be acting. He was a good musician, and also an artist.

Finding that I had supported him in the public press before I knew him, when I became acquainted with him he presented me with a landscape drawn by himself in water-colours, and framed and glazed, which he would not suffer me to refuse.

CHAPTER XV.

THOMSON, the poet. The merit of this poet is universally acknowledged, and therefore all eulogiums on his works are unnecessary; but the character of these and the conduct of his life were essentially different. Nobody could describe the excellences of the female character with more delicacy than he has done, but as a man of gallantry, if such a denomination may be applied to him, his taste was of the most vulgar description. My friend Mr. Donaldson, whom I have previously mentioned, resided at Richmond when Thomson lived at the same place, and was very intimate with him, as may easily be supposed, for Mr. Donaldson was a scholar, a poet, and a wit. Thomson, speaking of Musidora, says, that she possessed

A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
A delicate refinement known to few.

Yet Mr. Donaldson assured me, that when once in company with Thomson, and several gentlemen were speaking of the fair sex in a sensual manner, Thomson expressed his admiration of them in more beastly terms than any of the company, and such

as, though I well remember, I do not think proper to preserve.

The most extraordinary fact in the history of this excellent poet I derived from my late friend Mr. George Chalmers, whose industry, research, and learning are well known. It was Mr. Chalmers's intention to write the life of Thomson, but whether to introduce into his elaborate work, "Caledonia," or not, I do not recollect; he told me, however, the following remarkable fact, on which he assured me I might confidently depend. Mr. Chalmers had heard that an old housekeeper of Thomson's was alive and still resided at Richmond. Having determined to write a life of the celebrated poet of his country, he went to Richmond, thinking it possible he might obtain some account of the domestic habits of the poet, and other anecdotes which might impart interest and novelty to his narration. He found that the old housekeeper had a good memory, and was of a communicative turn. She informed him Thomson had been actually married in early life, but that his wife had been taken by him merely for her person, and was so little calculated to be introduced to his great friends, or indeed his friends in general, that he had kept her in a state of obscurity for many years, and when he at last, from some compunctious feelings, required her to come and live with him at Richmond, he still kept her in the same secluded state, so that she appeared to be only one of the old domestics of the family. At length his wife, experiencing little of the attention of a husband, though otherwise provided with every thing that could make her easy, if not comfortable, asked his permission to go for a few weeks to visit

her own relations in the north. Thomson gave his consent, exacting a promise that she would not reveal her real situation to any of his or her own family. She agreed, but when she had advanced no farther on her journey than to London, she was there taken ill, and in a short time died. The news of her death was immediately conveyed to Thomson, who ordered a decent funeral, and she was buried, as the old housekeeper said, in the church-yard of old Marylebone church.

Mr. Chalmers, who was indefatigable in his inquiries, was not satisfied with the old woman's information, but immediately went and examined the church register, where he found the following entry—"Died, Mary Thomson, a stranger"—in confirmation of the housekeeper's testimony. My late worthy friend Mr. Malone, I doubt not, would not have been satisfied with this simple register, but would have pursued the inquiry till he had discovered all the family of Mary Thomson, the time of the marriage, and every thing that could throw a light on this mysterious event, important and interesting only as it relates to a poet who will always be conspicuous in the annals of British literature. Thus we find that the letter from Thomson to his sister, accounting for his not having married, which is inserted in all the biographical reports of Thomson, is fallacious, and that his concealment of his early marriage was the result of pride and shame, when he became acquainted with Lady Hertford, Lord Lyttelton, and all the high connexions of his latter days.

Mr. Boswell, in his ever-amusing, and I may add instructive life of Dr. Johnson says, "My own notion is, that Thomson was a much coarser man than

his friends are willing to allow. His 'Seasons' are indeed full of elegant and pious sentiments, animated by a poetic and philosophic spirit; yet a rank soil, nay a dunghill, will produce beautiful flowers." Boswell never knew Thomson, but the report of the poet's surviving friends, who would not suppress the truth, fully confirms the account of Mr. Donaldson, who was personally intimate with the bard.

Mr. Chalmers, finding that the old housekeeper retained some of the furniture which had belonged to Thomson, purchased his breakfast-table, some old-fashioned salt-cellars and wine glasses. I had the pleasure of drinking tea with Mr. Chalmers on that table. I mentioned this circumstance to Dr. Wolcot, who told me that if I had any poetry in my nature I should write an ode on the subject; and in conformity with his hint, I wrote the stanzas which will be found in one of my printed volumes.

MR. GEORGE CHALMERS. With this gentleman I had the pleasure of being acquainted many years. He was a native of Scotland, and his accent strongly indicated his country. He was one of the most indefatigable writers ever engaged in literature. He had been concerned in business in America, and had seen much of the world. Though no man was better qualified to examine evidence, and though so laborious in investigation, and anxious for truth, yet he seemed on particular occasions to have been somewhat too credulous. For instance, he conceived that a young Irishman, named Hugh Boyd, was the author of the celebrated Letters of Junius, though many reasons may be given which might be deemed conclusive against his opinion and apparently confident belief. The internal evidence of the letters may be

deemed a satisfactory proof that they could not have been written by a young man; and the edition of *Junius* published by Mr. George Woodfall, the son of the original publisher, shows that *Junius* wrote to "The Public Advertiser" under a different signature, before he adopted and adhered to that of *Junius*, and consequently, as Hugh Boyd was then younger, he may reasonably be supposed to have been less qualified by his time of life for the composition of letters that are characterized by deep knowledge of mankind, learning, and extensive acquaintance with political subjects.

I have the pleasure of being acquainted with a daughter of Hugh Boyd, and from all she has informed me of the disposition of her father, it is difficult to suppose that a man of his mild, pacific, and benevolent character, could have written with so much vehemence, acrimony, and venom, as appear in those letters. Her brother, who is a profound scholar and a very elegant poet, as far as I could learn from Miss Boyd, did not appear to think his father was the author of "*Junius*." It is by no means improbable that had Mr. Chalmers seen this last edition of "*Junius*," with all the private letters to the elder Mr. Woodfall, from *Junius*, under various signatures, he would have relinquished his conviction that Hugh Boyd was the author, and with equal zeal have given another direction to his researches; as he would have been convinced that Hugh Boyd had neither experience nor opportunity to derive information sufficient for the composition of these letters.

Mr. Chalmers was at first a believer in Ireland's fabrications of the pretended "*Shakspeare Papers*,"

but was ensnared with many other learned and able men. However, on farther inquiry and reflection he recanted, and appeared to greater advantage than those who originally doubted : for some of the most hostile opponents would not even inspect the specious documents, displaying prejudice rather than caution; Mr. Chalmers, on the contrary, fairly stated his grounds for belief, and supported them by such arguments as justified those who had at first confided in the validity of the imposition.

Although so zealous and persevering an enquirer, Mr. Chalmers was, however, inclined to retain his opinion respecting Hugh Boyd; for he assured me, a gentleman who had met Boyd in the East Indies, positively told him that Boyd had acknowledged to him that he was really the author of "Junius," though he had reasons for not divulging the secret while he was in England. It is hardly possible to conceive that so shrewd and intelligent a man as Mr. Chalmers should have placed any confidence in such a testimony. How many persons are there in the world who would *confess* themselves to be Junius, if they thought any reliance would be placed on their declaration! The Rev. Mr. Rozenhagen was one of the *rumoured* candidates for that honour; and so wide and confident was the report, that my ingenious friend Mr. James Sayers, the author of "Elijah's Mantle," so erroneously attributed to Mr. Canning, published an etching of Mr. Rozenhagen with a paper half out of his pocket on which was inscribed the word Junius.

The story relating to Mr. Gerard Hamilton, generally styled single-speech Hamilton, and the Duke of Richmond, though well known may be repeated in

this place. It seems that Mr. Hamilton had called on Mr. Sampson Woodfall, who in the confidence of friendship had shown him a letter from Junius, which Mr. Woodfall said was to appear in "The Public Advertiser" next day. Mr. Hamilton called on the Duke of Richmond the following morning, and relying on what Mr. Woodfall had said, informed his grace that there was a letter from Junius in "The Public Advertiser" of *that day*, repeating as much as he recollected of its contents. As soon as Mr. Hamilton left his grace, the duke sent immediately for "The Public Advertiser," but by some accident the letter was not published, and instead of it there was an apology from the printer for being obliged to postpone it to the following day. This circumstance naturally induced the duke to suspect Hamilton to be Junius, and hence the report gained ground that he was really the author. Hamilton, however, resolutely denied that he had any concern in the letters; and in order to avert what he affected to consider a degrading imputation, he even spoke of them as literary compositions of little value.

Another circumstance which tended to diffuse the suspicion that Hamilton was the author occurred at Brooks's club. The subject of conversation turned on Junius's letters, in one of the rooms at that celebrated resort of the opposition wits, and Charles Fox, whose voice was shrill and piercing, spoke very lightly of them. The adjoining room was open, and whoever was there might easily hear all that passed in the other. It happened that Hamilton was the only person in the adjoining room during this conversation, and it was therefore probable he had heard what passed. Hamilton and Fox had previously

been upon very friendly terms, but it was observed that from that day he behaved towards Fox with great coolness, and sometimes seemed purposely to avoid him. This fact, coupled with what happened at the Duke of Richmond's, induced many of the members of Brooks's club to believe that Hamilton was really Junius. I learned this story from my friend Joe Richardson, who was a member of the club. Perhaps among all the persons to whom the reputation of Junius has been attributed, no coincidence of events has brought the suspicion so near to any individual as to Hamilton.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. ARTHUR MURPHY. It was no slight advantage to me to have known this gentleman intimately for many years, as I derived much knowledge of the world from his sagacity and experience. No person was better acquainted with mankind. I observed him attentively and studied his character. In the earlier part of his life, I understood he had the reputation of being remarkably well-bred, insomuch that he was said to have realized Dr. Johnson's notion of a fine gentleman. However, when I first became acquainted with him, he had contracted something of Johnson's positive, though not his dictatorial manner.

The chief reason why the doctor thought Mr. Murphy so well-bred was, that he never ventured

to oppose his opinions directly, but covertly expressed his own. If Johnson dogmatically urged an argument to which Murphy did not agree, the latter used to say, "But, doctor, may it not be said in answer"—and then stated his own opinion. "Yes, sir," replied Johnson sometimes, "it may, by a fool," and sometimes with more courtesy, "Yes, sir, but with more plausibility than truth." On other occasions when Johnson was vehement in delivering his sentiments, Mr. Murphy used to say, "I think, doctor, a French author, much esteemed, was not of your opinion. He says, as well as I remember"—and then Mr. Murphy again covertly delivered his own opinions. The doctor's answer was generally, "Well, sir, the French literati are a learned and intelligent body, and their opinions should not be hastily rejected." By these means Mr. Murphy declared that the doctor was prevented from ever having answered him with direct rudeness on any occasion, though Mr. Murphy never servilely submitted to his dictates.

Mr. Murphy told me that his respect for Johnson induced him to have recourse to these expedients, and that even when he perfectly agreed with him, he used to adopt the same plan, in order to see how far the doctor was able to press and illustrate his arguments. Boswell, with all his subserviency to Johnson, sometimes opposed him so bluntly, and consequently suffered under the doctor's formidable rebukes to such a degree, that Mr. Murphy said he had seen him leave the room in tears. Mr. Cooke, the old barrister, described the tremendous force of Johnson's reproofs in the same manner, and used to add that there was no living with him without implicit submission.

Fortunately for Johnson, Murphy was intimately connected with the Thrale family, to whom he introduced the doctor, who, in consequence, passed many of his years under their kind protection.

Mr. Murphy could not bear to recollect that he had ever been on the stage, and I remember to have been present when he was reading a sketch of his life, in a periodical work entitled "The Monthly Mirror;" coming to the passage which alluded to his acting, he passed it over with a peevish interjection, and proceeded to the rest of the article. He was most brutally treated by Churchill, who, indeed, paid no respect to persons if they happened to differ from him in politics. Murphy, however, at length answered him, and other enemies, in a vigorous poem, which excited the approbation of Dr. Johnson.

Mr. Murphy was too apt to quarrel with theatrical managers and booksellers, and this he did with Garrick, whom he idolized as an actor, but certainly never liked as a man. It is strange that when he mentioned Garrick, it was always in the following manner: "Off the stage he was a little sneaking rascal, but on the stage, oh, my great God!" I have heard him utter these words several times during the same evening without any variation.

The original ground of difference arose from Garrick's having promised to bring forward Murphy's first play, "The Orphan of China," and then rejected it. Owing, however, to the friendly interposition of Lord Holland, the father of Charles Fox, the play was represented, and with great success, Garrick performing the chief character. Mr. Murphy, in his "Life of Garrick," relates a kind

artifice which Lord Holland adopted to obtain Garrick's consent. In that "Life" he speaks with great respect of Garrick's private character, though he mentioned him so harshly in conversation.

Another ground of difference between them arose from the success of the admirable farce of "High Life Below Stairs." Murphy had presented a farce to Garrick on the same subject, and said he was convinced that Garrick borrowed the plot from his farce, but, fearful of his resentment, induced Mr. Townley, one of the Masters of Merchant Taylor's School, to appear as the author. If that, however, was really the fact, why did not Murphy publish his own farce, as he never was accustomed to suppress his resentments, except, perhaps, that Garrick had improved so much on the original conception, that he did not think proper to hazard the comparison?

Mr. Murphy was a liberal admirer of other writers. He told me that he was formerly a constant visitor at a bookseller's shop at the Mews-gate, kept by Mr. Paine, whose son is now in partnership with Mr. Foss, in Pall-mall. He further assured me, that his chief reason for frequenting that place, which was the principal resort of literary characters at the time, had been to listen to the conversation of Dr. Akenside, while he himself pretended to be reading a book. He said that nothing could be more delightful than the poet's conversation. I asked him if he ever became acquainted with him, and he answered in the negative. I then asked him why he had not endeavoured to make himself known to so eminent a man, as he was himself a scholar, and well known as a dramatic writer. "Oh!" said he, "I had only written farces, and the doctor would not have con-

descended to notice me." This modest delicacy shows that he had no overweening confidence in his own powers. He assured me that he had read "The Pleasures of Imagination" twenty-three times, and always with new pleasure.

Mr. Murphy was the translator of Marmontel's "Belisarius." He received the original, sheet by sheet, from Paris, and the translation was published in London as soon as the original appeared in that capital. During the French revolution, and the threatening progress of French principles in this country, Mr. Murphy published a translation of Sallust's "History of Catiline's Conspiracy, with the four Orations of Cicero." This work he dedicated to the Earl of Lauderdale, who was then a very conspicuous character in public. The dedication severely animadverts upon his lordship's political conduct, and there are many notes and illustrations of the same tendency. My late friend Mr. John Gifford, the magistrate, addressed letters to Lord Lauderdale about the same period, and they form a masterly examination of his lordship's political character and conduct.

Murphy published his translation of Sallust under the name of George Frederick Sydney, and dated it from Bristol, conceiving that such an appellation had a true British sound, but a whimsical circumstance occurred, for a person of that name called upon the publisher, and remonstrated with him on the liberty he had taken in affixing his name to the work.

Mr. Murphy's translation of "Tacitus" is well known, and, I believe, generally approved. He used to style it "a gaol-delivery of Tacitus from

Gordon." He might probably have received a liberal recompense if he had dedicated this work to the Marquis of Lansdown, who was conspicuous in the political world at the time, having received a hint to that effect from his lordship; but he determined, though then in a situation which would have rendered a pecuniary supply peculiarly acceptable, to dedicate it to his old friend Edmund Burke. He presented me with a copy of that work, and also with his "Life of Johnson," as well as his translation of Sallust. The latter work was published in the year 1795. The following passage in his dedication to Lord Lauderdale, is worth extraction. "The French, my lord, are under great obligations to the present Opposition: it is not known that they are willing to treat, and yet motion after motion is made to force His Majesty's Ministers to sue for peace to a people who are still in a state of anarchy. It is a maxim of Livy, the great Roman historian, that war is preferable to a bad peace: *Miseram pacem vel bello bene mutari*: but the present war, your lordship says, is likely to be attended with some dreadful disaster. For this reason, two notable opinions are assigned: first, because the French have superior skill in ship-building: secondly, because we have seen that the want of saltpetre can be supplied by exertion. Without entering into a discussion of these points, it will be sufficient to say, that some of the best ships in the British navy were built in France; and as to the second assertion, Lord Howe, Admiral Hotham, Sir John Borlase Warren, Sir Edward Pellew, and other gallant officers, have proved, if the French have saltpetre, that they do not know how to use it."

After Mr. Murphy had quitted the bar, and resigned his First Commissionership of Bankrupts, he lived in retirement and neglect. He was always improvident in money matters, and at one time his chief means of support were founded on the expectation of selling the copyright of a complete collection of his works, and his translation of Tacitus. In this situation he found it necessary to dispose of a part of his valuable library; and here I must relate an incident of an affecting kind, at which I was present. He called upon the late Mr. Coutts, the eminent banker, in the Strand, and tendered a part of his library to that gentleman for three hundred pounds. Mr. Coutts told him that he had no time for books, and did not want to buy more than he had, but said, "It shall make no difference to you, Mr. Murphy, as you shall find when you take this down to the office," presenting him with a draft for that sum. Mr. Murphy was so overcome by his feelings, that, after taking a grateful leave of Mr. Coutts, he hurried to the Sun Office, in the Strand, and entered the room where Mr. Heriot, then principal proprietor of the Sun newspaper, Mr. Freeling, now Sir Francis, and myself, were present. He entered the room hastily, with the draft in his hand, and his eyes full of tears, and related this generous act of Mr. Coutts. Mr. Freeling was then a stranger to Mr. Murphy, whose gratitude was so strong, that he was unable to suppress or control it. Mr. Murphy afterwards, as some return to Mr. Coutts for this act of kindness, dedicated his *Life of Garrick* to him with suitable expressions of esteem, respect, and gratitude.

Mr. Jessé Foot, in his "Life of Murphy," says,

“For the last seven years he was far removed from want. A legacy of one thousand pounds, from his relation Mrs. Ford, came very acceptably. His appointment as Commissioner of Bankrupts, and his sale of ‘The Life of Garrick’ followed. His generous allowance from Mrs. Plunkett followed that, and lastly came his pension from the Crown.” When Mr. Murphy was placed in this comfortable situation I had the pleasure of dining with him, in company with Mr. Foot and a few friends, at the Prince of Wales’s Tavern, in the vicinity of Sloane Street. Before dinner he read to us the conclusion of “The Life of Garrick,” in which, in a masterly manner, he has reviewed his character as a manager, an actor, an author, and a private gentleman, paying in all the highest tribute to his memory.

I cite the following passage from Mr. Foot’s life referring to this occasion:—“I never shall forget that when the chief of the company had departed, he, Mr. Taylor, and myself took a turn into Sloane Street, just as the full moon appeared above the horizon, and without preparing us at all for it, he threw himself into a fine dramatic attitude, and recited in the most impressive manner Pope’s description of the moon from Homer.”

I remember being as much struck as Mr. Foot was at the grand and graceful manner in which Mr. Murphy recited this beautiful passage; and if I were to judge from it of his powers as an actor, I should conclude that Churchill’s description of his theatrical talents was the mere effusion of political malignity. He was an admirable reader, as I had a good opportunity of knowing, for he invited me to dine with him *tête-à-tête* at Hammersmith, and read to me one

of his manuscript tragedies; and without the least pomp or affectation, he appeared to me to be able to do justice to any author in theatrical performance. His voice was firm and well-toned, and capable of adapting itself to every change of passion, particularly as his figure in the meridian of life must have been lofty and commanding. It is evident that he thought he possessed talents for the stage, as he adopted the theatrical profession at the time when Garrick was in the meridian of his powers, and the object of Murphy's highest admiration. Wedderburne must have been intimate with him during the time that he was on the stage, as may be inferred from Churchill's having described the former as

The pert, prim prater of the northern race,
Guilt in his heart and famine in his face.

He was mentioned in "The Rosciad" as the advocate for Mr. Murphy in his pretensions to the theatrical chair. Wedderburne, when he became Lord Loughborough and Lord Chancellor, appointed Murphy Commissioner of Bankrupts, which office after some years he resigned, but not being prosperous in other pursuits, he applied for it again and was reinstated.

It is to be regretted that his lordship did not appoint him a Master in Chancery, as the noble lord knew how careless he was in money matters, for he was well qualified for the situation, and then he would have had a comfortable provision for life. His third appointment as Commissioner of Bankrupts, after he had twice resigned the situation, was given to him by Lord Eldon; and when he tendered his third resignation to that nobleman, his lordship advised him in a kind letter to retain it, observing

that no doubt some of his brother commissioners would relieve him in its duties, and adding that he should take no notice of his resignation unless he repeated it. Mr. Murphy did so, and then devoted himself wholly to literary pursuits.*

During this period of retirement he used when in town to sleep at Old Slaughter's Coffee-house, where Holman, Morton, Reynolds, Fawcett, and myself, often assembled at night. One evening, when we were full of mirth and nonsense, Mr. Murphy who was in a box at the other end of the room joined us, and of course out of respect to him the party would have restrained their wild gaiety, but that the irresistible force of habit prevented. Puns and satirical attacks upon each other constituted the conversation, which Mr. Murphy bore patiently for some time. At length he said, "I don't like this push-pin work; let us have something rational." Finding us however incorrigible he grew peevish, and when I said, "Ah, Mr. Murphy, you and I have passed some happy hours, different from these," he said vehemently, "Never, Sir!" and hastily withdrew to bed. We all agreed to meet together on the following night, but, unwilling to annoy him again with our levity, we determined to assemble at New Slaughter's Coffee-house; when however we met, there we found Mr. Murphy, who had come there to avoid us.

* I have satisfactory reasons for believing that Lord Sidmouth, to smooth the declining days of Mr. Murphy, procured a pension for him, as a steady friend and zealous supporter of our unrivalled constitution, but to what amount I have not heard. It was but a just reward for learning and talents always employed for the amusement of the public, or the interest of the country.

He kept at a distance till he had taken a candle and was going to bed ; he however came up to our box, as if to bid us good night, and I having said, " Mr. Murphy, you are treating us *lightly*," pointing to the candle, he abruptly left us, and we heard him saying to himself all the way up the stairs, " Treating them lightly—treating them lightly !"

In contrast to this sportive folly, I may mention a coffee-house adventure relating to Mr. Murphy, which, according to report, had a melancholy termination. A Mr. Fazakerly was one evening in company with Mr. Jessé Foot, and other gentlemen, in a box at Jack's Coffee-house in Dean Street, Soho, contiguous to Mr. Foot's residence. Mr. Fazakerly introduced the subject of Mr. Murphy, and spoke contemptuously of his talents. Mr. Foot warmly advocated his friend, as a scholar and able dramatic writer. The controversy produced high words, and Mr. Foot left the box, but, as he was going, Mr. Fazakerly made use of some opprobrious epithet. Mr. Foot suddenly stopped, and asked him if he applied the word to him or to Mr. Murphy ? Mr. Fazakerly answered equivocally, and Mr. Foot then retorted some opprobrious epithet on him ; Mr. Fazakerly immediately left the box, and a scuffle ensued, in which Mr. Foot knocked him down, and kept him on the ground, saying, " I am a professional man and do not choose to be disfigured ; I therefore will not let you get up unless you promise not to strike me, but to end the quarrel in a more gentlemanly manner." Mr. Fazakerly made the promise, then arose and returned to his box. Mr. Foot went to his home in the same street, and expecting a hostile message the next day, was prepared to receive it, and immediately re-

quested a gentleman named Leigh to be his second. A full week, however, passed before Mr. Foot heard from his opponent, but then received a challenge. He consulted some friends, among others a military officer, and they all agreed that as Mr. Foot had been kept so many days in suspense, he had a right to refuse a challenge which had been so long withheld. This opinion of his friends he conveyed to his adversary, of whom he heard no more, but that he had gone into the country, and finding the story had reached the neighbourhood, and made an impression unfavourable to him, had sunk into dejection, and after a few days, during which his depression increased, had *died suddenly*. Such was the report. Mr. Foot always spoke of him with respect and regret, as a learned, intelligent, and worthy man; and appeared deeply to lament the unhappy difference that took place between them.

Mr. Murphy once proposed that we should write periodical essays together, in the manner of his own "Gray's Inn Journal," that we might, as he said, be "a kind of Beaumont and Fletcher." I assured him that I had no tendency towards essay-writing, and that however proud I should be in joining my name with his in any literary enterprize, I must decline his flattering proposal for that species of composition. He told me that I was mistaken, and that he could suggest a few expedients which would qualify me to write as well in that manner as in any other. The plan, however, was never carried into effect, and Mr. Murphy then devoted his attention to his "Life of Garrick."

Mr. Foot, with all his partiality to Mr. Murphy, speaks of that work as slight, scanty, and not upon

a level with his other compositions ; but the truth is, that he began too long after the death of the great English Roscius, and too late in life. The criticisms, however, which he has introduced on the several plays that were brought forward during the management of Garrick, are sound and just, as well as candid, and manifest a truly liberal exemption from all literary rivalry.

It is well known that the celebrated Miss Elliot, whom Mr. Murphy first brought forward upon the stage in the character of Maria, in his farce of "The Citizen," lived for some time under his protection, to adopt the lenient phrase usual on such occasions. He lived with her in a cottage near Richmond, and she resided there while he went upon the circuit. Returning unexpectedly on one of these occasions, he found a fine haunch of venison roasting at the fire. Upon enquiry, he found that the Earl of Bristol was a constant visitor to the lady, and expected to dine there that day. This circumstance put an end at once to the connexion, and to his rural retirement. The lady at length lived under the protection of a member of the royal family, now deceased ; Mr. Murphy never withdrew his countenance from her, and she was glad to retain so valuable a friend. At her desire her royal admirer permitted Mr. Murphy to visit her when he was at home, and was much pleased with his conversation. Mr. Murphy assured me that he was a more intelligent character than was generally supposed. Miss Elliot died in this situation, and such was her regard for Mr. Murphy, that she would have left the bulk of her property to him, but he declined it, and took care to secure it for her

relations, of whom one, as far as I recollect, was her sister. By all accounts she was one of the most original and spirited actresses that ever appeared upon the stage.

The late Mr. Philip Champion Crespigny, King's Proctor, communicated to me the following incident respecting Miss Elliot. A gentleman, a friend of his, a member of parliament, but not ready in conversation, had made an appointment with a lady to sup with him at a tavern, and requested him to be of the party, as he was lively and would keep conversation afloat. Mr. Crespigny agreed, and they went together to the tavern. The waiter told them that the lady was upstairs, and conducted them to the room, but no lady appeared, and they remained wondering what had become of her ; while they were speculating on the cause of her absence, she suddenly burst laughing from a closet in which she had hid herself. Mr. Crespigny added that he knew her immediately, as he remembered her to have been servant of a lady whom he was in the habit of visiting, before her beauty had betrayed her into that unfortunate mode of life in which she became first known as Miss Elliot to Mr. Murphy, whose kindness, attention, and assiduity, enabled her to maintain herself by her talents, and to become a distinguished support of the comic stage. Miss Elliot was upon the stage before my time, or rather before I began to pay much attention to theatrical amusements. From all I can learn she had as much vivacity as the late Mrs. Jordan, but with a more graceful and elegant manner. This superiority on her part is the more extraordinary, as Miss Elliot was in her early life totally destitute of education,

and Mrs. Jordan, from her family connexions, had the common advantages of female cultivation and accomplishments.

I was often invited to dine with Mr. Murphy during what may be styled his retirement at Knightsbridge, and by his desire Mrs. Taylor was several times of the party. His dinners were well chosen, and without ostentation. At length his end was evidently approaching. He appointed Mr. Jessé Foot his sole executor. On his death, Mr. Foot invited me, as one of Mr. Murphy's oldest, or rather most intimate friends, to his funeral. The late Sir Henry Bate Dudley wrote to Mr. Foot, requesting that he and Mr. Dennis O'Brien might be permitted to join in the last testimonies of respect to the memory of Mr. Murphy, signifying that he should not occasion any additional expense, as he should bring Mr. O'Brien in his own carriage. Mr. Foot of course consented, and attended the last ceremonies at Hammersmith. Whether there was anybody besides Mr. Foot and myself in the mourning-coach, I cannot now recollect, and Mr. Foot has not mentioned in his Life of Mr. Murphy. Among many letters from Mr. Murphy, I shall select one, as it is gratifying to show that so eminent a man was not indifferent to my welfare.

MY DEAR TAYLOR,

I have been in daily expectation of your answer to my last letter, but disappointed as I am, I now feel myself greatly alarmed. I am afraid that illness has occasioned your silence, and shall not be easy till I have some account of you. If writing is likely to be a fatigue to you, pray desire your lady,

or some friend, to favour me with a line, that I may not thus remain in suspense.

Adieu, my dear friend, and

Believe me yours unalterably,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

No. 14, Knightsbridge,

8th May 1804.

Having mentioned Mrs. Jordan, I will not deny myself the pleasure of saying a few words of respect and regret. Though she did not find me among her warm admirers when she first came upon the London stage, she was not offended at my remarks on her acting, but had good sense enough to prefer sincerity to adulation. Mrs. Jordan, though so full of spirit, and apparently of self-confidence, was by no means vain of her acting. I remember sitting with her one night in the green-room at Covent Garden theatre, when she was about to perform the part of Rosalind, in "As you like it." I happened to mention an actor who had recently appeared with wonderful success, and expressed my surprise at the public taste in this instance. "Oh! Mr. Taylor, don't mention public taste," said she, "for if the public had any taste, how could they bear me in the part which I play to-night, and which is far above my habits and pretensions?" Yet this was one of the characters in which she was so popular.

Mrs. Jordan had a great deal of humour, and related anecdotes with much spirit. She took in good part, and unaffectedly, any comments on her acting. In my opinion, if she had cultivated her talents for plaintive characters, and had studied more the graces of demeanour, she would have been a very interesting representative of the pathetic parts of

tragedy, while her genuine comic genius would have qualified her to do justice to the elegant gaiety of Rosalind, as well as for the intriguing artifice of the Country Wife. The distress which she suffered abroad, is affectingly described by Sir Jonah Barrington, in his very entertaining *Reminiscences*; but this distress must have resulted from some unfortunate mistake or misconception, for while she was abroad, Mr. Barton, an officer in the Royal Mint, and private secretary to an illustrious personage, assured me, that he had 2500*l.* at her disposal whenever she demanded it; and Mr. Barton's character for integrity, as well as high scientific attainments, is held in the utmost respect.

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. MACAULAY, the historian. This lady was the sister of Alderman Sawbridge, and agreed with him in all his republican notions. According to report, she was almost as fond of cards as her brother the alderman was of politics. One evening as she was playing at whist, she was so long deliberating what card to put down, that Dr. Monsey, who was one of the party, and distinguished for blunt sincerity, told her that the table had waited for her some time. She expressed great surprise as well as resentment at such a rebuke, as she said she was known to be always very quick at cards. "Well," said the doctor, "if so, your's, madam, is a new

species of celerity." The rest of the company could not help laughing at a declaration so contrary to her practice, which increased the spleen of the lady.

While she was employed on her "History of England" she visited the British Museum, and desired to see the letters which had passed between King James the First and his favourite the Duke of Buckingham, whom his Majesty used to address under the name of Stennie. Dr. Birch, whose duty was to take care of the papers, attended her for that purpose. The doctor, who was well acquainted with the contents of those papers, and knew many of them to be very obscene, requested that she would permit him to select a certain portion for her perusal, observing that many of them were wholly unfit for the inspection of any one of her sex. "Phoo," said she, "a historian is of no sex," and then deliberately read through all.

She consulted the noted Dr. Graham upon the state of her health, and the doctor, who knew that she had money, contrived to introduce his brother to her as a better adviser than himself. She soon forgot that "a historian was of no sex," married him at a time of life when she ought to have been wiser, and then lost all her historical reputation. She, however, soon after published a tract, which she oddly entitled, "*Loose thoughts on Literary Property*," and thereby exposed herself to the raillery of the newspaper wits.

I knew Dr. Graham very well. He was a sensible and, as far as I could judge, an extremely well-informed man both generally and professionally. Being too fond of notoriety, he was considered a quack, and having lost the good opinion of his

medical brethren, he became careless of his medical character, adopted expedients for support of a licentious description, and died in great distress. When sober, he was a remarkably well-bred man, with most polished manners; but when he had confused his senses with æther, of which he carried a bottle which was constantly at his nose, he used to walk in a morning dress through the streets, and scowl with misanthropic gloom upon those whom he appeared most to esteem when his faculties were clear. He seemed to consider me one of his favourites, but when I have met him in his wandering moments, he has frowned upon me with so terrific an aspect, as if he considered me his bitterest enemy, that I found it necessary to make a hasty retreat in order to avoid a mob.

When he lived in Pall Mall, I sometimes called on him in the evening, and used to find him on a straw bed with one of his children. His hair was dressed as if he had been going on a visit. There was always a clean sheet over his straw bed. His conversation was grave and intelligent, and his manners easy and polite. His earth-bathing and his other quackeries are too well known to the public to require any notice in this place. He was a tall, handsome man, and if he had remained stationary at his first residence in Pall Mall, where he was successful in practice as a regular physician, he would have held a respectable rank, but his recourse to empirical expedients of a licentious kind exposed him to disgrace and ruin. He possessed a fine collection of preparations representing diseases of the eye, which I have reason to think had been formerly the property of my grandfather, the Chevalier Taylor. Indeed I do not believe that

the doctor was particularly conversant with diseases of the eye, though at one period he held himself forward as an experienced oculist. What became of Mrs. Macaulay, or his brother, I never heard.

I may relate an odd incident in the life of Dr. Birch. He was very fond of angling, and devoted much time to that amusement. In order to deceive the fish, he had a dress constructed, which, when he put it on, made him appear like an old tree. His arms he conceived would appear like branches, and the line like a long spray. In this sylvan attire he used to take root by the side of a favourite stream, and imagined that his motions might seem to the fish to be the effect of the wind.—He pursued this amusement for some years in the same habit, till he was ridiculed out of it by his friends.—His biographical work, well known by the name of “*Birch’s Lives*,” giving a brief history of many memorable characters noticed in our annals, displays great industry and research, but no great judgment or literary excellence; the work however is rendered valuable by portraits engraved by Vertue and Houbraken. The latter was the better artist, and it was said that when original pictures could not be found, a description of the person was sent to Houbraken, who resided in Holland, drew the portraits according to the description, and then made the engraving. It is hardly possible that Dr. Birch, who was a respectable man, could have practised such an imposition upon the public, even supposing it not likely to be discovered.

The great DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH. Archdeacon Coxe, whose historical works evince vast research, industry, and judgment, in his memoirs of this illustrious hero, describes him as having retained his

mental powers to the close of his life. The fact, however, is, that long before his death he sank into childish imbecility, as I have already stated. The following lines of Dr. Johnson would indeed demonstrate this fact, as he could not be supposed to found them otherwise than upon good authority, if I had not stronger proof to offer on the subject.

In life's last scenes what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise :
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveler and a show.

Before I proceed with my records, I may not improperly cite some lines of a similar nature from Churchill, and leave the reader to compare and decide upon their respective merits.

What bitter pangs must humbled genius feel,
In their last hours to view a Swift and Steele,
To drivel out whole years of idiot breath,
And sit the monuments of living death !

On one occasion, when the great Lord Chesterfield was present, the Duchess of Marlborough was urging the duke to take some medicine, contrary to his inclination. At length she said vehemently, "Do, my lord, take it, I'll be hanged if it will not do you good." Lord Chesterfield joined in her grace's intreaty, and slyly said, "Take it, my lord, it will certainly do you good *one way or other*."

A relation of her grace of an eccentric character, and who was commonly called Jack Spencer, used always to pay his respects to her on her birth-day. On one occasion he went in a chairman's coat, which he threw off in her presence, and appeared naked. Her grace remonstrated with him on such a shame-

less appearance. "Shameless!" said he, "why I am in my *birth-day suit*."

Another time, for a wager, he drove a hackney-coach through the streets quite naked. He was very properly taken before a magistrate, who having heard who he was, and with what family he was connected, mildly expostulated with him on the indecency of his appearance — "Indecency! how do you mean?" said Spencer. "In being naked," the magistrate replied. "Naked! why I was born so," rejoined Spencer, with an affected simplicity, as a man might be supposed to evince who had some natural deformity.

One of his whimsical freaks was to take a hackney-coach with three friends in a dark evening, and order the man to set them down in a gloomy part of the Strand at the side of the New Church. He had previously opened the door opposite to that where the coachman waited, and as Spencer and his friends quitted the coach on one side, they went round and entered at the other. The coachman was at first surprised that more issued from the carriage than he had taken in. As they continued to go round and come out, he became dreadfully alarmed, and at length his terror was so great that he ran from the coach, and rushed into the first public-house, telling the people there he must have taken in a legion of devils, for, he added with every sign of horror, that he had only taken four in, but had counted eighteen out, and that more were coming when he left his coach.

It is said that he once contrived to collect a party of hunch-backed men to dine with him, some of whom indignantly quitted the table. Another whim-

sical party which he assembled at his house consisted merely of a number of persons all of whom stuttered; but this meeting at first threatened serious consequences, for each supposed he was mocked by the other, and it was with great difficulty that their host restored peace, by acknowledging the ludicrous purpose of his invitation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. JAMES BOSWELL. Soon after Mr. Burke was appointed army-paymaster, I dined at the governor's table, on the anniversary of his Majesty's birth-day, and in the course of conversation Mr. Burke said, in answer to something that fell from Boswell, "I can account for Boswell's jacobitism, which, with all his present loyalty, he never will get rid of; when he was a child he was taken to see Prince Charles at Edinburgh. The sight of a fine young man coming upon a great occasion splendidly attired, with drums, trumpets, &c. surrounded by heroic chieftains, and all the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance,' attending the scene, made an impression on his imagination that never can be effaced." Boswell admitted that this impression on his mind still remained in vivid strength, notwithstanding all his attachment to the House of Hanover. Boswell then told the story of what passed that morning between Dr. Johnson and Mr. Windham.

Mr. Windham had been appointed secretary to the Irish Government, and called upon Dr. Johnson,

expressing his fears that his habits had been so different from those of a public functionary, that he feared he was not qualified for the situation. "Don't be afraid, sir," said Johnson, "the subordinates will do all the business, and as for the rest, take my word for it you will make a very pretty rascal." The company, which was very numerous, laughed heartily at this anecdote, and Mr. Burke loudly said, "That is so like Johnson."—Boswell has said to me more than once, "I should not die happy if I were not to see Grand Cairo," but if he stated the grounds of his curiosity I have forgotten them. He was however of a roving turn, and if he had been gratified with the sight of that place, he would have been restless till he had beheld some other.

The last, or nearly the last time I saw Boswell, I met him in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. I told him that I was disengaged, and was going to dine at a chop-house, and asked him if we should take a chop and a bottle together. He said no, he was going to dine in the city, and added, "I must keep in with those men." His reason was, perhaps, that he might have a chance of being one of the city counsel, or of attaining some higher city honour, not without the attendant advantage of the good fare connected with such offices. ✓The only time I ever offended him was, when at one of the dinners given by the Royal Academy on the birth-day of the late Queen Charlotte, I proposed, in a convivial moment, as he liked to see original characters, to introduce Dr. Wolcot, *olim* Peter Pindar, to him. He answered vehemently and indignantly, that he never would know that man, for he had abused the King; though it is very probable his loyalty

on this occasion was not unmixed with the resentment which he felt at the doctor's poetical epistle to James Boswell. Wolcot would have had no objection to take him by the hand, and it was a settled point with him never in the slightest degree to attack those whom he had before satirized, after he became at all acquainted with them. On the contrary, when he became acquainted with the ingenious Mrs. Cosway, whom he had ridiculed in his "Odes to Painters," he changed the tone of his lyre, and wrote some elegant verses in praise of her talents and personal worth.

It is no wonder that Mr. Boswell was universally well received. He was full of anecdote, well acquainted with the most distinguished characters, good-humoured, and ready at repartee. There was a kind of jovial bluntness in his manner, which threw off all restraint even with strangers, and immediately kindled a social familiarity. His brother, Sir Alexander Boswell, was of a more conciliating disposition. I was a little acquainted with him, and he, knowing my intimacy with Dr. Wolcot, requested I would make them acquainted. I expressed some surprise, as he had attacked his brother—"Pooh," said he, "that was fun, and not malice. He is a man of original genius, and I should like to know him." The introduction never took place, for the worthy baronet, who had himself a turn for satire, by too free an exertion of his pen was involved in a quarrel, and unfortunately lost his life in a duel.

MR. JAMES BOSWELL junior. This gentleman was the son of the biographer of Dr. Johnson. I had the pleasure to be more intimate with him than I was with his father. As far as I can presume to judge,

he had a sounder intellect than his father, though it is hardly to be supposed that had the same opportunities occurred to him he could have produced a work equal in interest and merit to the life of the great moralist. He was more cautious in conversation, but not less disposed to partake of social enjoyment. Indeed he inherited the father's love of convivial pleasure. He was a barrister, and generally reputed to be a man of learning. His merit entitled him to all the friends of his father, particularly Mr. Malone, Mr. Windham, General Paoli, and the present Marquis of Lansdown. He devoted a great part of the morning to reading, but from his habits, and the general tenour of his conversation, I rather think more for library gratification than for the study of his profession. His knowledge of the floating literature of the day, particularly any interesting poetry or striking novels, was evident; and referring to any works from his recommendation, I had always reason to respect his taste and to rely upon his judgment.

When he had ended his morning studies, or rather amusements, he used to sally forth, and pay a round of visits to his friends, as he used freely to say, in hopes among them "to spring a dinner," for he "strolled a bachelor's merry life," as the song has it. He lived very retired in the morning at his chambers in the Temple, and very few, if any, of his friends were admitted when they called. It is very probable that he never dined in his chambers during the whole year, as he was fond of company, and always a welcome guest at any friend's table. Sometimes in convivial parties the conversation has, perhaps, been of too free a tendency, and I have heard it indulged with some latitude in the presence

of Mr. Boswell junior; but I must do him the justice to say, that he always discouraged everything of a licentious description, and never uttered anything of the kind in my presence, nor do I believe anywhere else.

Not long before his death, which I doubt not was sincerely regretted by all who knew him, he was appointed one of the Commissioners of Bankrupts. I met him soon after, and in the freedom of friendship, asked him if he found it a lucrative post. His answer was, "No, not yet, but we look to the hops." I naturally inferred that he expected failures from hop speculations, though I imagine he said so more from humour than sincerity, as I believe he was too liberal to wish to derive advantage from misfortune.

The last time I saw him was at the hospitable table of the late Mr. John Kemble, who was equally adverse to all licentious discourse, whether concerning morals or religion. After the ladies were withdrawn, some topic arose on which we all differed. I forget the topic, but conclude that it was of the dramatic kind, as that was what chiefly engrossed the attention of Mr. Kemble. Mr. Kemble, I remember, was very fluent, and, as I thought at the time, very shrewd and intelligent. Mr. Boswell was naturally inclined to a sort of hesitation, which made him repeat his words, and the influence of wine rendered him more so than usual, insomuch that he retired from the argument, and left the field to Kemble, who had it all to himself, as I was never disposed to talk, but to listen, on a subject which he had theoretically studied, and concerning an art in which he so practically excelled. How

Mr. Boswell reached home that night, I could not conceive, for he was too proud to suffer me to accompany him.

Here I cannot help adverting to the progress of time and events. The first time I ever saw Mr. James Boswell junior, was in the first gallery of the Haymarket Theatre, at the benefit of the widow and family of Dr. Glover. He was then quite a boy, and stood on the bench while his father held him round the waist. The play was "The Merchant of Venice," and the farce "Love *A-la-mode*." I am sorry to say that the theatre was but thinly attended, as is too often the case on charitable occasions. My late friend, Jack Johnstone, sung a song in character, each verse ending with the word "*Whack*," which he gave with great power of lungs. Little Boswell was so delighted with this song, that his father roared for a repetition with a stentorian voice, to please the child, and Johnstone readily sang it again. Little could I think that, in the progress of time, this boy would become a man whose talents and attainments I should admire, whose worth I should respect, and to whom I should look for pleasure and improvement.

Dr. Glover, whom I have just mentioned, was a native of Ireland, and by profession a surgeon. He ventured upon the stage for a while, but resumed his practice as a surgeon. A peculiar incident in his life had rendered him conspicuous. A man was hanged in Dublin (I believe), and the body, after execution, being removed to Dr. Glover's house, was restored by him to life, and as the man's crime had not been of a very atrocious nature, and he had suffered the sentence of the law, though the circum-

stance had excited much notice, it was passed over by the Irish Government. Dr. Glover, however, was ill-rewarded by the culprit for his kindness and skill, for, whenever the man wanted money, he always applied to the doctor, alleging that as he had thought proper to restore him to life, he was bound to maintain him. Sometimes he called his preserver his father, for having brought him to life, and annoyed him in this manner for a long time. At length the doctor came to London, intending to settle in his profession. His wit, humour, and social qualities, procured him so many connexions, that he was every day engaged with some convivial party, but derived little from his business. My father, who was a convivial man himself, became acquainted with Dr. Glover, and introduced me to him. He was a tall, lusty, fine-looking man, and his open manly countenance gave effect to his jocularities.

There was a tavern in Fleet Street, called the Globe, which was the chief scene of his nocturnal festivity. Among the members of the club whom I knew, were Mr. William Woodfall, Mr. Ross the actor, Mr. Cooke the barrister and friend of Dr. Johnson, Mr. Hugh Kelly the author, and Mr. Akerman the keeper of Newgate, a very worthy and humane character. There were several other members, but as I passed only one evening with them, I do not know their names. I felt myself too young to offer myself as a member.

As Dr. Glover was the life of the company, it was delicately proposed, as his finances were by no means equal to those of the rest of the members individually, that he should be considered as

common property, and never be called upon in the general reckonings. During this necessary, but painful adjustment, the doctor always contrived to fall into a nap till it was over. It is melancholy to reflect, that a man of worth and talents should have been obliged to resort to such an expedient to conceal his feelings. At length Mr. Thorpe, the landlord, pitying the situation of poor Glover, and knowing that he was the magnet of the club, proposed to him that he should not be subject to this trespass upon his feelings, but that his share of the night's expenses should be placed to account, giving the doctor delicately to understand that he should never be called upon. As this plan was concealed from the company, the doctor was able to assume an independent air, and by the sallies of his humour he afforded increased pleasure to the members.

He survived his friend Hugh Kelly, and, according to report, wrote the biographical sketch which is prefixed to the quarto volume of that writer's dramatic works, published for the benefit of his widow. After a lapse of more than thirty years, I was surprised with a visit from this lady, who knew that Mr. Kelly had been intimate with my father, and had been kind to me in permitting me to call on him, morning and evening, in my youth, and favouring me with the use of his library. Mrs. Kelly had been married again to a Colonel Davis, and had lost her second husband. She was near eighty years of age when she resumed her acquaintance with me. She retained all the vivacity of her early days, and related many anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, Dr. Goldsmith, Garrick, and many other of her first husband's

literary friends. She died in the year 1826, while I was out of town, or I should probably have been invited to follow her remains to the grave.

The last time I had the pleasure of seeing Dr. Glover was in the lobby of Covent Garden Theatre, surrounded by a knot of juvenile critics, who were conversing on the character of Shakspeare's "Richard the Third." "For my part," said the doctor, "if I were to perform the character, as Richard is possessed of wit and humour, I should represent him, like Falstaff, with an air of jovial freedom and spirit," and he then recited a passage in the manner he had suggested. The juvenile critics all expressed their surprise, but the doctor supported his declared opinion by so many apt quotations, so much humour and specious reasoning, that if they were not convinced, they were, at least, highly entertained with his ingenuity.

Dr. Glover soon after died, and in such indifferent circumstances, that, as I have said, his friends supported a benefit for his widow and children, and I never after heard of them. Indeed I never knew the doctor in his domestic state, never saw any of his family, or knew where he lived.

Mr. Akerman, whom I have mentioned as one of the club at the Globe, was a plain, sensible man, who had seen the world, and of a remarkably kind and generous disposition, considering his melancholy occupation, but in point of literary taste, was by no means qualified for the witty and intelligent society who met at that tavern. I remember, after having avowed my respect to Mr. Akerman for his moral qualities, once expressing my surprise to my friend Mr. William Woodfall, that a man so little

capable of contributing to the wit and hilarity of the place, should be a member. His whimsical and somewhat ludicrous answer was, "Why, sir, Dick Akerman provides at least good *coinciding conversation*." The jovial power of Glover bore down all before it; but next to him in attractive discourse must have been Ross, whose *talk*, to use a favourite word with Dr. Johnson, more strongly resembled the arch, shrewd dialogue of Congreve's gentleman, than I have ever observed in any other person, except Joe Richardson, though he unfortunately had a Northumberland burr, which prevented what he said from being at first distinctly understood.

It is mentioned to the honour of Ross, that when "The Rosciad" was first published, and he was told it was a severe attack upon the whole community of actors, himself among the number, he immediately said, in the words of Cato:—

"I should have blush'd if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war."

Mr. Stephen Kemble was an actor of considerable merit, and only precluded from representing the first heroic characters by his extraordinary bulk. He was a remarkably handsome man. He had been apprenticed to a surgeon in some provincial town, but his devotion to the stage induced him to resign his profession. He had a strong sense of humour in private life, and related anecdotes, particularly of the theatrical kind, with admirable effect. He also possessed poetical talents, which appear to advantage in a large octavo volume published by subscription. His skill in recitation was so well known, that he was generally requested in company

to indulge them with some passage, which he chiefly repeated from Shakspeare. He was so fat, that he required no stuffing to appear in Falstaff, which character he supported with a flowing manly humour, and, I may venture to say, with a critical knowledge of his author. All characters of an open, blunt nature, and requiring a vehement expression of justice and integrity, particularly those exemplifying an honest indignation against vice, he delivered in so forcible a manner, as to show obviously that he was developing his own feelings and character. This manner was very successfully displayed in his representation of the Governor, in the opera of "Inkle and Yarico."

He had experienced all the vicissitudes of a theatrical life in provincial theatres, if they may be so styled, but by prudence, good conduct, and the general respect in which his character and talents were held, he surmounted all difficulties, and was able to leave a competency to his widow. Indeed his wife had essentially contributed to the improvement of his fortune. She had acquired a well-merited reputation for her talents as an actress at Covent Garden Theatre, under her maiden name of Miss Satchell.

Mr. Stephen Kemble made his first appearance at the same theatre, in the character of Othello. Though stout in person, he was not then of a size that precluded him from performing any of the higher order of characters. He was soon attracted by the person and talents of Miss Satchell, and they were married. Their conjugal state was marked by mutual attachment, as I had abundant opportunities of knowing, for I married one of her sisters, who was

admired by all who knew her for her personal beauty and the excellent qualities of her mind. All who had been acquainted with her, deeply sympathised with me when I had the misery of losing her, about nine months after our union. Twelve years elapsed before I again married, and I have reason to declare that I have not been less fortunate in my second choice, after a union of nearly thirty years.

Mr. Stephen Kemble was so little scrupulous in relating the untoward events of his theatrical life, that I may advert to them here, as they may operate as a warning to young candidates for theatrical fame, and prevent them from rashly quitting a regular employment which might lead them to independence, one of the first of earthly blessings. He said that before his marriage, when he was in one of the towns of Yorkshire, where a large barn was formed into a sort of theatre, the performances were so little attractive that he and the rest of the Thespian party were reduced to the greatest extremities, unable not only to defray the expense of their lodgings, but even to provide food for the passing day. He was persecuted by his landlady, whose wretched garret he occupied, with the daily question, "Why don't you pay your charges?" and in order to disguise the necessity of abstinence, he remained two days in bed under pretence of indisposition. On the third day he ventured to sally forth, and at the distance of three miles luckily discovered a turnip-field, which he entered, and there made a cold but most acceptable repast. The next day as he was proceeding to the same hospitable banquet, the late Mr. Davenport, husband of the present popular actress of Covent Garden Theatre, who was one of this wandering

tribe of Thespians, met Mr. Kemble, declared he was nearly famished, and earnestly entreated for some assistance. Mr. Kemble, whom no distress could deprive of fortitude and good humour, told Mr. Davenport that it was a lucky meeting, for he was going to dine with a friend and could take the liberty of bringing a friend with him. Here was another difficulty to poor Davenport, who said his shoes were so cracked that he was ashamed of going into company, proposing that he should cover them in part with mud, in order, if possible, to conceal the fissures. Mr. Kemble assured him that the friend to whom they were going was wholly devoid of ceremony, and would care nothing whether he was well or ill shod. They then proceeded on their journey, but Davenport, nearly exhausted by the condition of his stomach, made heavy complaints of the length of the way. Kemble endeavoured to raise his spirits, assuring him that he would find an ample feast and no unwelcome greeting. At length they reached the vegetable pantry, and Kemble congratulated him on having arrived at the hospitable mansion of his friend. Davenport looked around with anxiety for a house, and then cast a look of dejection and reproach at Kemble for having deceived him at so distressing a crisis. Kemble pointed to the turnip-field, and said, this is my only friend, it afforded me a dinner yesterday, and I suppose I shall be obliged to trespass on the same kindness till the end of the week. Davenport, who was a sensible and respectable man, though an inferior actor, assumed better spirits, and said with a smile, "Well, I confess, though I do not find the

fare I expected, you have brought me to an ample table and no spare diet."

Mr. Davenport was some years after engaged with his wife at Covent Garden Theatre, and always supported the characters allotted to him with good sense and propriety. After his former sufferings, it is to be regretted that he did not live to profit by the popularity of his wife, as he always acted the part of a good husband and father.

Mr. Kemble used to relate an incident of a more whimsical description. He said that while he was manager of a theatre at Portsmouth, which was only opened twice or thrice in the week, a sailor applied to him on one of the nights when there was no performance, and entreated him to open the theatre, but was informed that, as the town had not been apprised on the occasion, the manager could not risk the expense. "What will it cost to open the house to-night, for to-morrow I leave the country, and God knows if I shall ever see a play again," said the sailor. Mr. Kemble told him that it would be five guineas. "Well," said the careless tar, "I will give it upon this condition, that you will let nobody into the house but myself and the actors." He was then asked what play he would choose. He fixed upon "Richard the Third." The house was immediately lighted, the rest of the performers attended, and the tar took his station in the front row of the pit; Mr. Kemble performed the part of Richard, the play happening to be what is styled one of the *stock-pieces* of the company. The play was performed throughout; the sailor was very attentive, sometimes laughing and applauding, but frequently on the *look-out* lest

some other auditor might intrude upon his enjoyment. He retired perfectly satisfied, and cordially thanked the manager for his ready compliance. It may seem strange that a sailor, who in general is reputed to be a generous character, should require so selfish an indulgence, but it hardly need be observed, that whims and oddities are to be found in all classes of so changeable a being as man.

Here I shall take leave of my old friend Stephen Kemble, who was as manly a character as I ever knew, and whose memory I sincerely respect.

CHAPTER XIX.

REV. THOMAS MAURICE. This gentleman united the characters of the profound scholar and the animated poet. He was educated under Dr. Parr, and always entertained the highest respect for his master. Mr. Maurice was a historian as well as a poet, and his "Indian Antiquities" is a work of great research, admirable illustration, and valuable intelligence. He published a volume of poems, and many occasional productions of the same kind. His last work, in three parts, was styled "Memoirs of an Author," in which he details his own literary life and connexions. He was one of the officers of the British Museum, where I first met him at the apartments of Mr. Penneck. I have also met him at the table of James Brogden, Esq. M.P.; at the table of my late friend Dr.

George Pearson, M.D.; and at that of the late Dr. Kitchener.

The conversation of Mr. Maurice was lively, acute, and fertile. He often quoted from classical authors, Roman and Greek, and very often from Shakspeare. His quotations were always apt, and sometimes applied with great humour. No man enjoyed or laughed more heartily at the jokes of others. I know nothing of his private history, except that he had lost an excellent wife, and his affliction on that loss had induced him to resort to the consolation of the bottle, to which in his latter days he became too much attached. He favoured me with his friendship, and I had an opportunity of showing my respect for his talents in occasional reviews of some of his literary productions.

The last time I had the pleasure of seeing him was when I dined with him at the late Dr. Kitchener's and saw him safe at night to the British Museum. He had indulged himself rather too much with the glass after dinner, and being very talkative he became an object of ridicule to some other guests at the table, who had no pretensions to compete with him in intellectual powers, attainments, or humour. I rose in his defence, but he was roused by the attack, stopped me, and vindicated himself with so much pleasant raillery, and retorted upon them with so much satirical playfulness, that he made them ashamed of themselves, and converted disrespect into esteem and admiration.

I shall close this account of a gentleman whom I sincerely respected for his learning, his talents, his companionable qualities, and his friendly disposition, with a copy of the last letter which I received from

him on the publication of his memoirs, as I am proud of his friendship.

TO JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

My late severe illness must be my excuse for not sending the accompanying before. I print only two hundred and fifty, and am compelled to restrict myself in presentations ; but my good friend Taylor, so old and kind a patron of my works, both in prose and poetry, has a decided claim to every production of his faithful and obliged

THOMAS MAURICE.

British Museum,
14th April 1821.

DR. PARR. I never had the pleasure of knowing this gentleman, and only once saw him, but having mentioned him in connexion with Mr. Maurice I will relate one anecdote of him upon indisputable authority, and which has not, I believe, been recorded in any of the numerous memoirs which appeared after his death. During the trial, or rather the persecution of Mr. Hastings, Burke, Fox, and Sheridan were in company with Parr, who thought proper to give his opinion of the respective speeches of Fox and Sheridan on that memorable event. The doctor was diffusive in his comments on the last two, mixing censure with panegyric, but said nothing of Burke's speech. Burke paced the room some time in evident expectation ; the doctor however remained silent. At length Burke, who could restrain his impatience no longer, said, "You have made an able comment on the speeches of my two friends with acute, judicious, and eloquent impartiality, but as you say

nothing upon my speech on the subject, I conclude you are too delicate to greet me with mere praise, and that you could not discover any faults in it. "Not so, Edmund," replied the doctor, "your speech was oppressed by epithet, dislocated by parenthesis, and debilitated by amplification."

The following story is told of Dr. Parr, but I do not pretend to vouch for its authenticity. It seems he did not live happily with his first wife, and had a cat that was a greater favourite. When he returned home one day, and was going into his library, the feelings of a previous domestic feud not having subsided on either part, on opening the room door something bobbed forcibly on his face. Upon examination he found that his favourite cat had been hanged, and placed in that situation on purpose to annoy him. Upon discovering this, he suddenly hastened to a portrait of his wife and cut the throat, exclaiming with vehemence, "Thus would I serve the original if the law would permit me."

This reminds me of another strange connubial squabble. A tradesman and his wife having had a bitter quarrel, in order to appease their fury they threw all their portable furniture out of window. The wife then drew the bed to the window, ripped the ticking, and set all the feathers afloat in the open air, then rushing to the banisters of the stairs and breaking her arm upon them, with an insane energy exclaimed, "Now, you scoundrel, you must pay for a surgeon!"

Dr. JOHNSON. It is not improbable that my father might have been introduced to Dr. Johnson through the medium of Oldys, or even of Derrick, but of this I have no proof. I was too young for such an

introduction, and if I had not, I should not have been more afraid of him than I was at first of Dr. Monsey, who was as rough in his manners, but by no means so domineering and brutal. I have often heard my friend Mr. Cooke the Barrister, who was rather a favourite with Johnson, say that there was no living with him except by yielding to him with slavish submission.

Johnson was inconsistent in his character, for how could his despotism and violence be reconciled with his reverence for Christianity, when his manners were totally opposite to those of its meek and gentle founder? He was also inconsistent in his opinions, of which one proof is sufficient in this place. In his "Life of Pope," he says, "His unjustifiable impression of *The Patriot King*, as it can be imputed to no particular motive, (why not?) must have proceeded from his general habit of secrecy and cunning; he caught an opportunity of a sly trick, and pleased himself with the thought of outwitting Bolingbroke." Here then he assigns a motive. But is it possible to suppose that Pope should be ambitious of so silly and contemptible a triumph? Yet a few pages after, he says, "His violation of the trust reposed in him by Bolingbroke, could have no motive inconsistent with the warmest affection; he either thought the action so near to indifferent that he forgot it, or so laudable that he expected his friend to approve it." At length he finally agrees with Warburton, who, he says, "supposes, with great appearance of reason, that the irregularity of his conduct proceeded wholly from his zeal for Bolingbroke, who might, perhaps, have destroyed the pamphlet, which Pope thought it his duty to preserve,

even without its author's approbation." This motive might be supposed to occur at first to every man of plain understanding, for it never can be conceived that Pope desired the despicable profit of selling the copies, for which he must have waited till the author's death; nor that he wanted the reputation of having written the pamphlet, since it is probable that he gave to Bolingbroke the few copies which he required for his friends, and that Bolingbroke presented them as he intended. The same motive of zealous friendship might be expected to occur to Bolingbroke, whose rancour on the subject after Pope's death was wholly unjustifiable. Pope has gratified the world so much by his genius, that it is but a general duty to vindicate his memory.

Dr. Johnson was long a bigoted Jacobite. When he was walking with some friend in Kensington Gardens, one of them observed that it was a fine place. "Phoo," said Johnson, "nothing can be fine that belongs to a usurper." Dr. Monsey assured me, that once in company, when the conversation was on the age of King George the Third, he heard him say, "What does it signify when such an animal was born, or whether he ever existed?" Yet he afterwards said, in his account of his interview with His Majesty, that it was not for him "to bandy compliments with *his sovereign*."

Johnson was often too dogmatical and decisive to distinguish clearly. He says in his "Life of Pope," "Aristotle is praised for naming Fortitude first of the cardinal virtues, as that without which no other virtue can steadily be practised; but he might with equal propriety have placed Prudence and Justice before it, since without Prudence, Fortitude is mad;

without Justice it is mischievous." The doctor here seems to consider Fortitude as active valour. Surely the proper arrangement would be Temperance to secure the power of acting, Prudence to act properly, Justice to respect the rights of others, and Fortitude to bear firmly the evils of life.

Mr. Godwin, I understand, has said that no *original thought* can be found in all the works of Johnson. Admitting this assertion to be well founded, it may, however, be justly urged in his favour, that, to use his own words, he has "recommended known truths by his manner of adorning them;" that he has "varied the dress and situation of common objects, so as to give them fresh grace and more powerful attractions." He has given dignity to the English language, and a body of criticism upon the English poets, written in a masterly style, and, with some exceptions, generally with acuteness, judgment, and liberality. But I may venture at least to say, that Mr. Godwin has overlooked one instance in which Johnson has shown a new, ingenious, and liberal vindication of a passage in Dryden, for which that great poet was annoyed by persevering ridicule, and appeared unable to defend himself.

The passage is as follows :

"An horrid *stillness* first *invades* the ear,
And in that silence we a tempest *fear*."

"for which," says Johnson, "he was persecuted with perpetual ridicule, perhaps with more than was deserved. *Silence* is, indeed, mere privation; and so considered cannot *invade*; but privation likewise certainly is *darkness*, and probably cold; yet poetry has never been refused the right of ascribing effects or agency to them as to positive powers. No man

scruples to say that *darkness* hinders him from his work; or that cold has killed the plants. Death is also privation, yet who has made any difficulty of assigning to death a dart and the power of striking?"

This is certainly a very ingenious defence of what it would be very difficult to justify in any other manner, but which, after all, may rather be considered as ingenious sophistry than sound argument: still, it is *original*.

THOMAS TYERS, Esq. This gentleman was the son of the original projector and proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens. He received a good education, and was bred to the bar, but was of too sensitive a disposition for wrangling courts, and having inherited a liberal competency, he relinquished the law, and devoted himself to friendship and literary pursuits. Having a turn for poetry, he furnished many songs for Vauxhall Gardens, which were very popular in their day, and which, if not characterized by wit and humour, were always recommended by sentiment, feeling, and pastoral simplicity. He was a great literary purveyor, and according to Johnson, in his "Life of Pope," ascertained the doubtful point of what business the poet's father had pursued, which Mr. Tyers discovered to have been that of a linen-draper.

Mr. Tyers was very intimate with Johnson, and was one of his earliest visitors in the morning. But though Johnson held him in great esteem, and felt much relief from his conversation and his accounts of public occurrences, yet Mr. Tyers, with all the mildness of his own character, could not escape Johnson's rough asperity. When Mr. Tyers called

on him one morning, and told him that he had just taken chambers which had been occupied by Sir Fletcher Norton, "I wish," said the surly censor, "that you had taken his understanding at the same time."

Mr. Tyers was the author of innumerable productions, which he published anonymously, and chiefly in the *Public Advertiser*, then the chief daily journal, and possessing numerous and valuable contributors. He put his name to a "A Sketch of the Life of Pope," to another of the life of Addison, and to one, I believe, of a life of Johnson. He wrote many dialogues of the dead, a species of composition to which he was very partial, and which having given to the *Public Advertiser*, he collected into a volume, and published with his name. He was very good tempered, and very communicative. I had the pleasure of knowing him for many years, and when we met in the street, our interviews were not very short, for I listened with pleasure and instruction to his intelligent conversation, and he was always kindly ready to prolong it.

One day passing his apartments in Southampton Street, Covent Garden, he called me in, and gave me a profile print of himself, saying, "There, take that, but I am no framer and glazier." The print was engraved from a drawing in crayons, by my old friend Mr. Taylor the artist, who was a pupil of the celebrated Frank Hayman; and the drawing is now in the possession of Mrs. Barrett, the niece of Mr. Tyers, and the old friend of Johnson, Garrick, Goldsmith, and all the wits of her youth, when she probably attracted them.

WILLIAM TAYLOR, ESQ. This gentleman, a native of Scotland, who was generally styled "Opera Taylor," from his having become proprietor of the King's Theatre, was an early acquaintance of mine. He had been one of the clerks in a banking-house that failed, before he was known to the world at large. Sheridan on some emergency, not uncommon with him, being then connected with the King's Theatre, wanted a thousand pounds. Taylor heard of this necessity, and having contrived to raise that sum, offered it to Mr. Sheridan, upon having security on his share in that theatre. The bargain was struck on this condition; and Taylor, who possessed what is called a strong head, and was gifted with a "second sight" of possible advantages, contrived by degrees to become the chief, if not the sole proprietor of the Italian Opera House, and afterwards a member of the House of Commons.

He soon after formed a connexion with Signora Prudom, an Italian singer, and there is reason to believe that he was actually married to her. How his harsh Scotch dialect, and he knew no other language, could harmonize with her melodious tongue, it is difficult to conceive. By extravagance in living, and without any solid pecuniary foundation, he became much embarrassed, and was obliged to mortgage his property in the King's Theatre, and at length was under such difficulties, that it was thought impossible he could ever recover his property. The matter came before Lord Thurlow, when he was Lord Chancellor, and here occurred "the glorious uncertainty of the law." Lord Thurlow, on examining the claim of Mr. Taylor, said that "No magnifying power could render his

right visible." Yet Mr. Taylor regained his authority over the King's Theatre, and disposed of it to other hands.

Pending a subsequent suit on the same subject and before the same lord, there happened a proof of the danger of judicial joking, for his lordship having animadverted on the complicated and inexplicable state of the Opera House, said, that he thought "Nothing but a good fire could extinguish the perplexity." His lordship's hint was taken, and in a short time after, the Opera House was destroyed by a fire, the purpose of which was to get rid of Sir John Gallini, and to remove all impediments to the restoration of Mr. Taylor. I knew the person who was supposed to have promoted this conflagration, and who, it was reported, soon after sunk into the grave from dejection on the disappointment of his hopes, rather than repentance for his crime. The trustees of the King's Theatre then employed my old friend Mr. James Wyat, R.A. to convert his beautiful Pantheon into an Opera House, which enabled them to carry on the performances.

During the performances at the Pantheon Theatre, the Opera House being soon rebuilt, Mr. Taylor, knowing my friendship with Mrs. Billington, and overrating my interest with her, applied to me to desire that I would endeavour to induce her to accept an engagement with him in some musical undertaking which he had projected for opening the old theatre in the Haymarket. I told him that I did not think I had so much influence with Mrs. Billington, but that if I had, I could not exert it, as Mr. William Sheldon, one of the trustees of the Pantheon, had been instrumental in procuring me

the appointment of Oculist to his Majesty George the Third, and I should be therefore ungrateful indeed, if I in any measure opposed that gentleman. This refusal on my part, as gratitude always appeared to Mr. Taylor to be a needless restraint, deprived me of his *friendship*; and as the state of his affairs rendered it necessary that he should live in *retirement*, I hardly ever saw him afterwards. Mr. Jewell, his treasurer, and the treasurer of the Haymarket, kept up a connexion with him till his death, but how Taylor was able to live it is difficult to conjecture. He survived Mr. Jewell, who was a very worthy man.

PROFESSOR PORSON. The first time I met this literary Leviathan, was at the house of the Rev. Mr. Peters, one evening, when he was accompanied by Dr. White, the author of the celebrated “Bampton Lectures.” It was invidiously discovered or reprehensibly betrayed by Mr. Badcock, that he had given essential assistance to the doctor in the composition of those lectures. It may reasonably be inferred, that Mr. Badcock assisted Dr. White from motives of friendship or of interest. In either case he violated confidence. If he gave his assistance from friendship, his disclosure was vain and treacherous; if from interest, it was mean and unjust; for it is probable that the doctor would not have solicited or purchased his aid, if he had thought the secret would have been disclosed. Upon the same principle, with all my reverence for the character of Dr. Johnson, I always thought he acted illiberally, if not unjustly, in discovering to Mr. Boswell all the productions which he had written for other persons, for many of which he had actually been paid; and having given the rest, they were no

longer his own ; for he had suffered them to pass under the names of others, and had therefore no longer any claim to them.

Whether Porson was drunk when I met him on this occasion, or whether he intentionally showed his contempt for the doctor, Mr. Peters, and myself, I know not ; but he did not once join in conversation, and kept playing with a little dog all the time he was present, except when oysters and brandy and water were introduced,—then the dog was deserted, and the oysters came into play. When he had finished with these, he resorted to the brandy, and resumed his attention to the dog.

For myself, I did not mind his indifference ; but was shocked to see such contemptuous negligence towards his host Mr. Peters, and Dr. White, his friends. The dog and the brandy-and-water wholly engrossed his attention. He did not quit the house till a late hour. Dr. White seemed to view the conduct of his friend with composure, as if it was nothing extraordinary, but “his custom ever of an afternoon.” Mr. Peters, on the contrary, justly considered it as rude, contemptuous, and insolent.

I afterwards used to meet Porson every night at the Turk’s Head in the Strand, where he retained his devotion to brandy-and-water, and often tired the company with his recital of a burlesque parody of Pope’s exquisite poem of “Eloisa to Abelard.” It was doubted whether this travestie of Pope’s beautiful poem was his own writing, but the warmth and frequency of his obtrusive recitations, evidently manifested parental dotage. A limited number of this offensive poem has been lately published at a large price, as if indecency were held rare and valu-

able. Mr. James Perry, the proprietor of "The Morning Chronicle," who was reputed to have died worth about 130,000*l.* was a particular friend of Porson, who, it is supposed, used often to write political articles for him in that paper.

When I first knew Mr. Perry, he lived at a house in the narrow part of Shire-lane, Temple Bar, opposite to the lane which leads to the stairs from Boswell-court. He lodged with Mr. Lunan, a book-binder, who had married his sister. I knew her very well. She was a mild, amiable, and agreeable woman. When her brother left Shire-lane, and took chambers in Clement's Inn, she went to apartments in George-street, York-buildings, where I occasionally called on her; and as she lived single, I concluded that Mr. Lunan was dead, or, not succeeding in business, had gone abroad; but I did not inquire.

A few years after, I saw the newspapers announce the marriage of Professor Porson with this lady, who I therefore naturally concluded had become a widow. Not long after, as I was coming over Westminster Bridge, I was saluted by Mr. Lunan, the former husband of this lady. After the usual courtesy I said, "How is this, my friend?—why I saw lately in the newspapers that your wife is married to Professor Porson, and if I had met you at twelve at night instead of twelve at noon, I must have taken you for a ghost." It was true, he said, that Porson had married his wife; and that he had also been married again several years. I enquired no farther, but parted with him in Hungerford Market, where he appeared to reside. I concluded that as they were both born in Scotland, some ceremony had passed between them in that country,

which they did not think binding in this; not that they had acted upon the principle of Archer in the play:—

Consent, if mutual, saves the lawyer's fee,
Consent is law enough to set you free.

I never saw Porson or the lady after this extraordinary marriage, but I remember her with respect, and think she was thrown away, as she was a very amiable woman, upon such a sybarite.

Perry had the assistance of Mr. Grey, a learned, sensible man, and an able writer, in the conduct of "The Morning Chronicle." Grey, according to report, had a right to half the property of the paper while he lived, and his share was subject to a provision for his sisters in case of his death. Perry had afterwards the powerful support of a gentleman of great literary talent, who had also a part of the property of the paper, but resigned it for a compensation, and is now in high reputation at the bar. It is not understood that Mr. Perry wrote much in the paper himself, but, mixing with the whig party, as they styled themselves, at Debrett's, he obtained all the intelligence they could afford him, as well as many able productions from the literary members of that party. Whatever were his qualities as a writer or a man, he had at least the merit of political consistency. He was once committed to Newgate for having inserted a libel in his paper on Government. He published a well-written defence, the materials of which, according to report, were suggested by Lord Erskine.

CHAPTER XX.

MR. SAMUEL IRELAND. I became acquainted with this gentleman at the time when he produced the mass of papers, letters, dramas, &c. which he published upon the information of his son, who represented them as the genuine reliques of Shakspeare, chiefly in the hand-writing of the great poet. I was invited as one of a committee to examine all the documents, and to decide upon the question of their authenticity. As I was not conversant with old papers, I did not attend the meeting with any intention of joining in the decision, but to see the various articles that were brought forward as once the property of Shakspeare. After the company, consisting of many very respectable and intelligent characters, had looked at all the books which were said to have actually formed a portion of Shakspeare's library, as well as other matters, they waited for young Mr. Ireland, who had promised to develop the source of these valuable reliques. At length he appeared, and after some private conversation between him and Mr. Albany Wallace, an eminent solicitor at that time, the latter addressed the company, and told them that Mr. Ireland junior had not been authorized by the person from whom he had derived the matters in question, but that at a future meeting a full explanation should be given. Whether that meeting was ever convened I know not, but I remember that the previous meeting did not

break up without manifest tokens of discontent on the part of several of the members.

During the time that this subject engrossed public attention, and it was understood that Shakspeare's manuscript play was to be represented, the elder Mr. Ireland invited the late John Gifford, Esq. the author of "The Life of Mr. Pitt," of "Letters to Lord Lauderdale," "The History of France," and many other works, a gentleman of the bar, and myself, to hear the tragedy of "Vortigern and Rowena" read by him, that we might form some judgment as to its merits and authenticity. Among the imputed reliques of the bard there was an old-fashioned long-backed chair on which the arms of Shakspeare were embossed. The chair, though antique in its form, was in perfect preservation. Tea was soon despatched, and the reading was about to commence, when I requested to sit in Shakspeare's chair, as it might contain some inspiring power to enlighten my understanding, and enable me the better to judge. They laughed at my whim, but indulged me with the chair. During the reading there appeared to be passages of great poetical merit, and of an original cast, but occasionally some very quaint expressions, upon which Mr. Gifford commented as often as they occurred. Mr. Ireland observed, that it was of course the language of the time, and that many of the words which were then probably familiar and expressive, had become obsolete. One passage, however, Mr. Ireland admitted to be so quaint and unintelligible, that it would not be suitable to the modern stage. He then referred to Mr. Gifford and the barrister, and asked them if they could suggest any alteration or re-moulding of the passage; and when

they declined to propose anything, he asked me if I could suggest any modification of it. At this question I affected to start, and said, "God bless me, shall I sit in Shakspeare's chair, and presume to think I can improve any work from his unrivalled muse?" Mr. Ireland then calmly doubled down the page, observing that he was going into the country, and should have leisure to make any alteration. This observation first induced me to suspect that he was actually concerned in devising what was afterwards acknowledged to be a mere fabrication. Yet on a full consideration, I am inclined to think that Mr. Ireland really confided in the story of his son, and relied on the authenticity of all the imputed materials.

I was present at the representation of the tragedy, and perhaps a more crowded theatre was never seen. Mr. Ireland and his family occupied a conspicuous station in the front boxes. The play was patiently heard for some time, but at last the disapprobation of the audience assumed every vociferous mode of hostility, together with the more hopeless annoyance of laughter and derision. Mr. Ireland bore the storm for some time with great fortitude, but at last he and his family suddenly withdrew from the theatre, and the play ended in the tumult.

The elder Mr. Ireland afterwards published all these presumed documents in a large and expensive form, and in a well-written volume defended himself against the attacks of Mr. Malone. Mr. Malone had given him an advantage in refusing to look at these alleged remains of our great bard, and Mr. Isaac Reed also declined to inspect them. As I respect the memory of both of these gentlemen,

I cannot but think that they displayed some degree of prejudice on the occasion. Mr. Malone, in particular, however well founded his doubts and suspicions might be, could only depend on rumour as to their nature and the quality of the materials. Yet he wrote a large volume on the subject, though his objections must necessarily have been chiefly conjectural. He was ably answered by my late friend Mr. George Chalmers, not that he believed in the authenticity, but to show that the believers had grounds to justify their opinions. He published a second volume on the same subject, which displayed great labour, assiduity, and perseverance, and brought forward many anecdotes and illustrations of our poetical history.

It is well known that Dr. Parr was at first a sincere believer in the authenticity of these documents, and that Mr. Boswell went upon his knees, kissed the imputed reliques, and expressed great delight that he had lived to see such valuable documents brought to light. It certainly was a bold attempt on the part of the fabricator, to bring forward such a mass of surreptitious productions, but the variety proved that he possessed talents and great ingenuity, as well as industry, for they must have taken up much time and labour in the composition. It is said that he at last acknowledged the whole to be a deception.

I met him one night at the théâtre, and to show me with what facility he could copy the signatures of Shakspeare, of which there are but two extant, and they differ from each other, he took a pencil and a piece of paper from his pocket, and wrote both of them with as much speed and exactness as if he had

been writing his own name. He gave the paper to me ; I compared the signatures with the printed autographs of the poet, and could not but be surprised at their accuracy.

The elder Mr. Ireland must have been mad to incur so great an expense in preparing and printing these documents, if he was conscious of the deception ; but I am still disposed to believe that he thought them genuine, notwithstanding the ease with which I have mentioned his avowed intention to alter the text of Shakspeare. Before this transaction took place, he was a remarkably healthy-looking man, with a florid complexion, and stout in his form ; but afterwards he was so reduced in his body, and seemed to be so dejected in spirit, that I naturally inferred the disappointment, expense, and critical hostility which he had suffered, had made a powerful impression on his mind. He did not long survive this extraordinary attempt to delude the public.

MR. JOHN IRELAND. This person, who has often been confounded with the other, I knew very well. He was a watchmaker, and lived many years practising that business in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. He was the intimate friend of Mr. Henderson the actor, but pecuniary matters, which have often destroyed friendship, separated these once intimate associates. It was reported at the time that when Henderson by prudence had realised 600*l*. Mr. Ireland advised him to embark it in his business, from which he said he could derive more advantage than by investing it in the funds. Henderson consented ; but Ireland being a literary man, and finding employment among the booksellers, and preferring literature to trade, neglected his business, and, I believe,

became a bankrupt. Henderson consequently lost his money. He deeply resented this failure, as the money was the first-fruits of his theatrical career. He never forgave Ireland, and Jessé Foot told me that he had in vain attempted to bring them together again, and Mr. Foot reviled the memory of Henderson for his obduracy. On the other hand, the late Mr. William Cooke, who was a friend of Henderson and a severe economist, bitterly arraigned the memory of Ireland, whom he accused of deliberate treachery towards Henderson.

I really believe, from what I know of Ireland, that when he took the money he had no ill intention, but his literary pursuits led him to neglect his business, and misfortune was the consequence. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Hogarth, and was employed to illustrate the works of that admirable artist. He made discoveries of works not known to have been Hogarth's till they were proved so by his assiduity. He was a connoisseur in prints and works of art, and full of anecdotes relating to contemporary artists. On the death of Henderson he published a life of his old friend, and endeavoured by a warm tribute to his talents to compensate for the injury which he had done to his fortune.

After his failure he never resumed his business, but devoted himself to the service of the booksellers. I used to call on him at a small house which he occupied in Poet's Corner, near Westminster Abbey, and to meet him among the set who, with Porson and Perry, generally assembled in the evening at the Turk's Head Coffee-house in the Strand. He was slender and delicate in his person, and placid and agreeable in his manners. I never heard when he

died. He was patronised by the Boydells, and the late Mr. George Nicol.

There was one very extraordinary character who used to join the literary and social set at the Turk's Head Coffee-house, whose name was Hewardine. He was a good-looking young man, and his spirits were inexhaustible. To use an expression of Dr. Johnson, he "hung loose upon the town." Nobody knew how he lived, but at last there was some reason to believe that he derived his support from a Member of Parliament who was very rich in mining property, and who supported him as kings formerly supported jesters, to entertain themselves and their company. It did not appear that Hewardine had any classical attainments, but he certainly possessed talents, though they took a strange direction. As far as I could venture to form an opinion of a language which I never studied, he was the most perfect master of what is called slang that I ever knew. Slang is a metaphorical and figurative language, and he who is not the mere channel of it must be possessed of fancy and humour.

There is great ingenuity shown in giving a novel cast to the recital of ordinary occurrences, or to answers in a dialogue. This ingenuity was peculiarly manifested in all that Hewardine said. I wish I could give a specimen of his skill in this respect; but so many years have passed since I knew him, that even were I conversant with the language in question, I should do injustice to his imagination. I remember that he was a formidable opponent in sallies of humour, and have seen Porson, and some of the most ready and intelligent of the company, shrink from his attacks. I took care never to enter

into a contest with him, but was always attentive to the exuberance of his humour and the singularity of his expressions.

I was once invited to dine in company with him at a friend's in the Temple, under a notion too favourable to me, as it was expected that some entertainment might arise from a sportive hostility between us. I was aware of the expectation, but knew better than to hazard the encounter, because I could not oppose him with equal weapons. I therefore considered by what means I should avoid the contest, and thought the best way would be to praise him for his power of adapting his conversation to the peculiar turn of those with whom he generally associated, and of rising to the level of nobler companions. I recorded his triumphs at the coffee-house, where no serious conversation was expected, and if introduced would only lead to banter and ridicule; and expressed my satisfaction that I now found him among gentlemen of the bar, and two or three members of the church, so that he had an opportunity of calling forth his best powers and attainments, and doing justice to his character, without unworthy condescensions to persons of different and inferior habits. This artifice of mine, which was merely designed for self-defence, was attended with success. He felt that he was in company where ribaldry, buffoonery, and something worse would be quite unseasonable. The result was, that though he was more dull than ever I had seen him before, he was more decorous, conversation in general had fair play, and the company were more gratified and amused than they could have been by the wild sallies of his humorous eccentricity, which, perhaps,

few in the room would have understood or have been likely to relish.

Even Hewardine seemed to entertain a higher opinion of himself when he found that he was treated with attention by gentlemen of talents, learning, and character, without the necessity of resorting to degrading excesses. He seemed to be one of those careless characters, who, as Hotspur says, "doff the world and bid it pass;" or, as Dr. Johnson says of the famous Tom Brown, who sacrificed good talents for the reputation of being a good fellow.

Hewardine, I am persuaded, possessed a kind and good heart, but he could not deny himself the triumph of running down a simpleton, and never seemed to consider that, as Thomson says—

"Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare."

He was, as I have said, a good-looking man. He had regular features, which were capable of animated expression. The last time I met him was in the morning, at Charing Cross. Though in the meridian of life, he spoke with a tremulous accent, and an evident appearance of a nervous frame. He complained of being chilly, and from his habits I have no doubt that he went to the first shop which afforded a dram after we parted. He published a small volume of poems, chiefly songs, of a very gay and licentious description, as far as I recollect. When or where he died I never knew, but I remember him with a kind concern, fully convinced that if he had been brought properly forward in public life, with the advantage of a good education and regular connexions, he would not have submitted to be a degrading dependent upon any man who did not

employ his wealth in protecting and encouraging talents, but in fostering licentious merriment and gross buffoonery.

CERVETTO. This celebrated musician was a performer in the orchestra of Drury Lane Theatre in the days of Garrick. He was esteemed a first-rate performer on the violoncello. The nose being a prominent feature in his face, it gave occasion to the cry of "Nosey," which was not only prevalent in the upper gallery during his continuance in the orchestra, but was traditional after he left it, and is still often heard. He was a high-spirited man, but of a quiet and affable disposition. The following anecdote I had from his son, a gentleman now alive, though advanced in years, who inherits the professional skill and benevolent disposition of his father.

The elder Cervetto, during his performance in the band, was struck by an apple thrown at him from the upper gallery. He immediately took one of the sentinels who attended the theatre, and proceeded with him to the upper gallery, where, having had the offender pointed out, he seized him by the collar, and took him to the public-office in Bow Street, where he was convicted of the assault, and ordered into confinement for a few days. Cervetto, who was a very humane character, the next day, or the day after, reflecting that the man might have been drunk, or among some mischievous persons, and tempted into the wanton act, was so uneasy, that he went to Sir John Fielding, who then presided at the police-office, solicited and obtained the man's discharge, paid his fees, and gave him some money for the loss of time and labour which the imprisonment had occasioned, as he appeared to be

one of the lower order of artisans. In a few months after, his health appearing to decline, Mr. Cervetto was advised to ride on horseback for a few hours every day. In pursuance of this advice, he mounted his horse, and was, unluckily, in crossing Oxford Street, involved in the crowd that accompanied the cart in which culprits were then conveyed to be executed at Tyburn. On turning his head to look on the unfortunate malefactor, who was the only prisoner, he recognised the man who had assaulted him at the theatre; and the man, to show that he also recognised Cervetto, made a motion, as well as his pinioned state would allow him, to indicate that he recollected him as "Nosey." This hardened indifférence, or rather insult, of the culprit, to one who had treated him so kindly, at such an awful moment, had such an effect upon Mr. Cervetto, that it put an end to his morning exercise, and sent him home indisposed for the day.

A ludicrous occurrence happened one night at Drury Lane Theatre, when Mr. Garrick was performing "Sir John Brute," in that scene where the knight in a drunken state was gradually falling asleep, and uttering incoherent interjections. Cervetto, partly affected by the excellence of the acting, and partly by the drowsy influence of the sleeping knight, gave a loud yawn, which excited universal laughter, and wholly destroyed the effect of the scene. When the play was over, Garrick sent for Cervetto while he was undressing, and, with perfect good humour, mildly expostulated with him for having interrupted what he considered his best scene. Cervetto apologised in the best manner which his broken English would allow, assuring the great actor

that it was not in his power to prevent yawning when he was particularly pleased,—which his son, who told me both of these anecdotes, assured me was always the case. Mr. Garrick received this apology with great good humour, and not without some degree of satisfaction.

Another time a respectable-looking man took his station immediately behind Cervetto, and while he was performing in the orchestra, whispered “Nosey.” Cervetto turned and merely looked at him, without expressing any anger. In a few minutes, the same person repeated “Nosey.” Cervetto then turned round, and, with a smile, said, “Sir, you seem to have mistaken your place; you should be there,” pointing to the upper gallery. The word “Nosey,” as I have said, is still called out in the upper gallery, though the persons who bawl it know nothing of its origin, and it will probably be continued in such places with “God save the King,” “Rule Britannia,” and “Roast Beef,” &c. &c.

Cervetto, the son, told me that he was once very much amused on going into a theatre at Nottingham with a friend, at hearing “Nosey” vociferated among the vulgar part of the audience with as much vehemence as in the metropolis, though it was hardly possible that they could annex any meaning to the word.—Touching upon the theatre, I may venture to mention a green-room anecdote. Before I was permitted to visit the theatre alone, there was an actor of some merit, named Palmer.⁺ He is mentioned in Churchill’s “Rosciad” with some civility as a comic actor. He married the daughter of the celebrated Mrs. Pritchard, who had left the stage long before my time. Being an actor of repute when

the late John Palmer, who afterwards became deservedly celebrated, commenced his theatrical career, the latter was styled on the play-bills Mr. *I.* Palmer. An actor, who had left the green-room after a rehearsal, meeting a person in the street, was asked if anything had occurred at the theatre—"Yes," said the actor; "and what you will deem melancholy news; one Palmer is dead, and another has had an eye knocked out." It may be proper to add that the initial "*I*" to the name of John Palmer had been immediately omitted in the play-bills on the death of his namesake, because he was then the only Mr. Palmer.

JERVAS, the Painter. This artist, the friend and favourite painter of Pope, who received instructions from him at a time when the poet was intimate with Sir Godfrey Kneller, (who doubtless would have been proud of such a pupil,) was but an indifferent artist, and totally unworthy of the poet's high panegyrics on his professional skill. Mr. Northcote, who was a domestic pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and lived many years in the same house, told me that one day after dinner the name of Jervas was mentioned, when Mr. Northcote expressed his surprise that reading the high encomiums of Pope, he had never seen a picture by Jervas. Miss Reynolds, the sister of Sir Joshua, and a good artist herself, to whom the observation was addressed, concurred in the same surprise, never having seen one. She then addressed Sir Joshua, who was deaf, and raising her voice, asked him what was the reason that no pictures of Jervas were to be seen. "Because," said Sir Joshua, "they are all in the garrets." It is certain that Pope, though very fond of painting, had little knowledge of the art, and praised Jervas with the

zeal of a friend rather than with the judgment of a critic. It would now probably be impossible to find a picture of the painter whose name the poet has immortalised. It is somewhat strange that Mr. Northcote had never heard of Howard, a painter, immortalised by Prior the poet.

CHAPTER XXI.

OZIAS HUMPHREY, R.A. I was very intimate with this artist in the latter part of his life. He was an admirable miniature painter, and he and Mr. Cosway at one time divided the patronage of the public in that province of art. Humphrey, however, was more ambitious than his rival, and soared into competition with Sir Joshua Reynolds. For this purpose he went to Italy, to study the works of the great masters in that emporium of genius and taste. On his return to this country, he discovered that the ground was occupied by men of talents who had during his absence started forward, and that the fame of Reynolds had too widely spread, and was too deeply rooted, to admit of successful rivalry. He was too proud to return to the sphere of miniature; and in that province of art also many men of genius had arisen. While Cosway was triumphant in the patronage of the fashionable world, Humphrey had in some degree been forgotten during his absence, and therefore thought the wisest course he could adopt was to go to India; and as he was well

connected, he readily obtained permission from the East India Company. His talents soon made him known, and he was generally patronised, but being too eager to obtain a fortune and return to this country, he was much too high in his charges, and as there were other artists at Calcutta, his business declined. The nabobs of Oude and of Arcot were deeply indebted to him, but not being sufficiently employed, he left India, and his claims upon those oriental potentates remained unsettled. His agents, with great assiduity, ultimately obtained some portion, though but a small one, of the Indian debts.

On his return to London, finding all other provinces of art fully occupied, he turned his attention to crayon painting, and produced some beautiful works. But here again his business declined, when he found it expedient to quit his expensive apartments in Bond Street and to take lodgings at Knightsbridge. He was then attacked by a disorder in his eyes, but, instead of resorting to an eminent practitioner, he put himself under the care of an old woman, who had obtained some reputation among ignorant and credulous people, and under her management his sight gradually declined, until he was at length obliged to abandon his profession.

What property he had acquired was not known, but it was supposed to be very scanty ; yet he used to invite his friends to dine with him, and often promised, if I would come, that he would give me “a beefsteak and a mackerel.” I, however, never profited by his hospitality, though his conversation would have been the best part of the feast. Being in the habit of promising his friends “a beef-steak and a mackerel,” when mackerel had been long out of

season, a waggish friend advised him to change the fish. He however dropped the fish altogether, and confined himself to the steak. He was invited so much abroad that it is probable he had seldom, if ever, an opportunity of entertaining a friend at his own table.

On his return from India he was very anxious to become a royal academician; and, as many of the members of this admirable institution were his friends, he easily obtained that honour. We had dined together at Mr. Opie's in Berners Street. Opie in the evening went to vote for him at the Royal Academy, and during his absence Humphrey was in great anxiety for the result, and when Opie returned with the news of his success, he rubbed his hands with ecstasy as if he had obtained a great acquisition of wealth.

Though intelligent and well acquainted with the world, he was a little too fond of interlarding his conversation with accounts of his connexion with nobility, and seemed to think nothing worth recording that was of plebeian origin. He was also lofty in his description of his state in India, and used to say, that when he was at leisure he called for his elephant and took a morning ride. Opie, who possessed great humour and was fond of alliteration, in imitation of Humphrey's manner used to say, that if he went to India he should *ring* for his *rhinoceros*, *trot* with his *tiger*, *prance* on his *panther*, *canter* with his *camel*, or *dash* off on his *dromedary*.

Humphrey was fond of raillery, and if I may provoke my reader with a pun, I will mention that one day when a little sportive contest took place between him and me, he said, "Taylor, you are an

every-day man.”—“Very well,” said I, “and you are a *weak* one.” I must not insult my reader by suggesting the proper orthography of my pun, but trifling as it was, it excited a laugh, and put an end to the facetious hostility of my friendly opponent.

On the death of Humphrey, I received a visit from his nephew to announce the melancholy intelligence. He told me that his uncle had retained his mental faculties to the last, and was fully aware that his death was approaching. A few moments before he died he said to his nephew, “As soon as I am dead, go to Jack Taylor, at the Sun Office in the Strand, and he will not let me drop into the grave without saying something kind of my memory.” I complied with his wish, and inserted a tribute of respect for his character in “The Sun” newspaper, which seemed to be satisfactory to his relatives. Humphrey was generous when in prosperous circumstances, and gave Spicer, an enamel painter, fifty guineas for an enamel copy of his own portrait of the Duke of Richmond.

MR. CALEB WHITEFOORD. I am induced to mention this gentleman at present, because a similar circumstance attended his departure from this world. Mr. Whitefoord was a gentleman distinguished for his wit, learning, and taste in the fine arts. I never knew a person more ready at a repartee. He was in partnership with Mr. Brown, a wine-merchant, but being of a good family, he left the management of the concern almost wholly to Brown, and, like Congreve, who when visited by Voltaire wished not to be considered an author but a private gentleman, so Mr. Whitefoord wished to be regarded not as connected with the wine-trade, but as a gentle-

man and a diplomatist, having been attached to Lord St. Helen's when he went to adjust the preliminaries of peace with the French government.

Mr. Whitefoord had a literary turn, which he frequently indulged in "The Public Advertiser," the most popular and respectable diurnal newspaper of the time. He was the author of "cross-readings," which consisted not of reading down each column, but across the whole columns of each side of a newspaper, and which mode brought forth many whimsical and facetious juxta-positions. He also wrote a sportive essay, entitled "Errors of the Press," and a series of lively political articles in "The Public Advertiser," entitled "Ship News." He is mentioned in a very favourable manner by Goldsmith in his poem of "Retaliation," not without a suspicion that he wrote the lines himself after the death of the poet, and induced the printer to introduce them in a second edition of the poem as Goldsmith's production. But as he really deserved the character given of him, and was not of an artful turn of mind, I presume to think that they were a genuine tribute of Goldsmith to the merit of his friend.

Mr. Whitefoord claimed the letter signed "Junia" in "The Public Advertiser," which was answered by "Junius" himself, with such indelicate allusions, that he repented having written it, and desired Mr. Woodfall to disown it as the real production of that great political writer.

Mr. Whitefoord's partner had partly rebuilt their house of business in the Adelphi, which was so situated as to afford no sight of the Thames, and had placed a balcony in front. He asked Mr. White-

foord what he thought of the house. "Why, it is a very good one," said he, "and your balcony is the most disinterested one I ever saw."—"Why do you call it disinterested?" said Brown. "Why?" rejoined Whitefoord, "because you can have *no view* in it."

Mr. Whitefoord used to tell many whimsical anecdotes, among which was the following. George Bodens, a well-known character of the time, was enormously bulky, and on leaving one of the clubs in St. James's Street, he had called a sedan-chair, and just as he was entering it a nobleman who was getting into his carriage, seeing him, called to him, and said he would give him a cast home. Bodens then left the chair, and gave the chairman a shilling. "What! no more, your honour?" said the chairman. "Why," said Boden, "I did not enter your chair." "Ah! but consider the fright, please your honour," rejoined the man; and Bodens, though poor himself, gave him another shilling for his humour.

Mr. Whitefoord being a wit himself, naturally became acquainted with the chief wits of his time, and with many much older than himself. He told me stories of Colley Cibber, Quin, and other celebrated characters, which, never thinking I should have occasion to record them, have escaped my memory. I remember his telling me that Colley was particularly severe upon the actors who came forward after he left the stage, and especially on Garrick; and Mr. Whitefoord added, it appeared to him that Colley Cibber's high panegyrics on actors of his own time were not without a view to degrade those of the succeeding period. This allusion, however, could

not apply to Garrick, as Cibber's Apology was published in 1739, and Garrick did not appear in London till two years after.

Mr. Whitefoord once asked him, as he had been a prolific dramatic writer, if he had not some manuscript plays by him that were deserving of public notice. "To be sure I have," said he, "but who are now alive to act them?"

Now I am upon COLLEY CIBBER, I may as well pause upon Mr. Whitefoord, and tell all I have heard of Cibber. The late Mr. Arthur Murphy, speaking of Colley, told me that he once dined with him at Mrs. Woffington's, when he spoke with great contempt of Garrick; and she having said, "Come now, Colley, you must acknowledge he is a very clever young man," his answer was, "He is very well in Fribble;" and on farther urging him, he said, "he does not play Bayes so well as my son." But at last when Murphy joined with the lady in high eulogiums on Garrick, comparing his animated representations of life, and diversities of character, with the stately pomposity of Quin, he was induced to admit that Garrick was an extraordinary young man.

In the course of the evening, Cibber was earnestly entreated to repeat some passage from any character he had performed; and after much importunity he said, "Well, you jade, if you will assist my memory, I will give you the first speech of Sir John Brute." He then delivered the speech with little assistance from the lady, in the most masterly manner, as Mr. Murphy assured me; and when he had praised the good qualities of Lady Brute, closing with "But here she comes," his expression of disgust was more strikingly characteristic of a sur-

feited husband than anything of a similar nature he had ever witnessed on the stage.

Mr. Murphy told me also, that he was once present at Tom's Coffee-house, in Russell Street, Covent Garden, which was only open to subscribers, when Colley was engaged at whist, and an old General was his partner. As the cards were dealt to him, he took up every one in turn, and expressed his disappointment at every indifferent one. In the progress of the game he did not follow suit, and his partner said, "What! have you not a spade, Mr. Cibber?" The latter, looking at his cards, answered, "Oh yes, a thousand;" which drew a very peevish comment from the General. On which Cibber, who was shockingly addicted to swearing, replied, "Don't be angry, for ——— I can play ten times worse if I like."

By all accounts Cibber had more inexhaustible gaiety in his mind and manner than his contemporaries had known of any other character. This peculiar turn of mind is evident in his dedication to his "Apology," in the work itself, and in his letters inserted in the "Correspondence of Richardson, the author of 'Clarissa,' 'Sir Charles Grandison,' &c." The name of the person to whom the dedication to the "Apology" was addressed is not mentioned, but the late Mr. John Kemble assured me that he had authority for saying it was Mr. Pelham, brother to the Duke of Newcastle.

Colley Cibber lived in Berkeley Square, at the north corner of Bruton Street, where my mother told me she saw him once standing at the parlour window, drumming with his hands on the frame. She said that he appeared like a calm,

grave, and reverend old gentleman. With all our admiration of the poetical and moral character of Pope, it must be acknowledged that he absurdly as well as cruelly persecuted Cibber; but the latter well revenged himself in two well-known letters published against "the wicked wasp of Twickenham," as Pope was styled at the time; and the younger Richardson, who was present when Pope was reading one of them, has recorded their effects on the irritable temper of the bard.

I have too long forgotten my friend Mr. Whitefoord, of whom, however, I have little more to say. He called on me one morning apparently full of some interesting information, while I was proprietor and conductor of "The Sun," and desiring me to take up my pen, bade me write as follows:—"Birth. On the — inst. the lady of Caleb Whitefoord, Esq. at his house in Argyle Street, of *twins*;" and he uttered the last word with such a triumphant shout as might almost have been heard in the street. He had a good collection of pictures, and was a judicious critic. He presented me with a small picture of David and Bathsheba, of no great merit, but which he ascribed to Luca Jordano. He was much respected for probity, as well as for his wit and scholarship. He was taken ill of a fever, which alarmed his family, and it was thought proper to send for his solicitor, Mr. James Seaton, one of his old friends, and that gentleman called on me to say that Mr. Whitefoord desired to see me. He was in bed, and manifested his usual good-humour when I entered his room.

Mr. Seaton met me by appointment soon after, and that gentleman in the most delicate manner hinted

to him in my presence that, as there was at his time of life some danger that his illness might not have a favourable termination, it would be proper for him to make a will for the security of his wife and family. He did not seem alarmed, but said "with all my heart." Mr. Seaton was then provided with a paper for instructions, and Mr. Whitefoord remained silent. Mr. Seaton then asked what property he thought he possessed. Mr. Whitefoord still remained silent. At length Mr. Seaton said, "Shall I say 20,000l.?" and his answer was, "I hope so." The will was then arranged, and two or three persons were proposed to Mr. Whitefoord as executors, but he gave satisfactory reasons for rejecting them, and proved that his faculties were by no means impaired. At last Mr. George Nicol, the eminent bookseller of Pall Mall, another friend, a respectable dealer in pictures, and myself, were appointed executors. Mr. Nicol, who was a man of business and universally esteemed for kindness and probity, took the whole burthen upon himself, and discharged the duties of his trust with great zeal, assiduity, and friendship, calling on his coadjutors only when it was necessary to apply their signature to official documents. Mr. Whitefoord died, as far as I recollect, the following day, and I attended his funeral in Paddington church. He was much regretted by his friends for the kindness of his disposition, his humanity, knowledge, and facetious fertility. He was an excellent judge of acting, and an enthusiastic admirer of Garrick. His pictures were numerous and well selected, and among them were many by Sir Joshua Reynolds. He was very fond of music, with which he was reputed to be scientifically conversant, and was in all respects a man of taste and worth.

CHAPTER XXII.

MRS. CORNELYS. My family, in my boyhood, were well acquainted with this extraordinary woman, who once made a distinguished figure in the regions of fashion. Her mansion in Soho Square, which she styled Carlisle House, was admirably arranged for concerts, balls, masquerades, &c. and was peculiarly appropriate for the assemblage of the higher order of visitors. Her house was patronised by some of the chief nobility for many years, till the appearance of the Pantheon, in Oxford Street, a structure of the most beautiful and elegant description, the architectural triumph of the late Mr. James Wyat.

The magnificent edifice of the Pantheon, supported by patrons of the higher order, gave a fatal blow to Carlisle House, the attraction of which gradually declined, till Mrs. Cornelys was at last obliged to relinquish her establishment, and sunk by degrees, till she ultimately became an inhabitant of the Fleet Prison for debt, and I believe remained there some years. Before she came to England, she had been a public singer in Germany, of which she was a native. She brought to this country a son and daughter, to whom she gave a good education. The son, who was a very amiable and accomplished young man, after his mother's fall, assumed the name of Altorf, and for some years was the tutor of the late Earl of Pomfret, who has several times told me that he held him in esteem for his talents, attainments, and moral

character. He went abroad after he left Lord Pomfret, and I never heard what became of him; but from what I knew of him, I doubt not that his talents and character enabled him to support himself respectably.

His sister was of a different description, and is less entitled to a respectful notice in this work. She was the only daughter of Mrs. Cornelys, and he was the only son. What were their ages when their mother first brought them to this country, I know not. She must have arrived in my infancy, as she kept a carriage and a country-house at Hammersmith long before our family were acquainted with her. I never heard where the son was educated, but probably in his earlier years abroad, as he retained a foreign accent, though in full possession of the English language.

The daughter was placed in a Roman Catholic seminary at Hammersmith, generally known by the name of "The Nunnery," which it still bears. Sophy Cornelys was brought from that place when she was about fifteen years of age, and resided with her mother either at Carlisle House, or at her seat at Hammersmith. She had cultivated her musical talents with success, and performed very well upon the piano-forte, the harp, and the common guitar. She had a fine voice, and sang with great taste and expression. After her mother's fall, she began to think the connexion not very creditable to her; and when she once visited her mother in the Fleet, told her that she was sure she was not her daughter, but of noble origin in Germany, and desired to know who really were her parents. It was in vain that the mother, depressed with misfortune, and

shocked at such an unnatural application, with tears in her eyes assured her that her suspicion was wholly unfounded. Sophy resolved to believe the contrary, and, I fear, deserted her unhappy parent. Finding it expedient to give herself a noble extraction, she reported that she was a natural daughter of Prince Charles of Loraine by a lady of quality, and was base enough to insinuate that Mrs. Cornelys wanted to sacrifice her to Lord Pigot, who lived in Soho Square, and was a patron of her mother; though the mother, knowing that Lord Pigot was a man of gallantry, actually sent her daughter to a convent abroad, that she might be out of the way of temptation. It is proper to add, that I have no reason to believe she ever, to use the words of Pope, “broke Diana’s law.”

For some time the present Mr. Charles Butler, well known for his legal knowledge, his attachment to the Roman Catholic religion, his literary talents, and the benevolence of his disposition, allowed her a provision, which enabled her to take apartments near Bedford Row, Bloomsbury. He had known her in her prosperity, was fond of music, and admired her talents. I remember to have heard her sing an air, the words and music of which were composed by that gentleman, of which I reminded him many years afterwards, when I had the pleasure of meeting him at the late Dr. Kitchener’s.

During many months, while Sophy Cornelys was endeavouring to procure a situation as teacher to young ladies in a private family, for which she was well qualified by her musical talents, and her knowledge of the French and Italian languages, it was her custom to come after breakfast to our house in

Hatton Garden, where she continued the remainder of the day, and I always escorted her home at night. She was a very agreeable companion, and by her talents well rewarded my parents and the family for the humble protection which she received. At length Lady Harrington, the mother of the late Earl, took her into her mansion at the Stable Yard, St. James's, and treated her with great kindness. She afterwards resided with her former pupil, the Duchess of Newcastle, when her Grace was Lady Anna Maria Stanhope, one of the beautiful daughters of Lady Harrington.

I was once introduced to the late Lord Harrington by his lively and good-humoured son, then Lord Petersham. I mentioned Miss Cornelys to Lord Harrington, who was glad to be reminded of one of the companions of his youth, and desirous of knowing what had become of her. Old Lady Harrington was very fond of music, and styled Miss Cornelys' voice a "moon-light voice," which, strange as the epithet may appear, was not inappropriate, as it had a soft, calm, plaintive sound, which, like the "sweet echo" of the lady in *Comus*, was more suited to the stillness of night, than "to the garish eye of day."

The next remove of Miss Cornelys was to the protection of old Lady Spencer, who left her a hundred pounds a year at her death. She had resided with the Duchess of Newcastle in Lincolnshire, and with Lady Spencer at Richmond. On the death of the latter, she returned to town, and renewed her acquaintance with some of her earlier friends, but being introduced to the present Princess Augusta, she gradually dropped all intercourse with

her old connexions, and even denied that she ever knew them. I forgot to mention in the proper place, that on the fall of her mother, she was anxious not to be known as Miss Cornelys; and one night when a knock was heard at our street-door, to quiet her fears lest a stranger should hear her name, she begged that I would go to the door myself and prevent intrusion. The person who knocked, happened to be an inquisitive little friend, who was too intimate with the family to be excluded; and asking who was in the parlour, a common name occurred to me, and I told him a Miss Williams. From that time she adopted this name, and retained it amidst all her vicissitudes till her death.

She was totally void of sensibility, but affected great feeling. She was kindly harboured some time by Mrs. Mayor, the wife of Mr. Mayor, formerly Member of Parliament for Abingdon, who was an accomplished lady, and at whose house I was a frequent visitor. One evening when Miss Williams was present, a story of a recent domestic calamity was related, which drew tears from all the company, while Miss Williams forgot herself so much, as to continue her needle-work with apparent indifference. Mrs. Mayor, observing her so unmoved, could not help expressing her surprise that she should hear so lamentable a story, which had so deeply affected all the company, without emotion. Miss Williams, who then thought it time to "assume a virtue if she had it not," twisted the hair upon her forehead, looked wildly, exclaimed, "Oh! it is too much," and rushed hastily out of the room, to give vent to the violence of her sympathy.

At length she withdrew from all intercourse with

those who were likely to have known her in early days, and, obtaining the patronage of the present Princess Augusta, was employed by that amiable branch of the royal family in the distribution of her charities, to whom, no doubt, she submitted cases of calamity that never existed, and allotted the bounties to herself. She was so artful, so suspicious, and so unforgiving, that a lady who was also patronised by the same Princess for her talents as an artist, and who had painted a portrait of her Royal Highness, assured me she was obliged to pay the most cautious homage to Miss Williams, lest she should deprive her of the royal patronage.

It may be thought that I am too harsh in describing one of my early connexions; but I feel it to be a moral duty not to suffer artifice, hypocrisy, and ingratitude, to put themselves forward as virtuous qualities. Besides, Miss Williams was many years older than I was at the time, and I knew too little of the world to be able to pierce through the veil of practised subtlety and dissimulation which she assumed. Far from regretting that I have thus unmasked an artful hypocrite, who has not left any relations to lament her death, I conceive it but just that I should undeceive those whom her cunning might have ensnared into friendship, and hold out a warning to amiable credulity.

The fate of her mother may excite curiosity, and is not unworthy of notice. She was many years in the Fleet Prison after her fall. The friends of her prosperity, as might be supposed, nay, indeed, expected by those who know the world, entirely deserted her, and perhaps she was never visited by her daughter, except upon the impudent pretence of

enquiring who were her noble or princely parents. It is not improbable that her son, if then living, was the means of procuring her liberty and affording her subsistence. After many years, when my late excellent friend Mr. Edward Jerningham, generally styled the poet, was taking me in a carriage to dine with a mutual friend at Hammersmith, we stopped at a house in Knightsbridge, where we alighted, and he introduced me to an old lady, whom I immediately recognised as Mrs. Cornelys. And what, gentle reader, do you suppose was then the calling of this lady, who had formerly been styled "the empress of the regions of elegance and fashion?" That of purveyor of asses' milk.

She had a large brood of the long-eared sisterhood in her service, and despatched them daily to several parts of the town. She was not, however, though far advanced in years, and as might be supposed, subdued by adversity, without a hope that she should possibly regain her influence in the fashionable world; for she aspired to the honour of having a public breakfast, under the patronage of his late Majesty, then Prince of Wales, at her humble dwelling, which might be aptly styled Asinine Hall. She seemed delighted at the idea of being reintroduced to any part of a family who had known her in better times. She then took us into the room intended for the morning fête that was to take place under royal patronage. It exhibited a melancholy proof of the total loss of that taste which had produced such a variety of elegant arrangements at Carlisle House; and consisted of a small room ornamented on all sides, as well as on the ceiling, with bits of variously coloured looking-glass.

As Mr. Jerningham, who was intimately connected with people of the highest rank, and had visited Carlisle House in the meridian of its splendour, and as I, when a boy, had been permitted to see it in that state, the change in her situation absolutely depressed our spirits, and our gloom was not dissipated till we partook of the hospitality of the friend whom we were going to visit.

Before we left her, however, Mr. Jerningham, with his usual kindness, had mentioned me to the lady as possessed of literary talents: which induced her to request that I would write an address to the Prince of Wales, soliciting his Royal Highness to patronize her fête. I complied with her request, and wrote two for the occasion. It will hardly be believed that a young man then attended her daily in the capacity of her secretary, who was to copy the address, and present it in person to the expected royal patron. The princely repast of course never took place; the brood of long-eared nurses fell into other hands, and I never knew what became of this unfortunate victim of fashionable caprice and filial ingratitude.

I may here properly introduce a story which I heard from good authority. The proprietor of the house at Knightsbridge, where Mrs. Cornelys presided over the *milky way*, went abroad as secretary to the Governor of our West India islands, and took with him his wife and an infant daughter in arms. They stopped on their way at some Roman Catholic settlement, and the lady was taken to a nunnery to drink tea. She took her child with her, and the abbess was so pleased with it that she requested to have it taken to the nuns, that they might see so beautiful an infant. During the time that the child

was absent, the abbess endeavoured to persuade the mother to let it remain in the convent, where it should be well provided for through life. The mother, however, of course declined the proposal, and being alarmed, importunately demanded her child. The abbess and the nuns refused to bring it back, and forced the mother out of the place. The mother then applied to the governor of the settlement, and obtained from him an order to restore her child. The child, which was beautiful and healthy when it entered the convent, was restored to her, but so altered and languid that she scarcely knew it, and it died before the morning. Hence it was inferred that the abbess and the sisterhood deemed it more meritorious to murder the infant than suffer it to be brought up a heretic.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HAYDN. The first time that I saw this celebrated composer was at Madame Mara's, in what is now called Foley Place, Marylebone. I had dined there in company with my late friends, Dr. Wolcot and Mr. Crodill, the most eminent performer on the violoncello that perhaps ever existed. Before the wine was removed, Mr. Salomon, the great violin-player, arrived, and brought Haydn with him. They were both old friends of Madame Mara. Haydn did not know a word of English. As soon as we knew who he was, Crodill, who was always in high

spirits, and an enthusiast for musical talent of all kinds, proposed that we should celebrate the arrival of Haydn with three times three. This proposal was warmly adopted and commenced, all parties but Haydn standing up. He heard his name mentioned, but, not understanding this species of congratulation, stared at us with surprise. As soon as the ceremony ended, it was explained to him by Salomon. He was a modest, diffident, and delicate man, and was so confused with this unexpected and novel greeting, that he put his hands before his face and was quite disconcerted for some minutes.

Finding that he was in company with so celebrated a musical performer as Crosdill, and so popular a poet as Peter Pindar, whose fame had reached him in Germany, he felt himself comfortable, and we did not separate till a late hour, to the perfect satisfaction of Madame Mara, who was delighted to see so great a genius as Haydn enjoying the animated character of Crosdill, the sarcastic shrewdness of Salomon, and the whimsical sallies of Peter Pindar. A few months after, when Haydn had acquired some knowledge of the English language, Mr. Salomon invited him, Dr. Wolcot, and myself, to dine at the coffee-house in Vere Street, Oxford Street, in a private room. Salomon, who was a very intelligent man, entertained us with anecdotes of distinguished characters in Germany, and explained many observations which Haydn made on the works of Handel, Mozart, and other eminent musicians; at length the name of Pleyel was mentioned, and Dr. Wolcot, who was apt to blunder, burst into a rapturous eulogium on the admired concertante of that composer, and on his taste and genius as a musician.

The doctor carried his zeal to such an extent, forgetting that there was so great a musical genius in the room, that Haydn at last, readily admitting the merit of Pleyd, could not help adding a little warmly, "But I hope it will be remembered that he was my pupil." The doctor felt this remark as a rebuke, and attempted a confused apology.

I afterwards met Haydn at Mrs. Billington's at Brompton. The party was large. Shield was present; but the room was disgraced by the appearance of a man named Williams, who was *not better* known by the assumed designation of Anthony Pasquin. This man was by no means destitute of talents or humour, but was vain, vulgar, insolent, and overbearing. His works are marked by low malignity. He was the terror of the middling and lower order of actors and artists, and would call on them in a morning, ask them if they dined at home, and finding that they did, would impudently order them to get a particular dish, and sometimes bring an acquaintance with him at the appointed hour. This practice he carried on for many years, almost subsisting upon timid painters and performers, musical and theatrical, who were afraid of his attacks in newspapers, or in his abusive verses.

At the dinner which I have mentioned, he sat opposite to Haydn, whom he suddenly addressed in the following manner. "Mr. Haydn, you are the greatest genius that I ever saw," concluding with a very coarse and violent asseveration. Haydn was confused, and the company shocked, not only by this vulgar salutation, but by the general coarseness and obtrusiveness of his manners.

Hearing that Mr. Shield, Dr. Wolcot, and myself,

had ordered a coach at night, he watched us, and as we were getting into it, forced himself upon us, alleging that he would pay his portion of the fare. Shield, who was all good nature and kindness, readily assented, but to the horror of Dr. Wolcot, who with great difficulty concealed the disgust which Pasquin had excited. Willing to have a little harmless mischief in the coach, I jogged Shield, who with all his benevolence was fond of fun. I expressed myself highly gratified in being a fellow passenger with two men of great genius, who had both distinguished their poetical powers under fictitious appellations, observing how gratifying it would be to the world if they would unite their powers, and publish a work in conjunction, proposing that they should shake hands together to ratify the undertaking. Pasquin immediately stretched forth his hand, and declared that he should feel great pride in such a literary alliance, and attempted to seize the hand of Wolcot, who felt unwilling to offer it, and held it in such a manner as if he feared contagion in the touch. I resumed the subject, and was beginning to predict some admirable production of their united genius, when Wolcot could no longer restrain his feelings, but accused me, with great warmth, of endeavouring to promote mischief. I appealed to Shield, who enjoyed the joke, whether I had not endeavoured rather to promote harmony between two persons who were before strangers to each other. Finding its effect upon Shield, for whom the doctor had a sincere regard, he began to see that I had nothing but merry mischief in view, and remained silent; still nothing could induce him to turn towards Pasquin, who sat on the same side with

him. At length the coach stopped, by order, at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, and the moment the man opened the door, Pasquin bolted out and ran towards the Strand. Wolcot, seeing him run off, imitated his example, and ran the contrary way, with as little ceremony. I however pursued him, but he took hold of the church rails, laughed heartily, saying, "As soon as I saw Gibbet run, I resolved to follow his example." However, he came back to Shield, and readily paid his portion of the fare, not without some reluctance on the part of Shield, who wanted to consider the coach as wholly his own, particularly as he had suffered Pasquin to enter it. We then concluded a pleasant night together.

Among the theatrical performers upon whom this Anthony Pasquin levied contributions was Mrs. Abington, and as this lady had by no means been a votaress of Diana in the earlier part of her life, he exercised a double power over her, for if she rejected his applications for pecuniary assistance, he could not only wound her feelings by alluding to scenes which she of course wished to be buried in oblivion, but could bitterly animadvert upon her theatrical exertions while she remained on the stage. Such was her terror of this predatory financier, that she submitted to all his exactions.

My friend William Cooke, the old barrister, who was really her friend, endeavoured to rescue her from this thralldom, but in vain; Pasquin invited himself to dine with her whenever he pleased, and always reversed the usual order of things, by making her pay him for attending her involuntary invitations.

When my late friend William Gifford published a new edition of his "*Baviad and Mæviad*," he

alluded in some bitter strictures to Anthony, who brought actions against the author, and a considerable number of booksellers who had sold the work. The chief defendant employed Mr. Garrow as his counsel, and in the defence, that gentleman cited so many infamous passages from Pasquin's works, of an offensive description, that he was nonsuited, and obliged to fly to America, to avoid the pressure of the law expenses which he had incurred. In America, he was employed by the proprietor of a newspaper hostile to Cobbett, to attack that writer, but though Anthony had a ready knack at rhyming, he was a bad prose writer, and found Peter Porcupine too formidable an adversary, and the strong pen of that author soon drove him back to England, where he was obliged to live in obscurity for fear of his creditors. He however emerged again, was employed to write for a morning paper, and dragged on a precarious subsistence.

During the time he was in America, there was a report of his death. Mr. Cooke immediately went to Mrs. Abington, and congratulated her on the death of her literary tyrant. Mrs. Abington, who knew the man, and suspected the artifices which he was likely to adopt, far from manifesting the pleasure which Mr. Cooke thought his news was calculated to excite, displayed a painful expression on her features, and earnestly addressing him, said, "Are you sure he is dead?" The event justified her doubt, for after having compromised with his creditors, who wisely reflected on the folly of throwing away money in law upon such a man, they suffered him to subsist upon the depredation of the pen.

His despicable life really ended some years ago at

an obscure village not far from London. It was my misfortune to be in early life acquainted with this man, before he was so degraded a character, and he consulted me on the state of his eyes. I lamented the connexion, but bore it with fortitude. I lost his *friendship* unexpectedly. On the day when the late Mr. West, the President of the Royal Academy, first exhibited his large fine picture of Christ Rejected, as I was going to see it I met Pasquin, who was returning from the private view. He told me where he had been, and I asked him what he thought of the picture. He said that there were some beauties and many faults. "Ay," said I, "but you are so kind and liberal-minded, that you will take no notice of the latter." He left me abruptly with a frown, and though we often passed each other afterwards, he never condescended to notice me again.

Worthless and despicable as this man was, I cannot but condemn the manner in which he had been treated on an occasion which developed his character, and doomed him to irremovable disgrace. He had, doubtless under a consciousness of the terrors of his pen, and the boldness of his arrogance, for he affected the character of a hero, uttered something that disgusted the company at a tavern in Bow-street, Covent Garden, and an apology was demanded on his knees, which he refused to give. He was then assailed by persons of more strength than himself, and so severely beaten, that, partly from weakness and partly from fear, he fell on his knees and uttered all that was required, and then sunk to the ground, in which situation he was kicked in the mouth, and his front teeth, which were fine ones,

were driven from their sockets. This treatment was cruelty, not just resentment. It would have been surely sufficient to have pulled the lion's skin from the detected ass.

Having mentioned Mr. West, I must indulge myself in a tribute of respect to him as an old and esteemed friend. I knew him very many years, and often visited him in his painting-room, where I derived much pleasure from his conversation. The Royal Academy used to have a dinner on the anniversary of the birthday of the late Queen Charlotte, and the members had the privilege of introducing a friend. I was the guest of Mr. West on these occasions for many years, and he generally placed me next to himself on his left hand at the cross-table. On one occasion, seeing the late Sir Henry, then Mr. Raeburn, unnoticed at one of the long tables, as I had the pleasure of knowing him, I suggested to Mr. West that the great artist of Edinburgh was present, and that I was sure he would be glad to show Mr. Raeburn a mark of his respect. Mr. West readily adopted the hint, and after a handsome compliment to Mr. Raeburn on his professional merit, invited him to a seat at the cross-table. Mr. Raeburn, who was a very modest and amiable man, was quite confused by this unexpected notice, but, expressing his thanks in a few words, he could not avoid the invitation. When he came to the cross-table, he said with a good-natured reprehension, "You brought all this embarrassment upon me."

While my son was at the high school at Edinburgh, he received much kind attention from this estimable gentleman, who told me in a letter that he had made a sketch of a young friend for me, and

soon after sent to me a finished and beautiful portrait of my son.

I once before had an opportunity of drawing from an obscure situation a gentleman by station and character entitled to public respect. This gentleman was Mr. Jay, the American minister to the British Government. I dined on a Lord Mayor's day at Guildhall, in one of the private rooms, and Mr. Jay was pointed out to me. I thought that from respect to the American Government its minister should be more distinguished. I therefore went to the cross-table in the great hall, and in a whisper told Sir John Scott, now the venerable Lord Eldon, whom I had the honour of knowing, the situation of Mr. Jay. Sir John immediately informed the Lord Mayor, who instantly sent an officer to invite Mr. Jay to the cross-table, where he was received with the distinction due to his character as the American representative. I had not the pleasure of being acquainted with Mr. Jay, and never saw him afterwards.

Mr. West was mild and respectful in his manners. He was very susceptible of jocularities, and told a story with humour. In his serious narratives, while he always kept in view the main features, he never lost sight of those particulars which tended to render the subject more perspicuous, or to illustrate the character to which it essentially related. His account of the origin and progress of Washington, which I have heard him more than once relate, was interesting to a very high degree.

As an artist, it would be presumptuous in me to offer my opinion of him, as his works are before the world, and have firmly established his reputation.

The vast number of his productions, and the variety of the subjects, demonstrate the force of his mind and the power of his imagination. The extensive collection of his works and their general merit, ought to have rendered them a national feature, and it is by no means a credit to the American Government that it declined to purchase them in their combined state, as they might have been had for a sum that a government must be supposed well able to afford. Besides, such a collection would not only have been a national school for a rising country, but have been an honour to America, of which the artist was a native.

I am sorry to observe that the hostility towards West and his works, which appears in the poems of Dr. Wolcot, was not creditable to him, even as a critic, and was evidently the result of his partiality to Opie, not without just grounds of suspicion that he was actuated by interested motives. Mr. West was by no means illiberal in his comments on the works of rival artists, but on the contrary was a warm patron of rising talents. He zealously encouraged the promising talents of the late Mr. Harlowe, who, if his private qualities had entitled him as much to respect as his genius did to admiration, would have stood high in the esteem of all lovers of art. Mr. West was an affectionate husband and father, and he was chosen President of the Royal Academy on account of his personal worth, as well as because he was deemed, from his general skill, judgment, and knowledge, the best qualified to succeed Sir Joshua Reynolds.

When Mr. West brought forward his picture of "Christ Rejected," it was purchased by many noblemen and other admirers of the fine arts. As a

grateful return for their liberal protection, he had a medal struck, on one side of which was a profile of his face, and on the other a list of his subscribers. He presented one of these medals to me with the following letter, which I preserve with pride as the relique of a friend and a man of extraordinary genius :—

Mr. West presents his respects to his friend John Taylor, Esq. and requests that he will honour Mr. West by accepting the enclosed medal as a token of his great respect, (as a friend for many years,) and to keep it in his possession as a mark of that friendship.

Newman Street, July 19, 1816.

CHAPTER XXIV.

JOHN STEWART the traveller. With this gentleman, who was generally known by the name of Walking Stewart, I was intimately acquainted for many years, and I never knew a man with more diffusive benevolence, for he not only felt an interest in the welfare of mankind but of all sensitive nature. He thought it loss of time to speculate on the origin of worlds. As Socrates was said to have brought philosophy down from heaven, it may be said of Stewart also, that he endeavoured to inculcate such doctrines as should induce human beings to promote the happiness of each other, and to consider

that object as the chief interest as well as duty of man.

He held that there was a perpetual revolution in nature, and that, as Pope says,

“ All forms that perish other forms supply;”

objecting, however, to the word perish, considering death as only the dispersion of matter, and that it always would be connected with sensation. Hence he maintained that it was the eternal interest of man to exempt as much as possible all sensitive beings from pain, as, when he had lost the human form, he would become a part of all inferior animals of every description, and consequently the matter of which he once consisted would bear a portion of the pain inflicted upon beings susceptible of physical evil to a certain degree. For instance, in the case of a hackney horse, if you could induce those persons under whose control it might fall, to treat the animal kindly, they might be less liable to pain when they became a part of such an animal; and so of all other beings that might be under the government of man.

He used to enforce this system with a vast variety of illustrations, and with a powerful command of language. His father was an eminent linen-draper in Bond Street, who placed him at the Charterhouse for classical education, and in due time procured for him a writership in the service of the East India Company. After being some time in India, and discovering, as he conceived, many enormous abuses in our Asiatic settlements, he wrote to the directors at home, stating all those abuses and pointing out the means of remedy. No notice, as might be expected, was taken of his letter, and he wrote

again, signifying that if the directors did not remove these abuses, which were injurious to the company and disgraceful to the British character, he should think himself privileged to relinquish the service, and seek employment among the Native powers.

Finding all his efforts ineffectual, he quitted the British settlements, but was pursued, and refusing to return, he was actually shot, though not severely. He was then forced to return, but found an opportunity of escape. He was taken prisoner by the troops of Hyder Ally, and when brought to that potentate, was told by him that, if he did not enter into his army, he should be treated as a spy. He was therefore obliged to submit, in order to save his life, and was concerned in many actions under Hyder with other Native powers. He was again wounded, but not materially. How long he remained in the service of Hyder, I know not. He afterwards entered into the service of the Nabob of Arcot, in the civil department, and held the appointment of treating secretary. His office was to receive, entertain, and otherwise accommodate all persons who came as ambassadors, or on any public mission, to the nabob. In this service he expended a great part of what he possessed, and the nabob was in arrears for salary to him to a very considerable amount.

Seeing no hope of being reimbursed, he determined to return to Europe, and resolved to visit Persia in his way home ; but, finding that the Persian monarch was at war with a neighbouring power, he endeavoured to procure a passage in a mercantile vessel that was leaving the country. Being considered an infidel, he was not suffered to take his

passage in the vessel, lest some evil should befall the captain and his crew, but a cage was provided for him on the side of the ship. He was exposed to the spray of the sea for a fortnight, but was provided with food every day, and suffered no other inconvenience than that of being in such an uncomfortable situation. He then visited various countries, and among others Lapland, in which he went a mile and half beyond the place marked as the utmost limit of human visitation.

When I was first introduced to him in this country, he wore the Armenian habit. He continued to wear it till it was worn out, and then assumed the usual European attire. When he first returned from India, he possessed about 3000*l.*; how acquired I know not, but, I have no doubt, with perfect integrity, for he was a truly honest and honourable man;—probably in the service of Hyder Ally, and other Native princes, to whom he had rendered himself useful, for his knowledge was so various and extensive that he seemed to be acquainted with the secrets of all trades and callings. After trying various means to dispose of the major part of what he brought from India, he deposited it in the French funds, not long before the Revolution. He was, I believe, to receive an annuity of 300*l.* part of which was actually paid to him during the time of the revolutionary government; at length however it was wholly withdrawn. But with what he retained of his Asiatic acquirement he went to America; and on his return to this country was so reduced in his circumstances, that he was wholly dependent for support on a humane and respectable tradesman in the Borough of Southwark, who had married his sister.

In America he supported himself by delivering lectures upon his system, as to its being the interest of man, in what he styled the state of personal identity, to exercise benevolence to every species of animal wherever he might have the opportunity. During his stay in America, he was reduced to so low a state, as to solicit a very rich man to suffer him to sit by his kitchen fire, and allow him a Johnny cake daily for food. This Johnny cake, he said, was the value of a halfpenny; yet this rich man, who had known him in India, refused to grant either of his requests.

He at length returned to England, and threw himself again upon the protection of his brother-in-law. His sister, I believe, was dead. On the settlement of the affairs of the Nabob of Arcot, about sixteen thousand pounds were awarded to Stewart, after some difficulty in proving the justness of his claims. He then discharged all his pecuniary obligations to his brother-in-law, and some few debts, which, with all his moderation, he could not avoid contracting.

Previous to this decision in his favour, he lodged at the White Bear, in Piccadilly, and I believe gratuitously, for the landlord had a great respect for him, and when I went to inquire for him, he always expressed an anxious wish for his return from America, and his readiness to afford him every accommodation. After his return from America, finding that the French revolutionary principles appeared to be gaining ground, and thinking that they were likely to destroy all regular governments, and to give an ascendancy to the mob, he again departed for America, considering that country as the only secure

asylum for the friends of order and rational freedom. He was, however, a friend to monarchy and legislative government; and even maintained that the authority of the laws, while not inconsistent with the civil liberty of the subject, should be rigidly enforced.

He considered me as one of his most particular friends, and used to visit me every Sunday morning for some years. I have many of his letters, which generally commenced in the following manner: "Dear fellow part of our common integer, Nature," which I always endeavoured to answer in the same style. He published many works, most of which I possess. They are written in so lofty a style as to be generally unintelligible, particularly in the use of scientific terms with a novel application. His first work was entitled "Travels to discover the Source of Moral Motion;" and he laughed when people inquired as to the manners, customs, dress, or governments, of the several countries he had visited, declaring that his purpose was to ascertain what were the principles of justice and morality which were held as standard rules in all places.

People with good understandings, who did not take the trouble of examining his doctrines, deterred by the peculiarity of the language, too hastily concluded that he was insane; but those who did examine them, revered his understanding and admired his benevolence. In conversation he made his most difficult works clear by the aptness and variety of his illustrations. Though his mind appeared to be wholly absorbed in his doctrines, yet he seemed to be well acquainted with human nature, and his advice upon most subjects evinced so much knowledge

and judgment, that he was never consulted on any matter of familiar life and business without advantage ; and I heard a very intelligent lady, who was one of his great admirers, say, that she believed he could give the best directions even for “ the making of a pudding.”

When his claims on the Nabob were satisfied, he immediately purchased an annuity for his life, and, as I heard, too hastily, for he might have obtained better terms if he had waited ; but he had experienced the vicissitudes of life, and security was his chief object. He took apartments in Cockspur Street, and invited a few select friends to dine with him every Sunday, and I was always a favourite guest. After dinner, and before the wine was removed, he usually gave a lecture upon his own peculiar doctrines, but observing that his guests entered into general conversation, and did not appear to be very attentive to his discourse, he gave up the dinners, and substituted evening parties to tea and music, to which both sexes were invited : he engaged public performers to assist on the occasion, and his parties were usually well attended.

He was very fond of music, and purchased annual tickets at the theatres, but chiefly where he could hear most music, not caring the least for dramatic performances, or the words which accompanied the music.

Dramatic scenes of bloodshed he abhorred, and used to ask what impression the murders of Richard and Macbeth could be supposed to make on him who had lived under tyrants in the east, where human life was never secure, and where not only families of all ranks, but whole districts have been swept off in a moment.

He deluded himself into a belief that his system of philosophy was so important, that it would in time become universally prevalent. He had an intention of having his name engraved on a projecting rock in the Atlantic, in the largest characters the place would admit, in order that passengers in ships, seeing the name, might be induced to examine his principles. He affected singularity in his dress, in order that, by attracting attention to his person, he might bring his doctrines into notice. He always dressed in black, and wore a spencer throughout the summer. He generally stuffed a red pocket-handkerchief into his breast, but in such a manner that part of it might be seen. I asked him why he did so. He said it looked buckish, attracted attention, and would consequently lead spectators to inquire into his doctrines, and thus give them a chance of being universally current.

He never liked to talk upon the subject of religion, because he did not wish to shake the religious opinions of any person, considering that they operate, like law, as a restraint upon irregular passions. In contradiction to those intelligent persons, who, thinking him insane, would not take the trouble to examine his doctrines, I may state what was said of him by Mr. Combe, whose intellectual powers were of a high order. He told me that when he met Mr. Stewart in the street, and had some conversation with him, he never went away without feeling his mind enlarged.

Mr. Walker, author of "The Pronouncing Dictionary," and of many valuable works, once met Stewart at my house in Hatton Garden. They began to converse, and Walker, who, though a rigid

Roman Catholic, was a very sensible man, quoted something from Scripture, which Stewart, being rather deaf, did not hear, for otherwise he would have thought a reference to Holy Writ, upon a philosophical subject, so absurd, that he would not have thought Walker worthy of any farther conversation. I contrived, however, to keep them upon the subject of the improvement of the mind, which was a primary object of both, and they parted in mutual good humour.

If he were not questioned on the subject of the manners, customs, &c. of the various countries which he had visited, he would give very interesting relations upon those subjects, which otherwise he considered as too trifling to deserve notice. In these relations he displayed great humour, and admirable powers of mimicry and versatility, particularly in imitating the tone and manners of foreigners. How he could have obtained this knowledge, it is difficult to say, considering his abstraction from the ordinary concerns of life ;—it seemed like intuition.

Unwilling to press too much upon the kindness of his brother-in-law, he thought of studying and acting the part of Macheath, and to engage the Haymarket theatre for that purpose, conceiving that the singularity of his character would bring a full house. The fortunate adjustment of his claims upon the Nabob, however, frustrated his design.

Sadler's Wells, Astley's, and other minor theatres, were the places where he thought he could hear most music, but if any scenes of horror and bloodshed occurred during the performance, he always turned his back upon the stage.

Though he was so well acquainted with mankind,

he was so little inclined to suspicion, that when a person addressed him in the Park, and entered into conversation with him, without learning who or what he was, he invited him to his dinner parties. Luckily the person was an American of respectable character.

He accounted for the earnestness with which he examined all subjects, and his great inclination to habits of reflection, by stating that his mother kept him under such strict discipline in the early part of his life, that even in putting down his hat, or doing any trifling action during her superintendence, he felt himself obliged to consider whether he should act in a manner that she would approve.*

In fine mornings he used to seat himself on Westminster Bridge, in order to contemplate the passing crowd. Mr. Combe told me that he used to meet him for the purpose of engaging in conversation with him, and assured me that he never left Stewart without feeling his own mind enlarged by Stewart's acute remarks and profound reflections. Yet Combe was not likely to underrate his own powers, and was very capable of estimating those of others.

On Stewart's death, as a bottle was found empty in his bed-room which had contained laudanum, it was surmised that he purposely destroyed himself; but however circumstances might seem to justify such a suspicion, I never could give credit to it for I am persuaded he thought his life of so much

* It is strange that Dr. Wolcot, though so daring in his satirical attacks upon public characters, told me that he was kept under rigid control by two aunts, who cowed his spirit to such a degree, that though he had long been released from their tyranny, he never should think himself a man.

importance to man and all animals to which sensitive matter might be united, that he would have been glad to have had it extended till he saw the triumph of his benignant principles. He made two wills, one of which he had signed, and the other of a later date, which he intended to sign, and get attested the day after, but he died, as it appeared, suddenly in the night. By the latter will he had left fifty pounds to me, but the former was, of course, adopted. He had a complete command over his temper and passions; when he was tempted towards any licentious indulgence, from which he had no religious principles to restrain him, he used to pause and consider how the money which it would cost him might be better employed. He then used to explore the haunts of poverty, and purchase in the neighbourhood articles of dress for the children that he saw in them, and give the parents money to buy food. He would, however, stay to see that it was devoted to the purpose for which he had bestowed it.

So intent was he upon the diffusion of his principles, that he actually walked to Edinburgh for the sole purpose of discussing them with the late Dugald Stewart, who happened at that time to be at a distance. His death deprived the world of an amiable man, and me of a sincere friend.

CHAPTER XXV.

MR. JOHN OPIE, R.A. This artist was one of those whom Nature ordains to rise into eminence, notwithstanding the lowness and obscurity of their origin. He was the son of a carpenter in Cornwall, and, at an early period, discovered a propensity to drawing, which his father did not discourage. Dr. Wolcot, having heard of the boy, and being fond of painting, desired to see him. For that purpose he went to the father's house, where he asked for John, and the boy presented himself. The doctor desired to see his drawings, and he ran across the yard to fetch them. Wolcot told me that he should always have in his ears the sound of the boy's leather apron clattering between his knees, as he ran eagerly to bring the proofs of his graphic skill. Rough and uncouth as these specimens of his talents were, the doctor was persuaded that he saw indications of a genius which deserved cultivation. He therefore took him into his own house at Fowey, and gave him all the instruction in his power.

Opie made such rapid improvement under the doctor's tuition, that he had soon the courage to offer himself to the inhabitants as a portrait-painter. His efforts were encouraged, but his gains at first were very small. I believe his original price was five shillings for a likeness. The next price was half-a-guinea, and he raised his demand in his progress to Exeter, where he boldly required a

guinea, and then thought himself in the high road to affluence. He lived many years with Dr. Wolcot, as well as I can recollect, with whom he profited in literature as well as in painting.

Opie possessed a strong mind, and a retentive memory. He soon became conversant with Shakespeare and Dryden, and both understood and felt their beauties. He did not improve in his manners, in proportion to his other attainments, for a blunt sincerity always characterized his behaviour. He had a strong sense of humour, and was capable of lively sallies, as well as of shrewd and forcible remarks. He readily acknowledged the merit of his competitors, particularly Sir Joshua Reynolds, and I never saw the least symptom of envy in his disposition. I was very intimate with him for many years, during the life of his first wife; but as his second wife introduced new connexions, and a coolness had arisen between him and Dr. Wolcot, and as I was upon the most friendly footing with the doctor, I did not think it proper to keep up a close intercourse with both, and therefore seldom saw Opie again till during the illness which terminated in his death.

It was reported that a written compact had taken place between the doctor and Opie, in which the latter had agreed to give a certain share of his profits to the former, for the instruction which he had derived from him, as well as for his board, lodging, and other supplies, while they had lived together. I believe this report was not wholly unfounded, and that the compact was dissolved by the interference of the father of Opie's first wife, which induced the doctor, in anger and disgust, to relinquish all claims

upon the successful artist. The consequence was, the coolness which I have mentioned; and after this adjustment, Wolcot and Opie seldom, if ever, met again.

It must be admitted, that Opie was much indebted to Wolcot for his early patronage, and afterwards for his zealous literary support, particularly in his "Odes to the Royal Academicians." Indeed, there is too much reason to believe that the doctor's unjust and persevering attacks upon the works of Mr. West were indirectly intended as a sacrifice to the rising reputation of Opie. It was not to be expected that Opie would object to this poetical incense in his favour, because he had to rise among innumerable competitors; yet, from all I observed of his disposition, I am persuaded he was too liberal to excite, or to encourage the doctor in his severity on others, particularly on Mr. West, of whose talents and knowledge in his art he has often spoken to me with respect.

His rustic habits were too firmly fixed for him wholly to subdue them, yet nobody could better conceive what a gentleman should be; and during the latter years of his life, he endeavoured, and not without success, to illustrate his conception by his manners. His rough sincerity, however, was not merely the effect of his early associations with rustic society, for much of it was doubtless imputable to his domestic intercourse with Dr. Wolcot. The latter was vigorous in his sentiments, energetic, and, indeed, rough in his manners, and according to the adage, that "everything begets its like," there is a contagion in temper from which it is difficult to escape in close association.

There is a well-written sketch of the life and character of Opie, in a very amusing work entitled "The Family Library," but as the author did not know the man, he has fallen into some mistakes. I do not believe, as that author states, that Opie was ever a menial servant of Wolcot's, but lived with him as a pupil and a companion. If he had lived with him in such a servile capacity, I am sure the doctor's pride and subsequent resentment would have induced him to state the fact. The first anger of Wolcot against Opie, as the former told me, arose at finding that Opie had supplanted him in the affections of a favourite female servant, "but," said the doctor, "I forgave him, as I knew, with Shakspeare, that 'Frailty, thy name is Woman.'"

That Opie was indebted to Wolcot for support and instruction during many years before he came to London, must be admitted. The doctor, therefore, might look for some remuneration from the compact into which they had mutually entered, and which he was reluctantly and resentfully induced to relinquish by the interposition, as I have said, of the father of Opie's first wife.

The biographical sketch which I have mentioned, imputes to Wolcot a habit of swearing, but I can truly say, that during the long period I was acquainted with him, (with some intervention,) I never observed him swear more than people in general do when much excited; and that it was by no means his habit: strange, indeed, as the assertion may appear, I think no man had higher notions of a gentleman in the abstract, or even of romantic attachment to female beauty and merit, than Dr. Wolcot.

I remember one evening when I had been much

irritated, and “perplexed in the extreme,” by some untoward event, and expressed myself with too much vehemence, the doctor rebuked me, and said, “Taylor, be always elegant—never lose sight of the gentleman.”

It is impossible to excuse his wanton attacks upon the good old King George the Third; but it is a disgrace to the public, that the success of those attacks should have tempted him to persevere in them. I am reluctant to palliate, in any respect, these indecent and disloyal levities, to use the mildest term, upon so amiable and benevolent a king; but I can venture solemnly to say that the doctor entertained the highest notion of the kingly character, and it was therefore because our revered monarch did not reach to his beau ideal of what a monarch should be, that he continued his satirical hostility. Indeed, it must be admitted, that pecuniary advantage was not without its influence on his mind, for though he possessed landed property, it was but small, and with little practice in his profession, if any, he might find it necessary to profit by his writings. He had, however, in the beginning, but little encouragement to proceed in his poetical career, for he assured me that his first “Odes on the Royal Academy” failed in attracting public notice, spirited and original as they must be deemed; the publication cost him forty pounds.

I have often wondered at the boldness of his attacks on the royal character, and his general licence of satire, as he was naturally, by his own acknowledgment, by no means of a heroic disposition; but he was seduced by popular favour and its consequent pecuniary profit. He was once, indeed,

so alarmed at the report that the law officers of government were disposed to notice his attempts to degrade the royal character, that he actually, as he told me, made preparations to depart suddenly for America, but, on reflection, determined to stay till legal proceedings had positively been commenced against him.

It has often been observed that his genius would have been more distinguished if he had employed his muse on some large work, rather than on temporary sallies, but genius must pursue its natural bent, and his did not incline towards elaborate compositions.

Opie, like most of the artists whom I have known, was afraid of the sarcastic powers of Fuseli, and therefore became intimately connected with him. To this fear, I am disposed to think, Fuseli was indebted for the several places which he was permitted to hold in the Royal Academy. Yet I know that Opie despised the works of Fuseli, though he was awed by the venom of his tongue, which spared neither friend nor foe.

A few more words on Fuseli, and he deserves but few. His works are in general distortions, and no person of sound taste would ever afford them house-room. I remember that Opie said to me of Fuseli's picture of a scene in Hamlet, representing the ghost of Hamlet's father, "The Royal Dane," that the ghost reminded him of those figures over the dials of chamber-clocks, which move by starts, according to the movements of the works within. In my opinion a very apt comparison, notwithstanding the opinion of my friend Mr. Combe (Dr. Syntax), who said of this picture that it gave him the only idea which painting had ever suggested to him of an apparition.

Dr. Wolcot said of Fuseli's representation of a scene in "The Midsummer Night's Dream," that the number of wild fantastic figures scattered over it made it look exactly like a toy-shop. I never liked Fuseli, and, fearless of his satire, never concealed my opinion. The late Mr. Farington, an excellent artist and a worthy and intelligent man, knew that Fuseli was no favourite with me, and anxious to serve him, he came and invited me to meet him at dinner, bringing with him Fuseli's lectures, which had just been published, and requesting that I would take extracts from them for insertion in a public journal which I then conducted. He said, "I know you do not like Fuseli, but when I tell you that he is in but indifferent circumstances, I know you will meet and endeavour to serve him." I met him, and the late Sir George Beaumont was of the party. The mild and elegant manners of that amiable baronet had an influence upon Fuseli, who endeavoured to make himself agreeable, and the day passed off very pleasantly.

Not long after I met Fuseli in company, and he asked me when I had seen Farington, and having told him that it was some time ago, he said, loud enough for the company to hear him, "Then he don't want *a puff*." Such was his gratitude to the liberal friend who had interfered in his favour.

Another time I dined with him at the house of Mr. Boaden, a gentleman well known in the literary world. Mr. Colman and Mr. Charles Kemble were among the company. Fuseli being asked for a toast, gave "Peter Pindar." When his turn came to drink his own toast, he refused, saying, "I give him as a toast, but I will not drink to his honour." Stupid as

this conduct was, his admirers, perhaps, may consider his answer as a *bon mot*.

I could say much more respecting Fuseli, but as it would not be in his favour, I check my pen, wondering, however, that, as an artist or a wit, he could have ever been the subject either of fear or panegyric; though he certainly was the subject of fear on account of his sarcastic disposition, and to that probably, as I have said, he was indebted for admission into the Royal Academy, and for the situations in it that were conferred on him.

To return to Opie. He had great power of raillery, and I have witnessed a contest between him and Dr. Wolcot, who uttered very strong things, when Opie maintained his part so well as to render the victory doubtful. They were neither of them sparing in personal severity, but never came to a serious quarrel.

It has been said, that Opie was slow in commending the works of his competitors, but, as far as I had an opportunity of observing his character, I was induced to form a contrary opinion. I know that he bestowed liberal praise on the productions of the late Mr. Owen, and also on those of Northcote. He always spoke in terms of the highest commendation of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and I remember that, alluding to a scene painted by that great artist from "The Midsummer Night's Dream," he expressed the utmost delight at the contemplative posture in which Bottom is represented with the ass's-head, leaning on his arm in pensive meditation. In fact, I have heard him as warm in praising contemporary productions in his art, as in his admiration of his favourite poets Shakspeare and Dryden.

It has been observed also that little has been said respecting his first wife. I knew her well, and am disposed to speak more with regret than severity on the cause which deprived her of her husband. Opie was devoted to his art, to which he chiefly and almost solely seemed to direct his attention. He had many visitors, and among them some, perhaps, who took advantage of his professional absorption and flattered his young and agreeable wife. She was a pretty little woman, with pleasing and unaffected manners. Being left much to herself, and at liberty to go abroad when and where she pleased, it was not wonderful that, comparing the unavoidable neglect of her husband with the persevering attention of a gallant, she should manifest the frailty of human nature. A Major Edwards was the successful gallant, and after the separation from Opie was legally confirmed, he married her, a strong proof in support of her expected fidelity. He died, and as I have heard, left her in respectable independence. Since the death of the Major I have heard that she has constantly resided with her brother, who holds some military employment, and that she always accompanies him wherever he may be called by his military duty. I was well acquainted with her, and introduced my former wife to her, which assuredly I should not have done if I had observed any incorrectness of conduct or manners.

Mr. Opie's second wife has rendered herself so conspicuous in society by her literary talents and accomplishments in private life, that no eulogium on my part can add to the general estimation in which her character is held. I knew her a little before her marriage, and saw in the lively girl a promise of

those talents which have been since so much and so deservedly admired. She evinced her regard for the memory of her husband by giving his remains an honourable and splendid funeral, which I was invited to attend, among some of the most distinguished literary characters and eminent artists of the time, and the body was deposited in the vaults of St. Paul's Cathedral. She also employed the elder Mr. Smirke to design an appropriate memorial, from which an excellent print was engraved, and distributed among the numerous friends and connexions who had been invited to the mournful ceremony of interment.

Such was the close of Opie's life, a man who raised himself into merited distinction and comparative affluence by great original powers, and who, if he had possessed the advantage of being born in a higher station, and also of having had his mind cultivated in early life, would, most probably, have distinguished himself in any province to which his talents might have been directed that demanded ^{the} the great intellectual energy.

As a proof that his mind was of no ordinary cast, I have heard Mr. Northcote, a profound judge of human nature, say of Opie, that his mind was superior to that of any other person whom he ever knew, and that all other men were children to him. As Opie was more intimate with Northcote than with any other person, and as the latter had full opportunities of estimating his character, the testimony of so acute and intelligent a man may well be received without hesitation. On the other hand, I can with equal truth declare, that Opie entertained the highest opinion of the mental powers and profes-

sional merits of Mr. Northcote, as is evident from the intimate intercourse which subsisted between them, for they were together almost every evening at each other's houses.

Northcote had the advantage of a good education, and had improved his mind by travelling to Rome, that great repository of the arts, as well as to most places in Italy and France celebrated for the possession of graphic treasures; and Opie, with great original powers, came under the description which Hesiod gives of those who, by their own intellectual faculties, can discern what is right and fit by a kind of intuitive perception. I could say much more on this subject, but as one of these friends is living, I might, perhaps, be suspected of flattery to him, though I can confidently declare, that in what I have said of both, I have been wholly influenced by sincerity and conviction. I may, however, say something more of Mr. Northcote, whom I knew long before I was acquainted with Opie, and as his mental powers and professional merits are so well known, I need not fear that I shall be biassed by the zeal of friendship.

As this gentleman, besides the advantage of foreign travel, where he had abundant opportunities of beholding and studying the best examples of graphic excellence, was many years under the same roof with Sir Joshua Reynolds, he must have proved an enlightened and instructive companion to his friend Opie. The house of Sir Joshua, in Leicester Square, might well be considered as the Temple of Genius and Taste. It was visited by the most distinguished characters of the time. Johnson, Burke, Garrick, Colman, and indeed the whole galaxy of celebrated

scholars and wits, were its constant visitors. Mr. Northcote being long an inmate in the house, and bringing a mind capable of comprehending and sharing in the conversation, must have laid in intellectual treasures of the most valuable description. Hence it was impossible that Mr. Opie could have found a friend and companion who could have contributed more to the refinement of his taste, to the improvement of his manners, and the enlargement of his knowledge.

The value of Mr. Northcote's conversation is evident in a publication by the late Mr. Hazlitt, an author of well-known merit, who has detailed the opinions and remarks of the former in a volume which must be deemed a very interesting and instructive work, not only for the student in art, but to the general reader. It would not become me to obtrude my opinion of Mr. Northcote's professional merits, nor is it necessary, as his reputation has long been established by the most enlightened judges. His success as a portrait-painter has been considerable, and has afforded him an independence that enables him to regard with indifference, if not contempt, the fluctuations of taste and the caprices of fashion. As an historical-painter he stands pre-eminent among the artists of this country; and if it were not necessary for those who were not born in the lap of affluence to provide against the instability of fortune, it might well be regretted, for the sake of the ornamental character of the country, that he had not confined his genius wholly to historical composition.

It is gratifying to learn that many of his historical paintings adorn private cabinets, and that many

of his altar-pieces embellish our sacred edifices ; and by the appropriate expression and dignity with which the respective subjects are treated, they may enforce the doctrines of truth, attract the attention of the dissolute, and confirm the hopes of the pious.

Before I quit Mr. Northcote, I will subjoin a copy of a letter which I received from him soon after the publication of my two volumes of poems, as it shows the intrepid sincerity of the writer.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR,

I can scarcely find words to express to you my admiration of your excellent Prologues and Epilogues,—so various, so witty, so moral, so natural, and so poetic. I wish the whole work had contained nothing else, it would then have been, indeed, a jewel of the first water ;—but when you make verses on Mr. —, Mr. —, Mr. Northcote, and Mr. —, my God, what a change ! I no longer know the same author. It seems to me like a change in a farce, where we see a regal throne quickly turned into a wheel-barrow, &c. ; or as if somebody had blown your brains out. If ever you write any more verses upon me ; pray suppose me to be either a tragedy or a comedy, and make a prologue or an epilogue for me ; and I dare say that Mr. — and Mr. — will join me in my petition on the occasion. But I can easily account for the great difference. When you write a prologue or an epilogue, you feel all the terror of that powerful and remorseless beast, a full assembled audience before your eyes, which keeps you tremblingly alive in fear of immediate public shame. But when you write verses to flatter a fool, you sleep over them, and

think anything is good enough. Wishing you much success in your publication, and in every other way, I remain always,

My dear Sir,

Your sincere friend and very humble servant,

JAMES NORTHCOTE.

Pray remember to present my most respectful compliments to Mrs. Taylor, whose approbation of my picture of Christ gave me real pleasure, as it was given with so much feeling.

Argyle Place,
August 18th, 1827.

I insert this letter with the permission of the author, who would readily have consented to the introduction of the names of the artists referred to, if I could have thought proper.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MR. RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE. My intercourse with this gentleman was of so slight a nature, that I can have no reason to introduce him into this work except from my sincere respect for his character, talents, attainments, and compositions; but he held so high a reputation, and upon such solid grounds, that it is a kind of duty to pay a respectful tribute to his memory. I had the pleasure of being introduced to him by my old friend Dr. Monsey, and of dining with him at the Governor's table at Chel-

sea Hospital, when there was nobody present but the doctor, Mr. Cambridge, and myself. I was then well acquainted with the literary productions of Mr. Cambridge, and was, therefore, particularly attentive to everything he said ; and I now sincerely regret that I had not, early in life, conceived the design of the present work, for then I should have endeavoured to retain in my memory many observations and events, perhaps of much greater importance than any I have now been able to record.

As Dr. Monsey had seldom an opportunity of seeing Mr. Cambridge, and was sufficiently aware of the value of his guest, he gave the rein of conversation entirely to him, and was as attentive as myself. Part of the conversation passed on the politics of the day, but was soon transferred to literary topics, which seemed to be the favourite subjects with Mr. Cambridge. Unhappily the cares and troubles of the world have demanded too much of my attention to admit of accurate recollections of innumerable circumstances which have occurred in the course of a long protracted life. But I deem it an honour to have known Mr. Cambridge, and am proud of the opportunity of introducing his name on the present occasion.

I remember that in speaking of Don Quixote, he declared he considered it one of the greatest productions of the human mind, and supported his opinions with reasons, which it would be much for my advantage if I could recollect. He seemed to think that Goldsmith had been overrated as a poet, but spoke very favourably of his prose works. He said he thought the best lines in all Goldsmith's poetical works, were his character of Garrick in

“Retaliation,” as nicely discriminated, humorously combined, and admirably appropriate.

Dr. Monsey, with whom Mr. Cambridge’s poem of “The Scribbleriad” was a great favourite, mentioned it with high praise, and expressed his surprise that it was not more a favourite with the world at large. Mr. Cambridge spoke of it modestly as a work that had given him little trouble, and said that it was chiefly composed while he was under the hands of his hairdresser. The remark of the doctor, whether suggested on that or any other occasion, induced Mr. Cambridge to send him the following *jeu d’esprit*, which I insert with pleasure, as it is so complimentary to the taste and judgment of my old friend, who was himself an excellent humorous poet.

TO DOCTOR MONSEY,
Physician to Chelsea Hospital,

*Upon his expressing his surprise that “The Scribbleriad” was
not more known and talked of.*

Dear Doctor, did you ever hear I had
So piqued myself on “The Scribbleriad,”
That every pensioner of Chelsea
The learning and the wit should well see?
Enough for me if only one see,
But let that one be Doctor Monsey.


It is not in my power to do justice to “The Scribbleriad,” which is really a work not only of “learning and wit,” to use the words of the author, but of rare and profound learning, as well as of great humour and poetical merit. The object is to ridicule false learning, absurd inventions, superstition, and the general follies of mankind. It is little creditable to the taste of the public, that such a

work should not have become popular, and it may fairly be said, that the fault is not the want of any intellectual power in the author, but in the ignorance and want of taste in the readers.

When Archdeacon Cambridge published the life and works of his venerable father, there appeared in a certain northern vehicle of criticism, remarkable for vanity and dashing audacity, a very flippant account of the publication. It was my intention to have written an answer to this frivolous and unjust attack upon the works of so accomplished a scholar and so excellent a poet as Mr. Cambridge; but reflecting that I was no match for the young gentlemen that were then reported to be the conductors of that source of northern asperity, self-conceit, and censorious violence, and that the archdeacon's tribute of filial respect to the memory of his father was a substantial monument of parental excellence that time could not impair, I desisted from the rash undertaking.

I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Cambridge a second time, and the conversation chiefly related to Dr. Monsey. I afterwards, for the last time, saw him walking arm in arm with Lord North, then Prime Minister, who seemed very attentive to him, and to be laughing at something which he was saying.

My late friend, Mr. Jerningham, related to me the following whimsical anecdote, but did not vouch for the truth of it. Mr. Cambridge had observed the following inscription over a hatter's shop just as the painter had finished the letters, "Good hats sold here." Crossing the way, and making a suitable apology, he politely addressed the master of the



shop, observing that he hoped he would excuse his making a remark on the inscription. The hatter said he should be much obliged to him, and desired to hear what he had to say. "Why," said Mr. Cambridge, the word 'good' seems unnecessary, for if you did not sell *good* hats, no customer would come again." "True," said the hatter. "Painter! rub out *good*. Pray, sir, have you anything more to say?—I beseech you go on." "Why," said Mr. Cambridge, "the word 'hats' is certainly needless, for if people looked at your shop-window, and saw nothing but hats, they would not expect to buy meat, or anything but hats." "True again," said the man. "Painter! rub out *hats*. Well, sir, is all right now?" "No, certainly," rejoined Mr. Cambridge; "the word 'sold' would be ridiculous if it were to remain, for nobody would expect you to *give away* your hats." "Very true," said the man. "Painter, rub out *sold*;" adding, "Now, sir, I suppose you have no farther objection." "Yes, one more," said Mr. Cambridge; "the word 'here' is perfectly absurd by itself, for nobody would go to another shop to buy your hats." "Quite right," said the man. "Painter! rub out *here*;" and then he courteously thanked Mr. Cambridge for his kindness.

MR. JAMES COBB. Perhaps there never existed an individual who was more respected, or who more deserved respect, within his sphere of action, than this gentleman. From his entrance as a clerk in the East India House, through all his official gradations, till he became secretary to the Honourable East India Company, he conciliated all who knew him, by the mildness of his manners and the benevolence of his disposition; and a line from Pope has

been justly applied to him as the reason why he was so much esteemed :—

Because he's honest and the best of friends.

He possessed talents that would have enabled him to make a distinguished figure in any superior station. His dramatic works may be referred to as evident proofs of his literary talents, and though all of them succeeded, and gave popularity to his name, no degree of public favour could inflate him with vanity, or lessen that modesty which was an essential feature of his character. But his modesty was perfectly consistent with a manly spirit, which exerted itself in company with humour and intelligence. He was fond of the stage, and though he produced many dramatic works, they were all the effusions of his leisure.

He told me that Mr. Burke advised him, in all his dramatic compositions, to study the dialogue of "Vanbrugh," and he doubtless would have followed the counsel of so high an authority, if his productions had not been of a different kind from those of that celebrated dramatist. He was fond of music, and sung with great taste and impressive spirit. How well he could blend heroic with humorous characters, and supply suitable and appropriate dialogue to both, is evident in his "Siege of Belgrade" and his "Haunted Tower."

His farces are marked by humour without extravagance, and his songs are characterised by sentiment, lyrical elegance, and pure humour, according to the subject. At the desire of Mr. Sheridan, he wrote a prelude on the removal of the Drury Lane company of actors to the King's Theatre, prepara-

tory to the rebuilding of the former. This prelude was written, but one whimsical stroke was introduced by Mr. Sheridan. One of the characters, describing the difficulty of removing the scenes, &c. from Drury Lane Theatre, said that there was so pelting a storm in Chandos Street, that they were obliged "to carry the rain under an umbrella."

I could say more, with strict justice, in favour of this gentleman, but his character is so amply and so justly pourtrayed in "A History of the Clubs of London," admirably written, and attributed to Mr. March, a barrister, and formerly in Parliament, whom I have the pleasure of knowing, that I must refer the reader to that work for a spirited and faithful portrait of my esteemed and lamented friend, James Cobb.

MR. PRINCE HOARE. It is difficult to render even ordinary justice to living merit without incurring the suspicion of being influenced by partiality, or by motives of a less honourable nature. Yet as what I shall say of this gentleman, whose friendship I have enjoyed for nearly forty years, and still possess in unabated cordiality, will be supported by all who are acquainted with him, I am under no apprehension of suffering by the suggestions of malice.

Mr. Prince Hoare is the son of Mr. Hoare, who was one of the original members of the Royal Academy, and the most eminent portrait-painter in crayons of his time. Indeed this is too limited a tribute to his merit, for his excellence in crayon painting can never perhaps be excelled, though it possibly may be equalled. Mr. Prince Hoare has a portrait by his father of Alexander Pope, in oil-

painting, which evidently proves that if the skilful artist had devoted himself to that province of his profession, he might have risen to the same height of reputation as he attained with his favourite crayons.

His son, Mr. Prince Hoare, is a compound character of the most extraordinary description. Nature has endowed him with great talents, which he has improved by study and by travel. His taste originally impelled him to pursue the profession of his father, not as a painter in crayons but on canvass, yet, at the same time, he felt an equal propensity towards literary pursuits; and delicacy of health induced him at length to prefer the serene enjoyment of literary retirement, which the wealth and affection of his father enabled him readily to indulge. Prince Hoare therefore, sanctioned by parental authority and indulgence, was prompted to relinquish all graphic ambition, and resign himself to studious contemplation rather than continue a practical but laborious pursuit of the fine arts: he consequently devoted himself to literature.

As a proof that there is an extraordinary mixture of qualities in his character, he is witty and humorous in a high degree in his literary compositions, though serious in his conduct. His dramatic productions abound almost to extravagance in humour, while his deportment in private life, though lively and playful when the occasion is suitable, is always moral, pious, and, without ostentation, preceptive and exemplary. His critical powers are judicious and acute.

I remember that when a controversy arose between the Rev. W. L. Bowles, who seems to be too anxious to see his name in public, and Lord Byron,

on the genius of Pope, and a pamphlet was produced on both sides, Mr. Hoare, in a conversation with me on the subject, observed, that his lordship had liberally supported the learning and genius of the poet in moral and poetical subjects, but had cautiously avoided all particular notice of his satirical powers, as they were the only qualities that could be brought in comparison with his own. As Mr. Hoare could have no personal interest in the controversy, I was struck by the originality and shrewdness, as well as candour of this observation, and in justice to him venture to record it here. For fear that I should in the warmth of friendship subject myself to the imputation of motives which I disdain, I will here conclude, after acknowledging myself indebted to Mr. Hoare's kindness, with subjoining what my late friend Mr. George Dance, the celebrated architect, says of him in his "Collection of Contemporary Portraits," annexed to his likeness of Mr. Prince Hoare.

"Prince Hoare, author of various dramatic and other writings. Born and educated at Bath; instructed in painting by his father, William Hoare, one of the original members of the Royal Academy. He went to Italy for the farther acquirement of his art, and studied at Rome under Mengs; but after his return, through infirm health, declined the profession. The following are his dramatic productions, of which a few only are published:—'Julia; or, such Things were;'—tragedy. 'Indiscretion;' 'Sighs, or the Daughter;' 'The Partners;'—comedies. 'No Song no Supper;' 'The Cave of Trophonius;' 'Dido;' 'The Prize;' 'My Grandmother;' 'Three and the Deuce;' 'Lock and Key;' 'Mahmoud;' 'The Friend in Need;' 'The Captive of Spilberg;'

‘Italian Villagers;’ ‘Chains of the Heart;’—musical pieces.

“In consequence of succeeding, in 1799, to the honorary appointment of Secretary for Foreign Correspondence to the Royal Academy, he published ‘Academic Annals of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture,’ a work since continued by the academy at successive periods; and shortly afterwards, ‘An Inquiry into the Requisite Cultivation and Present State of the Arts of Design in England.’ ‘The Artist,’ a collection of essays, written chiefly by professional persons, (to which he contributed several papers,) is edited by him.

“In 1813 he published ‘Epochs of Art,’ containing historical observations on the uses and progress of painting and sculpture. This last work is dedicated to the Prince Regent. He is author of a little piece entitled ‘Love’s Victims,’ and some tracts of a moral tendency.” So far Mr. Dance.

I had the pleasure of writing the epilogue to “Indiscretion,” and the prologue to “Sighs, or the Daughter,” and was not a little gratified in being thought worthy of adding my metrical mites to the productions of so elegant a writer. Besides the works above enumerated by Mr. Dance, Mr. Prince Hoare in 1820 published “Memoirs of the late Granville Sharpe, Esq.” a gentleman universally esteemed for his learning, piety, and political rectitude. I shall now take leave of the subject, which I have been inclined to prolong because I have found Mr. Prince Hoare the warmest and most estimable of my friends.

Here I intended to take leave of my friend Prince Hoare, but it would be unjust indeed if I were to

omit noticing his last production, which not only illustrates the extraordinary combination of his intellectual powers and pursuits, but his strong sense of religion, and desire of promoting the happiness of mankind. In the year 1825 he published a tract entitled "Easter: a companion to the Book of Common Prayer." This small but valuable work is a manual explanatory of all the Latin words and phrases, and other appropriate terms of the church service, with other matters essential to the due comprehension of its important subject. In this interesting and learned work, which would do honour to any ecclesiastical authority, he has modestly suppressed his name, and published it under the simple designation of "A Layman."

3 Capt. MAJOR GROSE. I have before mentioned this gentleman incidentally, but his character deserves a more direct notice. He was one of the most jocose, intelligent, and entertaining companions with whom it was ever my good fortune to meet. He was remarkably fat, and there was a drawing of him made by Mr. Nathaniel Dance, afterwards Sir Nathaniel Holland, which is admirably drawn, and a very strong and characteristic likeness. He told me, as a specimen of Irish humour, that passing through St. Patrick's Market, Dublin, a butcher, attracted by his portly form, approached him and patting him on the breast said with laughing freedom, "Arrah, say you bought your beef of me."

Major Grose was the author of innumerable works of humour, which were justly admired, but the chief of them was, "Advice to the Officers of the Army," in the manner of Swift's "Advice to Servants." The major was of a very kind and friendly disposition,

and permitted a Captain Williamson to assume the merit of having written this work, though it was previously well known by his private friends that it was his own production. I knew that if I asked him directly whether he was the author, he would evade the question, or not give me a satisfactory answer. I therefore expressed my surprise that, as the fact was known, he would suffer another to usurp his reputation. He said that Williamson was a person of literary talents, without any friends to promote his views in life, and therefore, as he did not want the reputation arising from a work of that kind, he willingly resigned it in favour of a young man with scanty means and no promising protection.

I knew Williamson, and from what I observed of his character and talents, considered him as capable of grave political discussion, but without any indication of the wit and humour which abound in the work in question. This work has been ascribed to the late Marquis Townshend, who was celebrated for his satirical powers, but they were chiefly exercised in graphic caricatures and convivial conversation. My friend Colonel Sir Ralph Hamilton is positively convinced that the real author was Lord Townshend; but with all respect for his talents, opinions, and opportunities, I am equally convinced that it was the production of my old facetious friend Major Grose. It is not improbable that as Sir Ralph was intimate with Lord Townshend, and had a high opinion of his lordship's powers, he credited the report with the credulity of friendship.

It has been said in support of Lord Townshend's claim, that Major Grose was only a militia officer, and not likely to obtain a knowledge of all the tricks,

artifices, and abuses so humorously detailed in this work ; but Grose was a man of great research and observation, and it is more probable that he should obtain the requisite information, than a nobleman of high rank as an officer, from whom such information would he studiously concealed, or whose notice it would probably have escaped, even with active inquiry on his part. But rumour only assigns the work to Lord Townshend, and that supposition is chiefly, if not wholly, confined to military people ; while the world at large ascribes it to Major Grose, who was a man of indisputable veracity, and who acknowledged himself to be the author.

Major Grose told me that when he was quartered in Dublin, he ordered an Irish serjeant to exercise the men in shooting at a mark. The serjeant had placed a pole for them to take aim, stationing a certain number on one side, and an equal number on the other, in direct opposition. The Major happened to reach the spot just as they were going to fire, stopped them, and expressed his surprise that the serjeant should have placed them in so dangerous a position, as they must necessarily wound, if not kill each other. "Kill each other!" said the serjeant, "why, they are all our own men." As the men so contentedly remained in the dangerous position, it may be inferred that they were as wise as the serjeant. This story illustrates that of Lord Thomond's cocks, which when the keeper let loose, were fighting each other,—much to his surprise he said, as they belonged to one' person, and were "*all on the same side.*"

The last time I saw the major, was at the apartments of my old friend the Rev. Mr. Penneck.

The major lamented that he had forgotten to leave a message at his lodgings in Holborn. I told him that I was going home to my house in Hatton Garden, and if he would write a note, I would run with it in my way home. "Oh! pray do not *run* with it," said the unwieldy wag, "for then I can never return the obligation *in kind*."

MR. HENRY JAMES PYE. This gentleman, who was fully qualified for the situation of poet-laureat by profound learning and poetical genius, I had the pleasure of knowing many years, and though myself incompetent to offer any remarks on his "Birthday Odes," and those on the "New Year," yet he paid me the compliment of asking my opinion, and sometimes condescended to adopt my suggested emendations. His translation of the "Poetic of Aristotle,"² is, I am assured, faithful and spirited.

Having heard that the late Mr. Kemble had made some marginal remarks on that translation, he requested me to tell the latter that he should be happy to present him with another copy of the work, if he would let him have that which was most probably amended by his remarks. I did so of course, but whether the exchange was made I know not, and I only mention the matter to show in what respect Mr. Pye held the judgment and knowledge of my friend Kemble.

Mr. Pye was an upright magistrate, and a good poet as well as a good scholar, as he has abundantly proved by his various productions. His epic poem of Alfred, may be said to breathe the true spirit of poetry, as well as to evince a judicious conception of character. I believe he wrote but one dramatic piece, to which he did me the honour of asking me

to write the epilogue. I did so, proud to have my name associated with that of a man of such genius, learning, and worth. I intended it for Mrs. Siddons to deliver, but it was too much after performing the heroine of the piece, and was well spoken by Miss Mellon, now Duchess of St. Alban's.

Mr. Pye also proved himself a philosopher. He was once a Member of Parliament for Berkshire, in which county he was said to possess an estate eighteen miles in circumference; yet, after his generous and munificent disposition had deprived him of it, he was content to live in a simple cottage upon grounds which had once been his own. He was a zealous friend and an annual contributor of a poetical tribute to that admirable institution, The Literary Fund, but an impediment in his speech prevented him from animating it by his own recitation.

Barford Mr. Barford, whom I have before mentioned as connected with Moody, was a very worthy good-natured man. He was, I believe, an upholsterer by profession, and an agent for some liquor company, whose interests he supported with great zeal and activity. He was in great intimacy with a gentleman of large fortune who had retired from business. This gentleman liked Barford as a companion, and used frequently to give him an airing in his carriage, but when he had occasion to call on a friend, he would not permit Barford to alight with him, lest he should take the opportunity of pressing the interest of the liquor company. At one of these visits, while Barford remained in the carriage, he stretched himself frequently through the window, for the purpose of attracting the notice of the gentle-

man of the house, who at length came forth, and requested Barford to enter. The latter, however, knew that by so doing he should displease the friend whom he had accompanied, and therefore declined the invitation. Barford continued to stretch forward as before, and drew out the gentleman of the house again, who then said if he would not alight he would probably take some refreshment. Barford readily assented, and reflecting upon what the gentleman was least likely to have in the cellar, requested a glass of brown stout. The gentleman expressed his regret that though he was well provided with most other liquors, he did not happen to have any brown stout. "No brown stout!" said Barford, with affected astonishment, finding that he had effected his purpose, "Sir, if you will give me an order, I will send you any quantity of the best in England." Barford's success in many overtures of the same kind tempted him to persevere, and he was thus essentially useful to the company, of which he was the agent.

The celebrated Earl of Bath was anxious one night to prolong the sitting of a jovial company, and when one of his guests adverted to the lateness of the hour which the watchman was calling, "Pooh," said his lordship, "do not mind that fellow, he is never in the same story an hour together." During the absence of the same nobleman from town, his lady had ordered the white shelves in his library to be painted the colour of mahogany. His lordship, on observing the change, said to the lady, "Well, my friends will now generally find me in a *brown study*."

The celebrated Mrs. Woffington, who had lived

with Garrick, afterwards lived with Lord Darnley, who fancied that he could attach her to him by more than interested motives, if he kept her from the sight of Garrick, whom she professed to have really loved. Lord Darnley therefore exacted a promise from her, that she would not see Garrick during his absence from town, freely permitting her to see anybody else. He however thought proper to have a spy to watch her, and found that notwithstanding her promise, Garrick visited her in his absence. He took the first opportunity of telling her he had thought he could depend on her promise, but found he was mistaken, accusing her of having seen Garrick. "Garrick!" said she, thinking that what he said arose from mere jealousy, "I have not seen him for a long time." Lord Darnley then declared he knew she had seen Garrick the night before. Finding evasion useless, she exclaimed, "Well! and is not that a long time?" She was a perfidious woman. She lived till her death with General Cæsar, and they had agreed that the survivor should possess all the property of both; but when she was really on her death-bed, she sent for an attorney, made her will during the absence of the General, and bequeathed the whole of her property to her sister Mrs. Cholmondeley. Lord Cholmondeley, whose nephew had married Mrs. Woffington's sister, was much offended at what he considered a degrading union in the family, but, on being introduced to Mrs. Woffington, some months after the match, he was so much pleased with her, that he declared, though he had been at first offended at the match, he was then reconciled to it. Mrs. Woffington, who had educated and supported her

sister, coldly answered, "My lord, I have much more reason to be offended at it than your lordship, for I had before but one beggar to maintain, and now I have two."

I was once in company with her sister, Mrs. Cholmondeley, who seemed to think herself a wit, endeavoured to monopolize the conversation, and evidently betrayed the vulgarity of her origin. Mrs. Woffington, in her infancy, was actually one of the children who were appended to the feet of Madame Violante, a famous dancer on the tight rope in Dublin. This fact I learned from the late Duke of Leeds, who told me he had been assured of it by Mr. King, the celebrated comic actor.

Garrick has been represented by his enemies as a mean man; but I am happy to be able to relate a striking proof of his benevolence. Mr. Berenger, who was deputy-master of the horse, was a particular friend of Garrick. He was a man of learning, of elegant manners, and of literary talents. I believe he wrote a treatise on Equitation, and published a small volume of poems. There is a cento on Shakspeare, possessing more than ordinary merit, as it appears in Dodsley's "Collection of Poems." Being a gentleman of fashionable habits, and living chiefly with people of rank, his expenses far exceeded his income, and he was obliged to confine himself to his official house in the King's Mews, which was then a privileged place. His friends lamented the loss of so accomplished a companion, and by Garrick's instigation, entered into a subscription to compound with the holders of his bonds and notes, the apprehension of whom had induced him to keep at home. The subscription was so ample, that

under the management of Garrick, who understood the business better than the rest of the subscribers, Berenger was released from all his difficulties; and on the first day that he could safely venture abroad, Garrick, who had been a liberal subscriber, gave a grand dinner in honour of his release. When the company were assembled before dinner, Garrick addressing Berenger, told him that his restoration to his friends was a subject of so much gratification to them, that there ought to be a *feu de joie* on the occasion. He then brought forward all the notes and bonds which had been purchased of the creditors, and said, "I'll have the honour of setting it a-light." He immediately threw them into the grate, and set the pile on fire, together with a bond of 500%. for which Berenger was indebted to him. Other proofs of the liberality of his disposition are well known, and as my old friend Donaldson said in an epitaph which he wrote on Garrick's death,—if he was saving, it was for the purpose of enabling himself to be generous. Yet this is the man who was generally taxed with avarice.*

* Mr. Berenger wrote the following lines on the comparative effects of the performance of King Lear by Garrick and Barry:

The town has found out different ways
To praise the different Lears;
To Barry it gives loud huzzas,
To Garrick only tears.

I have seen both of these celebrated performers in that character, and can attest the truth of the lines, for young as I was, I well remember that at Garrick's representation of the part, white-handkerchiefs were seen among the ladies in every box. I remember also, that though Barry's fine figure and dignified deportment excited great applause, there was no such appearance of sympathising tenderness; and having previously

Mrs. Porter, a celebrated actress in the time of Colley Cibber, was one night performing Queen Elizabeth, in the tragedy of "The Earl of Essex," before Queen Anne. The Queen, happening to drop her fan on the stage, Mrs. Porter, with great dignity, and in the full spirit of the character she was representing, immediately addressed one of the performers, and with a commanding aspect said, "Take up

seen Garrick, Barry's Lear appeared to me cold and tame in comparison. The contest between Garrick and Barry in Romeo, of which, with all their respective excellence, the town grew tired, occasioned the following epigram, which appeared in one of the newspapers, and I understood run through the others, for the struggle took place long before my time.

Well! what to-night? says angry Ned,
As up from bed he rouses,
Romeo again! and shakes his head,
Ah! plague on both your houses!

Garrick was himself naturally tired of the contest, as the audiences began to fall off; and wrote the two following epigrams:—

So revers'd are the notions of Capulet's daughters,
One loves a whole length, and the other three quarters.

Fair Juliet at one house exclaims with a sigh,
No Romeo is clever that's not six feet high;
Less ambitiously t'other does Romeo adore,
Though in size he scarce reaches to five feet and four.

These lines my old friend Cooke, the barrister, received from Garrick himself, and I believe they were never before published.

Garrick's Juliet was the celebrated Mrs. Cibber, and Barry's was a Miss Nossiter, a woman of fortune, fond of the stage, but more fond of Barry, to whom she presented a pair of diamond shoe-buckles. A lady of fashion being asked her opinion of the two Romeos, said, "When I saw Garrick, if I had been his Juliet, I should have wished him to leap up into the balcony

our sister's fan." The audience received this sally with great applause, and the Queen's countenance expressed an affable smile; but the actress the moment after she had uttered the words, was ready to sink with confusion.

The famous Earl of Dorset, Prior's patron, used to say he hated to be in the same room with a dull good-natured person, as there was no kicking him out of the company.

to me; but when I saw Barry, I should have been inclined to jump down to him." There can be little doubt that the fine figure of Barry made a great impression on the ladies, but I am assured that the critics decided in favour of Garrick. My late friend Arthur Murphy told me, that when he wrote "The Grecian Daughter," he intended the part of Evander for Barry, to whom he had promised it, but to his surprise, Garrick signified that he would perform it himself. Murphy could not but rejoice that his play would have such powerful support, yet was embarrassed in thinking he should be obliged to forfeit his promise to Barry; there was, however, no resisting the power of the manager and his transcendant talents. Murphy therefore went to Barry, told him Garrick's intention, and began to apologise. Barry stopped him in a moment, and said, "Let him perform it, he will soon be tired, and resign it to me, and I shall be able to perform it much better from his example." Such was the opinion entertained by Barry of the advantages which he should derive from witnessing the excellence of Garrick in the part. Upon reflection, Garrick thought himself too old to perform a new part, particularly if the piece should have a run, and therefore resigned it to Barry. I was present the first night, and well remember the Evander of Barry, which corresponded with his infirmities at the time, and made a powerful impression on the audience. Mrs. Barry's excellence in Euphrasia considerably added to her reputation, as she was then in the prime of life, and in the full vigour of her talents.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CAPABILITY BROWN. This gentleman may be numbered among the acquaintance of my family, but he flourished before my time. He was famous for his taste in ornamenting grounds, and acquired the title of Capability, as it was his custom in looking over parks, gardens, and their vicinities, to say that they displayed *capabilities*. He was undoubtedly a man of great taste, and had improved many noblemen's seats and situations that seemed *incapable* of deriving much advantage in point of prospect, and also in interior embellishments. He was at length so much celebrated, and his practice so successful,—he had, moreover, such a full reliance on his own genius, and his judgment was so much respected, that he made no scruple on all occasions to maintain his decided right to the reputation he had acquired. He was received into the best company, not only on account of his professional skill, but for his humour and promptitude at repartee.

One day when he was walking through the royal gardens with King George the Third, his majesty having asked his opinion of the arrangement of the grounds, Brown expressed his approbation of it, and said it must have been designed and executed by “the Brown of the time.” When the great Lord Chatham, disabled by the gout, was descending the stairs of St. James's Palace, Brown offered to assist his lordship and attend him to his carriage. As soon

as the noble lord was seated he said, "Thank you, Mr. Brown; now, sir, go and adorn your country." Brown instantly answered, "Go you, my lord, and save it." An ingenious and happy return.

Having dined one day at the house of a nobleman, and the conversation turning upon gardening, some of the company spoke in favour of *clumps*. On departing with a nobleman, a double row of servants, like a "liveried army," to use the words of Dr. Johnson, lined the passage in expectation of receiving what are called *vails* from each of the guests: Brown, casting his eyes on both sides of the passage where these toll-gatherers were assembled, "Don't you think, my lord," said he, "that this *vista* ought to be *clumped*?" This mode of levying contributions on visitors was carried to an almost incredible extent, till some persons of distinction united in forming a determination to abolish such a disgraceful taxation.

It is said that this practice prevailed to such a degree, even at the house of the great Lord Chesterfield, that when he invited Voltaire a second time to his table, the French wit in his answer declined the invitation, alleging that "his lordship's *ordinary* was *too dear*."

Another evil practice of servants to the higher orders, at that time, was carried to such a height that it wrought its own cure. It was usual at the old Italian Opera-house to allot a gallery to the footmen, that when their masters or mistresses had appointed the time to leave the theatre, their servants might be ready to attend. But these *livery-men* took it into their heads to become critics upon the performances, and delivered their comments in so tumultuous a

manner, that the managers found it absolutely necessary to close the gallery against them, and to assign it to those only who paid for admission.

Just before the abolition of this *party-coloured* tribunal, a wag who was fond of music, but who had more wit than money, appeared at the gallery door, where the porter demanded the name of his master. The wag boldly answered, "I am the Lord Jehovah's servant," and was admitted, one of the door-keepers saying to the other, "I never heard of that man's master before, but suppose it is some scurvy Scotch lord or other."

When my *old* friend George Colman the *younger* had written his excellent comedy of "John Bull," and it was in rehearsal at Covent Garden theatre, the late Mr. Lewis, who performed the part of the Honourable Mr. Shuffleton, told me that the late Sir Charles Bamfield desired he would dress the character after his (Sir Charles's) usual mode of attire, and that he would endeavour to induce the author to change the name to any other that sounded like *Bamfield*, that the public might identify the character with him. The author wisely declined the suggested alteration, unwilling to incur the charge of personality. This was a strange ambition of Sir Charles, as the character is by no means an honourable one, but it is impossible to doubt the veracity of Mr. Lewis. Sir Charles Bamfield was held as the model of a fine gentleman by Dr. Wolcot, as he told me; so was Arthur Murphy by Dr. Johnson.

Mr. John Kemble used to relate many whimsical anecdotes of provincial actors whom he knew in the early part of his life. He said that an actor who was to perform the character of *Kent* in the play of

“King Lear,” had dressed himself like a doctor, with a large grizzle wig, having a walking-stick, which he held up to his nose, and a box under his arm. Being asked why he dressed the Earl of Kent in that manner, he said, “People mistake the character; he was not an earl, but a doctor. Does not Kent say, when the King draws his sword on him for speaking in favour of Cordelia, ‘Do kill thy *physician*, Lear;’ and when the King tells him to take his ‘hated trunk from his dominions,’ and Kent says, ‘Now to new climes my old trunk I’ll bear,’ what could he mean but his *medicine chest*, to practise in another country?”

The late Mr. Kemble was known to be of a convivial turn, and not in a hurry to leave a jovial party. He passed an evening with my late friend Dr. Charles Burney, who kept an academy on the Hammersmith Road, near to the three-mile stone. Mr. Kemble remained there till five in the morning, when looking out of the window he saw a fish-cart on its way to Billingsgate, and having no other conveyance to town, he hailed the driver, and desired to be his passenger. The man readily consented, when Kemble adapted himself to the capacity of the man, who declared that he never met so pleasant a gentleman before. Instead of getting out, he desired the man to take him on to Billingsgate, where some of the people happened to know his person and told it to the rest. The people left their business, gathered round him, and gave him a cheer. Mr. Pearce, then an eminent fishmonger in London, and an old friend of Macklin the actor, advanced towards Mr. Kemble, and offered to show him the place. Mr. Kemble remained some time, gratified the crowd with some

humorous sallies, and then told Mr. Pearce that if he could get a coach he would take home a turbot for Mrs. Kemble. Mr. Pearce despatched one of his servants, who soon brought a coach, and Mr. Pearce took care to procure for him the best turbot the market afforded, and he went off amid the shouts of the people, which he returned with gracious salutations. Mr. Pearce has some years retired to Margate, and from him I learned the latter part of this anecdote.

Mr. Kemble resided some time on Turnham Green, during the summer season, where I had the pleasure of dining with him, and he read to me his romantic entertainment of "Lodoiska." There was a club at the Packhorse Tavern, consisting of the chief gentlemen of the neighbourhood, of which Dr. Wolcot, Mr. Jessé Foot, and Mr. Jerningham were admitted members. Mr. Kemble was invited to dine at this club, and Mr. George Colman happening to call on Mr. Kemble, he was invited also. They kept up the ball till most of the members, who had remained long beyond the usual time, entertained by the remarks of Kemble and the gaieties of my friend Colman, gradually withdrew; and Kemble and Colman did not break up till twelve o'clock the next day, having been left by themselves for many hours.

I have been more than once kept up by Mr. Kemble till four and five in the morning. This I remember particularly to have happened after his first performance of Octavian, in "The Mountaineers." At length, however, he became quite temperate; and the last time I dined with him at his own house in Russell Street, Bloomsbury, I said to him, "Come, Johnny, we have not drunk a glass of wine together."

Mrs. Kemble then said, "I am Johnny, Mr. Kemble does not drink wine, and I am ready for you." Mr. Kemble did not drink wine all the time, but was in such good spirits as to show that he had no occasion for such an auxiliary.

It has been often observed that a man will readily face danger and death in one form, and be afraid of it in another; and this remark was strikingly exemplified in Junot, one of Buonaparte's generals, who raised himself by his coolness when Buonaparte was besieging Toulon. He was writing something by order of the latter when a bomb-shell burst near him; he promptly observed, that he wanted sand, and it had come in due time. Yet I remember to have heard Sir Sydney Smith, speaking of Junot in the captain's room at the Admiralty, say, that when he was going on board the *Tigre*, Sir Sydney's ship, he was so frightened in mounting the ladder, that it was found necessary to take him on board through one of the port-holes.

Handel, when he first visited Ireland, in consequence of his disgust at the preference given to Bononcini in London, carried a letter of introduction to Dean Swift. When the Dean heard that he was a musician and a German, he declined receiving him; but when his man added that the bearer of the letter was a great *genius*, "A genius and a German!" said Swift: "Oh, then, show him up immediately."

I had the pleasure of a slight acquaintance with Dr. Morell, well known for learning and piety, and who selected subjects from the Scriptures for Handel's oratorios. I heard him say that, one fine summer morning, he was roused out of bed at five

o'clock by Handel, who came in his carriage a short distance from London. The doctor went to the window, and spoke to Handel, who would not leave his carriage. Handel was at the time composing an oratorio. When the doctor asked him what he wanted, he said, "What de devil means de vord billow?" which was in the oratorio the doctor had written for him. The doctor, after laughing at so ludicrous a reason for disturbing him, told him that billow meant wave, a wave of the sea. "Oh, de vave," said Handel, and bade his coachmen return, without addressing another word to the doctor.

Doctor Monsey told me that he had watched Quin, the actor, with attention, and sometimes thought he had evidently prepared and laid trains for his *bons-mots*, but that Lord Chesterfield's seemed to be elicited by the occasion, and were promptly uttered. The only weak thing he said he ever heard from his lordship was, when somebody in company said, "My lord, I drink your health," and his lordship answered, "Then how can I have it?" I presume here to differ with my friend Monsey, for the salutation was a vulgar custom, and his lordship, no doubt, intended to correct it, so that on this occasion he might rather be supposed to desert his usual politeness than to show any want of wit.

Reverse of fortune. Madame Mara, with whom I was intimately acquainted from her first arrival in this country as a great singer, told me that she saw a woman sweeping the streets at Berlin who had been the chief singer at the opera in Madrid. A very rich jewel had been offered for sale to the Queen of Spain, who admired it very much, but declared she could not afford to purchase so valuable

an article. The singer above mentioned bought it with the foolish vanity of showing that she was richer than the Queen. This act was deemed so presumptuous and insolent, that the royal family withdrew all patronage from the opera-house till this woman was dismissed. The common people also partook in the feelings of the court, and expressed their disgust whenever she appeared. She was, therefore, obliged to leave Madrid, but the story followed her wherever she went, and though her vocal talents were great, she was everywhere so ill received, that at length all her pecuniary resources were exhausted, and she sank into the low condition in which Madame Mara saw her.

A few years ago a Mrs. Batiman forced herself upon public attention, by an exhibition of her skill in fencing, in a contest with the celebrated Chevalier d'Eon, and also by performing at one of the London theatres,—I believe that in the Haymarket. Her acting was characterised by the boldness and confidence of vanity, rather than by any real comic merits. I saw this woman play "Bridget," in the comedy of "The Chapter of Accidents," and I never saw any performer, male or female, that seemed to manifest such self-possession, the obvious result of a settled conviction of conscious excellence. By her audacity and artifice, she entrapped Mr. Kemble into an epistolary correspondence, having offered herself for an engagement at Drury Lane Theatre when he was manager. Not succeeding with Mr. Kemble, she solicited an interview with Mr. Sheridan, accusing Mr. Kemble of having encouraged her hopes of an engagement, and then of having abruptly rejected her. Mr. Sheridan granted the interview,

but intimated that Mr. Kemble should be present, that he might hear both parties. She went to Mr. Sheridan's, and brought with her a number of papers, including Mr. Kemble's letters. She read them with great vehemence, and with a kind of theatrical deportment, in order to impress Mr. Sheridan with a high idea of her talents for the stage. She placed each of them on the table as she read it, and her feelings were so entirely engrossed by the business, that Mr. Kemble, who was present, contrived to take them, one by one, from her mass of papers, and throw them into the fire. When she had finished the relation of her case, Mr. Sheridan said that he had heard nothing in Mr. Kemble's letters which justified her in charging him with having deceived her, and that he was sure Mr. Kemble would not have given her any hope of an engagement, without consulting him and receiving his sanction. She rose from her chair, hastily gathered her papers, without missing the letters, and left the room in a violent passion.

Mr. Kemble assured me the letters contained nothing but the courtesy due to a female, and that he only withdrew and destroyed them, because he did not like to have them remain in the hands of so violent and vindictive a woman. He never knew whether she missed the letters, as he never heard from her again. What finally became of her I know not, but I heard that poor Chevalier D'Eon, after having distinguished himself as a politician and an historian, disgraced his character by exhibiting himself with this woman in fencing matches at several provincial towns. The mysterious character of D'Eon, and his appearance both as a male and fe-

male in this country and in many parts of Europe, rendered him a subject of general conversation, in-somuch that policies were opened to ascertain his sex, while he appeared in male and female attire.

D'Eon, before the revolution, had assumed the male attire, but by an order of the French court, from which it is understood he received a pension, he was compelled to appear again like a woman, as originally directed by the French Government, for reasons which have never been satisfactorily developed.

I was assured by a very old friend of my father, who was well acquainted with D'Eon in the earlier part of the time when he appeared in male attire, and was connected with an agency from France, that his manners were captivating, and that he might have married most advantageously, as several ladies of good families, and with large fortunes, had made overtures to him at country-seats where he visited, and that on all such occasions he immediately left the house. Hence it was inferred he quitted the place on account of his being really of the female sex. It is difficult to discover what were his real motives for retaining the female attire after the destruction of the monarchy in France, and when he ceased to have any connection with that country.

I met the Chevalier in his advanced life at the late Mr. Angelo's, in Carlisle Street, Soho, and if his manners had been once so captivating, they had undergone a great alteration, for though he was dressed as a woman, he spoke and acted with all the roughness of a veteran soldier. From all I have heard of D'Eon, he must have been a very intelli-

gent man, full of anecdote and fertile in conversation; and I cannot but repeat my regret, that a character who had made so conspicuous a figure, should ever have been reduced to derive a precarious support from a public exhibition of his talents in fencing with a woman. What were his means for subsistence till his death, is not, and perhaps never will be known; but his name and extraordinary appearance will never be forgotten.

It is probable that before the destruction of the French monarchy he had a pension from France; and not improbable that the British Government, which made so magnificent a provision for General Paoli, had allotted some support to the Chevalier D'Eon. It appears somewhat strange, that nothing was also done for poor Theodore, who had actually been elected King of Corsica by the people, and who had nearly died in a gaol in this country, while Paoli was so well provided for, who certainly had not equal pretensions. Paoli lived almost like a nobleman in this country; and it would be difficult to discover why he was so bountifully patronised, though, as a man who had struggled hard for the deliverance of his country, it was suitable to the character of Great Britain to afford him a liberal asylum.

I knew a little of Paoli, and passed two evenings with him at Mr. Cosway's, in Stratford Place. In the first evening there was a very large party, and some fine musical performances, but Mrs. Abington and Paoli seemed not to be interested by those entertainments, and sat on a sofa by the fire. As I knew that I could often hear music, and rarely see such a man as Paoli, I joined them near the sofa, and

took a part in their conversation. Mrs. Abington, whom I had previously known, was brisk, smart, and intelligent. She endeavoured to draw out Paoli, but he seemed more inclined to listen, and though he had lived so long in the country, he knew so little of our language, that it was not very easy to understand him. The second evening nobody was present but Mr. and Mrs. Cosway, General Paoli, and myself. Paoli displayed the same silent manner, which did not appear to me to be an habitual or intentional reserve, but rather a reluctance to speak, on account of the difficulty which he felt of making himself fully understood. Mrs. Cosway was the life of the conversation, and by her attention to Paoli, she gave him a fair opportunity of coming forward with advantage; yet, though I listened with an anxious desire to hear the sentiments and opinion of a person who had excited so much notice in the world, I heard nothing from him, notwithstanding various topics were introduced, that appeared to me to be worth treasuring in my memory. I had heard from the Boswells, father and son, of the elegance of his manners, but it appeared to be of the privative kind, and such as might be expected from any modest man who was fearful of giving offence.

Paoli, during the revolutionary government in France, went to Paris, and paid homage to the usurping powers. He then proceeded to Corsica, but did not experience a very encouraging reception, and, therefore, wisely returned to this country, where he received the same liberal allowance, and passed the remainder of his life in studious ease and limited intercourse with society. Whether he had

any acquaintance with my friend Colonel Frederick, the son of Theodore, I know not ; but Frederick did not seem to hold him in much respect, appearing rather to consider him as a man who had been fortunately raised into unmerited distinction ; and I never had reason to believe that Frederick was capable of detraction.

Paoli in person altogether bore a stronger resemblance to the late celebrated Dr. Herschel than I ever saw between any other two individuals. With Dr. Herschel I once passed great part of an evening at the hospitable mansion of the late Mr. Thompson, in Grosvenor Square, and I was much struck with the unaffected modesty of a gentleman so justly esteemed for his astronomical discoveries.

The first Lord Lyttelton was very absent in company, and when he fell into a river by the oversetting of a boat, at Hagley, it was said of him that he had “sunk twice before he recollected he could swim.” Mr. Jerningham told me, that dining one day with his lordship, the earl pointed to a particular dish, and asked to be helped of it, calling it, however, by a name very different from what the dish contained. A gentleman was going to tell him of his mistake. “Never mind,” whispered another of the party ; “help him to what he asked for, and he will suppose it is what he wanted.”

Dr. Johnson, on hearing a Mr. Dalrymple at the table of Sir Joshua Reynolds, speaking with contempt of Racine, the French poet, expressed a high opinion of Racine. Mr. Dalrymple, in answer, said, “Why, doctor, I heard you say that you had never read Racine, how then can you be able to judge of his merit?” The doctor, after giving his body the

usual meditative roll, replied, "Well, sir, I never did read Racine, but the opinion of all Europe is in his favour, and surely I may venture to prefer that opinion to the judgment of Mr. Dalrymple." Mr. Jerningham dined with Sir Joshua that day, and told me the story.

Arthur Murphy, whose mind was chiefly occupied by dramatic subjects, after he became a barrister, dining one Sunday at the chaplain's table, St. James's Palace, being too early, strolled into the Chapel Royal during the service, and desiring a seat, he thus addressed one of the attendants on the pews, "Here, *boxkeeper*, open this *box*."

The great Lord Chatham, speaking of a statesman of his time who was in place, said, "That man would not be honest if he could, and could not if he would."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

As I have had much intercourse with the theatrical world, and intend to notice such celebrated actors as have quitted the stage of life, it would be strange indeed, if, having had the pleasure of seeing the performances of Mr. Garrick, I should lightly pass over his name in my humble records. I shall not enter into his history, as it is to be found in innumerable dramatic annals, and particularly in those of Mr. Davies and Mr. Murphy. It would be presumptuous in me to attempt to delineate his excellence as an actor, even if I were capable of paying a due tribute

to his genius, after the testimonies of the chief literati and best judges of the time. I shall merely relate a few anecdotes, in addition to those already scattered through these records, which I learned from private channels; and content myself with saying, that though I saw him in my early days, I witnessed his excellence in such a variety of characters, that he made a strong impression on my mind, and I remember enough of his acting to be able to compare him with all his successors in every one of those characters, and have never seen in the best of them any thing like equal merit. In fact, in my humble opinion, he shone as much as an actor as his favourite Shakspeare does as a dramatic poet.

My old friend Dr. Monsey was for many years in the closest intimacy with Garrick, and though the occasion of their separation was never removed, they must mutually have regretted the dissolution of their friendship. Garrick was fond of playing tricks, but in them he had an eye to his art. Dr. Monsey had often been with him when he indulged himself in these pranks, and sometimes thought himself in danger of suffering by the consequences of his sportive levity. Dr. Monsey told me, that he once had occasion to accompany Garrick and Mr. Windham of Norfolk, father of the late Mr. Windham the statesman, into the city. On their return, Garrick suddenly left them at the top of Ludgate Hill, and walking into the middle of the street, looked upwards, and repeated several times to himself, "I never saw two before." The strange appearance of a man in this situation talking to himself, naturally attracted some persons towards him, more followed, and at length a great crowd was collected round him. Several persons asked,

him what he saw. He made no answer, but repeated the same words. A man then observed that the gentleman must see two storks, as they are rarely if ever seen in pairs. This observation contented the multitude, till another said, "Well, but who sees one besides the gentleman?" Monsey, for fear of getting into a scrape, moved off, lest he should be taken for a confederate to make people fools; but I now remember that Mr. Windham, who, like his son, was a good boxer, determined to witness the end of this whimsical freak. Garrick affected an insane stare, cast his eyes around the multitude, and afterwards declared that from the various expression in the faces of the people, and their gestures, he had derived hints that served him in his profession.

Another time, when Garrick was with Monsey, at the joyful sound of twelve at noon, a great many boys poured out of school. Garrick selected one whom he accused of having treated another cruelly who stood near him. The boy declared that he had not been ill-treated; and Garrick then scolded the other still more, affecting to think how little he deserved the generosity of the boy who sought to excuse him by a falsehood. The boys were left in a state of consternation by Garrick's terrific demeanour and piercing eye; and he told Monsey that he derived much advantage from observing their various emotions.

While he was walking with Monsey on another occasion, he saw a ticket-porter going before them at a brisk pace, and humming a tune. They were then at old Somerset House. "I'll get a crowd around that man," said Garrick, "before he reaches Temple Bar." He then advanced before the man,

turned his head, and gave him a piercing look. The man's gaiety was checked in a moment, he kept his eye on Garrick, who stopped at an apple-stall till the man came near, then gave him another penetrating glance, and went immediately on. The man began to look if there was anything strange about him that attracted the gentleman's notice, and, as Garrick repeated the same expedient, turned himself in all directions, and pulled off his wig, to see if anything ridiculous was attached to him. By this time, the restless anxiety of the man excited the notice of the passengers, and Garrick effected his purpose of gathering a crowd round the porter before he reached Temple Bar.

Dr. Monsey said that he once was in danger of receiving a severe blow in consequence of one of Garrick's vagaries of a similar kind. They had dined at Garrick's house in Southampton Street, Covent Garden, and had taken a boat in order to go in the evening to Vauxhall. A smart-looking young waterman stood on the strand at Hungerford Stairs. As soon as they were seated in their boat, Garrick addressed the young waterman in the following manner, "Are you not ashamed to dress so smart, and appear so gay, when you know that your poor mother is in great distress, and you have not the heart to allow her more than three-pence a week?" The young man turned his head to see if anybody was near to whom the words might apply, and, seeing none, he took up a brickbat and threw it very near Garrick's boat, and continued to aim stones at him. Garrick's boatman pulled hard to get out of the way of this missile hostility, or Monsey said, they might have otherwise suffered a serious injury.

It may be thought that these wanton sports were unworthy of such a man, but allowance is to be made for a great genius that might wish for some relaxation after the toils of acting and the troubles of theatrical management. Garrick's merit as an actor has been so often and so well described by the chief men of his day, that I shall say no more on the subject, except to refer the reader to my friend Arthur Murphy's life of him, which, though a work not equal to what might be expected from him if written at an earlier period, takes a liberal and masterly view of Garrick in his several capacities as actor, author, manager, and private gentleman.

Garrick has been accused of avarice, but he should rather have been esteemed for prudence and economy, as Dr. Johnson and Mr. Murphy both declared, that to their knowledge he never was wanting in private benevolence.

Mrs. Clive was eminent as an actress on the London stage before Garrick appeared, and, as his blaze of excellence threw all others into comparative insignificance, she never forgave him, and took every opportunity of venting her spleen. She was coarse, rude, and violent in her temper, and spared nobody. One night as Garrick was performing "King Lear," she stood behind the scenes to observe him, and in spite of the roughness of her nature, was so deeply affected, that she sobbed one minute and abused him the next, and at length, overcome by his pathetic touches, she hurried from the place with the following extraordinary tribute to the universality of his powers: "D—n him! I believe he could act a *gridiron*."

It is said also that one night when he was per-

forming "Macbeth," and the murderer entered the banquet scene, Garrick looked at him with such an expressive countenance, and uttered with such energy, "There's blood upon thy face," that the actor said, "Is there by G—?" instead of "'Tis Banquo's then," thinking, as he afterwards acknowledged, that he had broken a blood-vessel.

Doctor Wolcot, and there could not be a better judge, considered Garrick perfect in comedy, and that if ever he was at fault in tragedy, it was because the language and sentiments of the tragic drama were generally unnatural. Garrick placed the works of Otway next to those of Shakspeare in his library, and when Monsey asked him the reason, he said, "Because I think that, next to our unrivalled bard, he had more command over the passions than all other dramatic poets.

My father, who saw him perform "King Richard" on the first night of his appearance at Goodman's Fields, told me that the audience were particularly struck with his manner of throwing away the book when the Lord Mayor and aldermen had retired, as it manifested a spirit totally different from the solemn dignity which characterised the former old school, and which his natural acting wholly overturned.

Garrick was once present when my father was going to perform an operation on the cataract; and though the patient was timid and fearful, he was entertained so much by Garrick's humour, that he underwent the operation with great fortitude, and was rewarded by its success.

Garrick's excellence in "Leon" was universally admitted, but he was anxious to perform the part of

the "Copper Captain," in "Rule a Wife and have a Wife," and he several times rehearsed it for that purpose; but there is a traditional laugh introduced, which he never could execute to his own satisfaction, and, therefore, kept to "Leon," in which character he was admirable, having an opportunity of showing how well he could represent timid simplicity with a sly mixture of archness in the early scenes of the character, and afterwards assert the claims of the husband with spirit, energy, and grandeur. Why this traditional laugh should be introduced, or thought essential to the part, it is difficult to say; and still more difficult to conceive that it should have exceeded the powers of Garrick, who was an admirable imitator. The "Copper Captain" is to laugh when he finds that "Estifania" had imposed his false jewels on the usurer, but surely that was no cause for such elaborate merriment as is generally exhibited in the part. If Garrick failed in attempting it, this was not the case with Woodward, King, and Lewis, all of whom I have seen in the part, and the laughter was natural and effective in all, though it was entirely different in each.

Though Garrick felt strongly himself, yet he was always able to control his feelings, and could reserve them for future indulgence. An instance of this self-command occurred when a young candidate for the stage addressed him, and requested to be heard in the celebrated soliloquy in "Hamlet." The young man had, unfortunately, an impediment in his speech, and stammered at the beginning. Garrick expressed his surprise that, with such an impediment, he should think of being a public speaker in

any respect. The candidate assured him that if he once surmounted the difficulty at the beginning, he could then go smoothly on. Garrick dismissed the young man with courtesy, reserving the merriment that such an incident might naturally excite, till he could give way to it without wounding the feelings of another, and then freely indulged in it.

I will now mention a circumstance that manifests the irresistible power of his acting. The late Mr. Farington, a member of the Royal Academy, and a particular friend of mine, told me that he had not an opportunity of seeing Garrick act till his last season. Finding that he was announced for "Hamlet," Mr. Farington went early to the theatre, and obtained a seat in the second row in the pit. He beheld with indifference all that passed in the play previous to the entrance of "Hamlet" with the royal court. He then bent forward with eagerness, and directed all his attention to Garrick. Observing his painted face, which but ill concealed the effects of time, his bulky form and high-heeled shoes to raise his figure, Mr. Farington drew back with disappointment and dejection, thinking that a man who at an earlier period might fully deserve all his celebrity, was going to expose himself in the attempt to perform a character for which, from age, he was totally unfit. At length Garrick began to speak in answer to the King. Mr. Farington then resumed his attention; and such was the truth, simplicity, and feeling, with which the great actor spoke and acted, that my friend declared he lost sight of Garrick's age, bulk, and high-heeled shoes, and saw nothing but the "Hamlet" which the author had

designed. From that time, Mr. Farington constantly attended Garrick's performances, and said that he manifested equal excellence in all.

I can add to this testimony a still higher authority in favour of Garrick's extraordinary merit as an actor. Speaking of Garrick once when the subject of acting was introduced in company with Mrs. Siddons, I observed so long a time had passed since she saw him act, that, perhaps, she had forgotten him; on which she said emphatically, it was impossible to forget him. Another time I told her that Mr. Sheridan had declared Garrick's "Richard" to be very fine, but did not think it terrible enough. "God bless me!" said she, what could be more terrible?" She then informed me, that when she was rehearsing the part of "Lady Anne" to his "Richard," he desired her, as he drew her from the couch, to follow him step by step, for otherwise he should be obliged to turn his face from the audience, and he acted much with his features. Mrs. Siddons promised to attend to his desire, but assured me there was such an expression in his acting, that it entirely overcame her, and she was obliged to pause, when he gave her such a look of reprehension as she never could recollect without terror. She expressed her regret that she had only seen him in two characters, except when she acted "Lady Anne" with him,—and those characters were "Lear" and "Ranger;" that his "Lear" was tremendous, and his "Ranger" delightful. Nothing need be added to the testimony of one of the greatest ornaments of the stage which, perhaps, ever appeared since the origin of the drama, and whom,

perhaps, it is impossible to surpass in theatrical excellence.

I cannot give a higher idea of the estimation in which Garrick's talents, wit, and humour were held, than by stating that he was intimate with the great Lord Mansfield, the great Lord Camden, and the great Earl of Chatham, as well as with the highest nobility and the most distinguished literary characters of his time. It is strange, but true, as he assured Dr. Monsey, that he never was in company with Dr. Johnson but he felt awe from the recollection that the doctor had once been his schoolmaster, though for thirty years he was accustomed to face multitudes in the theatres, and had been introduced to persons of the highest rank in this and other countries.

As an author Garrick appears to great advantage. His share in the comedy of "The Clandestine Marriage" was considerable, and highly to the credit of his genius as a dramatic writer, as it has been understood that the entire character of Lord Ogleby was his composition. His farces are all excellent, and admirably calculated for dramatic effect. His prologues and epilogues are more in number and equal to those of any other writer of similar productions. There is great merit in his poem on the death of Mr. Pelham, and his epigrams are all neat and well pointed.

It has been generally supposed that, because he lived some time with Mrs. Woffington, he wrote those lines on her beginning with

"Once more I'll tune the vocal shell,"

each stanza ending with "My Peggy;" but they

were written by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, and are to be found in his works as published by Lord Holland.

I have been assured by the late Sir Henry Bate Dudley, that Garrick's table was always plentiful, elegant, and conducted with the true spirit of hospitality. Sir Henry was intimate with Garrick, and well knew himself how to entertain with spirit and elegance.

Garrick, as I was assured by Dr. Monsey, peculiarly excelled in relating a humorous story. To one in particular, though of a trifling nature, I am told he gave irresistible effect. A man named Jones had undertaken to eat a bushel of beans, with a proportionable quantity of bacon. A vast crowd assembled before the front of a public house at Kensington Gravel-pits, and Garrick happened to be present. The crowd were there a long time before the man appeared, and he came forward without his coat, and his shirt sleeves tied with red ribbons. He was well received, and a large dish of boiled beans with a huge lump of bacon was placed before him; he began to eat with vigour, but at length was so slow in his progress that the people became impatient. He suddenly arose, ran into the house, and escaped through a back door. The mob then broke every window in the house, tore up all the benches, and severely ill-treated the landlord and his wife. Garrick's imitation of the cries of the mob before the man appeared; the continual noise of "Jones," and "Beans," to bring him forward; his imitation of the man, and description of the whole event, were exquisitely diverting.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BARRY. This actor was the great competitor of Garrick when they were both in the meridian of their fame, but as Barry was in the decline of life and very infirm when I saw him perform, it would not become me to enter into a criticism of his merits, compared with his great and unrivalled contemporary. Infirm as Barry was, there were majestic remains in his person and manner. His two great parts were Othello and Romeo, but he had resigned both of those characters before my time. I saw him perform King Lear, after I had seen Garrick in the same character, but he appeared to me to be feeble by comparison.

Barry was originally a silversmith, and kept a shop in Dublin before he was struck with theatrical ambition. He was handsome, tall, and well-made, but not having acquired the Chesterfield graces, it is said that the Prince of Wales, the father of George the Third, advised him to take a few lessons from a dancing-master who was patronised by his Royal Highness, and Barry was wise enough to profit by the condescending recommendation. I was told by a friend of Barry, who knew him well, that he excelled in telling Irish stories, of which he had a great abundance. The same gentleman informed me that as Barry from his previous employment and habits had not the advantage of much education, he was unable to mingle in literary conversation, but

that whenever such topics occurred he always contrived, with the most ingenious address, to shift the discourse to subjects upon which he was competent to enter, so that his deficiency was effectually concealed from all but those who were intimately acquainted with his origin and pursuits. He was said to be remarkably good-tempered and ready to do kind offices. I saw him perform Timon of Athens, Horatio in "The Fair Penitent," and Lord Hastings in "Jane Shore." I well remember the grandeur of his deportment, even in the midst of his infirmities. In the scene preceding the removal of Hastings for execution, while taking leave of Alicia, I never witnessed anything more impressive, and I remember my agitation was so great that I could hardly keep my seat. He peculiarly excelled in delivering a soliloquy, and, instead of appearing to address an audience, he walked as if venting his thoughts and feelings by himself. He was a great actor, though not a Garrick.

MRS. CRAWFORD. This actress, the widow of the eminent actor whom I have just mentioned, was Mrs. Dancer when I first saw her. I was not able to form any judgment of her merits. She was at that period brought from Dublin by Barry, who was then married, but on the death of his wife she became Mrs. Barry.

It is a strong proof of the good-nature of Mrs. Barry that she could subdue her resentment, after such an unprovoked and unmerited insult as that passed on her by Mr. Kelly. Mrs. Barry's voice was sometimes harsh, but generally musical, and some of her tones were so tender that it was impossible to resist them. It was usual with her,

when she had delivered any impassioned speech, to be inattentive to *dumb-show*, and to appear unconcerned in the scene; but when she resumed her attention to the character, she entirely recovered her ground, and excited as warm a sympathy as if she had not displayed a momentary lapse. Her Rosalind was the most perfect representation of the character that, in my opinion, I had ever witnessed. It was tender, animated, and playful to the highest degree. She gave the cuckoo song with admirable humour. Her Cordelia was irresistibly affecting, and so was the whole round of her tragic characters. In the Irish Widow her comic powers were not less effective.

After her marriage with Mr. Crawford, who was young enough to be her son, her talents evidently declined,—the consequence, according to report, of her domestic vexations. It was, indeed, an imprudent union. I was present at the first meeting of Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Yates on the stage; and the emulative efforts of both, in Alicia and Jane Shore, afforded the most gratifying result to the audience. Never was there a greater struggle for admission than on that occasion. The neighbouring streets were as much thronged as on any royal visit to the theatre. Mrs. Barry held forth a lesson to people to watch over their manners as well as their conduct; for she, who was once so elegant in her deportment, became rough and coarse, and her person also was so much impaired, that in her latter days she had the appearance of an old man rather than one of the softer sex.

When Mr. Stephen Kemble had the management of the Edinburgh Theatre, he commissioned me to offer her handsome terms to play a few nights at

Edinburgh about the time of Christmas; but she declined the proposal, alleging that she could not encounter a winter in Scotland, and shrugging up her shoulders with the anticipation of cold just in such a manner as might be expected from the lower order of women, exhibiting altogether a pitiable degeneracy of demeanour.

Mrs. Yates appeared to me to be the most commanding and dignified woman I had ever seen, previous to the appearance of Mrs. Siddons. She played to perfection Medea, Margaret of Anjou, the Duchess of Braganza, and characters of a similar description. I do not think she was qualified either for parts of tenderness, or for comedy. I never happened to be in company with her, but have heard that her manners were easy and attractive.

With Mr. Yates I was well acquainted. When I knew him, he had reached a very advanced age, but he had good health and all the spirit of youth. I remember dining with him at the late Mr. Lewis Weltje's, on Hammersmith Mall, when he told us many theatrical anecdotes, and actually gave some turns of a hornpipe after dinner. He said he was in the theatrical company at Ipswich when Garrick first appeared on the stage in that town, under the name of Liddel, in the character of Aboan in the play of "Oroonoko."

Yates was one of those actors who think for themselves and disregard all traditionary gestures and manners. When he had a part to act, he immediately endeavoured to discover some person whose deportment and disposition resembled it, or searched his memory for a former model. Such was his theory, as I learned from him. He was not so sportive as Parsons, but he was more correct and characteristic.

He performed a part in Cumberland's tragedy of "The Mysterious Father," in so unaffected a manner, and with such an exact conformity to life, that it was the most perfect delusion I ever beheld on the stage in characters of the familiar drama.

Churchill has been too severe on him in his "Rosciad," in representing him as only fit for clowns and such parts; for though not qualified to perform polished characters, yet he gave those in middle life with correctness, force, and impressive effect. His Sir John Restless and his Major Oakley will, perhaps, never be excelled. But the part for which he was chiefly celebrated was Shakspeare's Lance with his Dog. He was intelligent, shrewd, and prudent, and lived always like a liberal man in his domestic character.

My father was always fond of the drama, and became acquainted with many of the actors, of some of whom he used to take tickets for their benefits. The first whom I remember that used to visit our house in Hatton Garden, was Mr. Ackman, who was but an inferior performer, though an intelligent and worthy man. He is mentioned by Churchill in his "Rosciad," very slightly indeed, yet the very circumstance of his introduction in that poem proves that he was not wholly below critical notice. There was always good sense in his performances, though not animated by genius, but his figure was by no means calculated for heroic characters, whatever his talents might have been.

There was one character in which he distinguished himself, and that was Kate Matchlock in the comedy of "The Funeral, or Grief A-la-mode." He never associated with the lower actors in public-houses, but kept up a connexion with respectable

54

tradesmen, gentlemen of the law, and medical men. He lived in chambers in Gray's Inn, where he was found dead one morning on the stairs, having died in a fit of apoplexy. He was much regretted by his professional brethren and many friends.

The next of the theatrical fraternity who used to frequent my father's house was Mr. Hurst. He had been a country manager, but at length made his way to Drury Lane Theatre during the management of Garrick. Hurst was a tall, stout man, with a great deal of sarcastic humour in private life. He was a favourite of the ladies in the earlier part of his engagement at Drury Lane Theatre, but his method of courtship, as far as I can recollect, was not such as would be likely to be equally successful with the fair sex of the present times, whose manners, in general, are more refined, and their knowledge more enlarged, than they were at the time alluded to. He used to call a young lady that pleased him, "a lovely villain," "a dear rascal," and similar designations. He used to romp with them and disorder their hair, pulling out their curls, and treating them altogether with a kind of rustic familiarity.* I was acquainted with one young lady, a woman of good sense, of taste, and fond of reading, who was captivated by this strange, forward, rough courtship, and would have married him if her father had not interfered.

Hurst was an actor quite of the ordinary stamp, but I remember seeing him perform Sciolto, for

* This manner of wooing, however, seems to give some support to Waller's opinion :—

—Women, born to be controll'd,
Stoop to the forward and the bold.

his own benefit, at Drury Lane Theatre, which he played with great feeling, and he seemed to make a strong impression on the audience. He was a member of the Bucks' Lodge, perhaps now extinct, and the members, I recollect, filled the front of the boxes, in all their official parade and dignity. Having numerous connexions, and finding his salary not adequate to support the rank to which he aspired, he became a brandy merchant.

While he was performing one of the characters in "The Rehearsal," soon after he had assumed this business, Garrick, who, in representing Bayes, usually introduced some temporary or personal joke, on one occasion thus addressed Hurst. "Sir," said he, "you are an actor, and I understand a brandy-merchant; now, sir, let me advise you to put less spirit in your liquor and more in your acting, and you will preserve the health of your friends, and be more approved by the public." This sally was well received, and, as Garrick intended, augmented his customers. After Garrick resigned the management of Drury Lane Theatre, Hurst, as I understood, went to Liverpool, where he was engaged as a performer, but age and infirmities came upon him, and he relinquished the theatrical profession. An unlucky circumstance once occurred to him, which naturally excited laughter among the audience. He had a row of false teeth, which, while he was delivering some emphatic passage on the stage, flew from his mouth, and he became inarticulate till they were restored to their former situation.

When Hurst was first engaged at Drury Lane Theatre, he was for some time kept in the back ground, and, therefore, having some literary friend

concerned in a newspaper, a paragraph appeared, reprehending the manager for not giving suitable encouragement to his talents. Garrick, who was very sensitive on all such occasions, sent to him, and sarcastically complimented him on his literary talents. Hurst assured him that he was not the author, and imputed the article to some officious friend. Garrick, who had not a resentful mind, easily overlooked the offence, brought the actor more forward, and occasionally invited him to Hampton.

It is said that a relation of Hurst died in the East Indies, and bequeathed a considerable sum to him. His mind had become imbecile, and he employed the chief part of this property in purchasing dresses for the stage, as if he had resolved upon resuming the management of a theatre; and if "the fell serjeant" had not carried him off before it was all gone, he might have been reduced to a precarious dependence on his brethren of the sock and buskin. Such was the fate of my father's old acquaintance. Hurst had one peculiarity in his theatrical delivery. Actors in general drop their voices at the close of a sentence, but he uniformly ended every sentence with the rising inflection—a circumstance somewhat strange, as the other practice seems to operate by a sort of contagion among theatrical performers of either sex.

The next whom I remember of my father's theatrical friends, but the remembrance is faint, was Mr. Adam Hallam. This actor, who was a well-educated man, and a perfect gentleman in his deportment, possessed constant good spirits and a lively humour. He is mentioned in Davies's "Miscellanies," as so

good an imitator of the deportment of the celebrated Wilks, the contemporary of Betterton, Booth, and Cibber, that Rich was tempted to engage him on a large salary for seven years, at the end of which he was dismissed, and quitted the stage. He, however, was allowed the privilege of issuing tickets every season for his benefit, half of which was for the theatre and half for himself. This practice is still in use, I believe, at both the London theatres.

As Mr. Hallam derived his chief support from this resource, it is probable that he had many friends. He is mentioned with respect and gratitude by Mrs. Clarke in her own "Memoirs," as having received great kindness from him in the hour of adversity. Mrs. Clarke was the youngest daughter of Colley Cibber. She was married to Mr. Clarke, one of the musicians of the theatre. Her life was dissipated, if not profligate, and she was banished from the parental roof. On the death of her husband, she became very much embarrassed, and to protect herself from creditors, during the time that marriages were easily performed at the Fleet Prison, she gave a small sum to an old fisherman, who stood at a stall in Fleet Market, to marry her. She obtained a certificate of the marriage, and quitted her husband, who never saw her again. My father remembered the man, who was old and little better than an idiot, whom it would have been madness to trouble for the debts of his wife.

Mr. Hallam translated "The Beggar's Opera" into French, and carried it to Paris, in hopes of procuring a representation of it on the French stage, but the manager would not consent, unless he agreed that the hero of the piece should be hanged. Mr.

Hallam, from respect for the memory of Gay, would not suffer the piece to be altered. Mr. Davies says, that the translation was afterwards represented in the Haymarket Theatre with some success. Hallam was the uncle of Mrs. Mattocks, formerly Miss Hallam, a popular comic actress, with whom I was well acquainted, and who seemed to be much gratified when I told her that I recollected her uncle in my early days.

The next of my father's theatrical friends was Mr. David Ross, who was related to an ancient family in Scotland, at the head of whom, in his time, was Sir Walter Ross. Ross had the reputation of being a good actor in tragedy, and in both the lively and graver parts of comedy. I have seen him in *King Lear* and *Othello*, and if I could not at that time judge of his merit, I remember at least that he was much applauded in both characters. He was admired, I understand, in the character of Wellbred in "*Every Man in his Humour*," and I have good reason to believe that Colley Cibber told him he was the best Young Bevil, in "*The Conscious Lovers*," that he had seen since the days of Barton Booth.

Ross was Master of the Revels in Scotland, and the proprietor of the Edinburgh Theatre, with which he parted, as it was said, without adequate security. He was very fond of the pleasures of the table, and ate himself into so unseemly a shape, that he could not procure a situation on the London boards. I retained my acquaintance with him after the death of his wife, and as long as he remained in London. His wife was the celebrated Fanny Murray, who, according to the general estimation, was the greatest

purchaseable beauty of her day. At the time I became acquainted with her, when visiting her husband, with whom I used to play at backgammon, her beauty was more than on the wane, but she had pleasing features and an agreeable countenance. I remember her showing me a miniature, representing a lady of exquisite beauty, painted, I believe, in enamel. She asked if I knew the original of that portrait; and though her face must have undergone much alteration, yet I could trace the resemblance, and she seemed to be much gratified in finding that I knew it to be a portrait of herself.

There was nothing in her manner or conversation that in the slightest degree indicated the free life from which she had been rescued by marriage. Whatever her face might have been, her form was short, and by no means elegant. When Ross married her, he did so from motives of real affection, for he was then in possession of the public favour, and had a good salary at the theatre. She was certainly not a suitable companion for Ross, whose conversation more resembled the dialogue of Congreve's wits than that of any other person I ever knew. He also excelled in telling a humorous story.

On the death of his wife, being unable to obtain a theatrical engagement, he became embarrassed in his circumstances. It was reported that, as Fanny Murray had been originally seduced by one of the noble house of Spencer, she received from a branch of that family an annuity of 200*l*. This allowance, of course, ceased at her death. Poor Ross therefore represented his situation to the head of that family, and was allowed a moiety of the annuity for the remainder of his life. I never certainly heard of his

death, or where it happened, but was told that he died in the infirmary at York. Such, indeed, was probably the end of my old friend, after having represented kings, heroes, lovers, and all the illustrious characters of the drama, even during the reign of Garrick.

He held the powers of Garrick in the highest estimation; and when I once asked which he thought was Garrick's chief performance, he said that in his opinion it was Hamlet. As a proof of the veneration in which he held the genius of Garrick, he prided himself on having been born on the same day, in the same month, sixteen years after that unrivalled ornament of the stage, and on having been christened by the name of David.

It may not be improper to mention in honour of his wife, that, just before the marriage ceremony was performed, the officiating priest desired the bride to withdraw with him for a few minutes into the vestry-room. She consented, and he, delicately but solemnly alluding to her past life, told her that marriage was an awful and a sacred tie, and that unless she had determined to forsake all others and cleave only to her future husband, she would plunge herself into dreadful guilt by entering into the holy state. She appeared to be much affected at his doubts, but mildly assured him that it was her fixed resolution to lead a new life, and thereby endeavour to atone for former errors. The ceremony was then performed, and from that moment her conduct was unimpeached, and probably unimpeachable.

Poor Ross, when his age and size prevented his being reinstated on the London boards, used to vent his complaints against the managers in homely but

emphatic terms. I remember some of his repining language, which was as follows: "They (the managers) will not let me follow my business, work at my trade, and earn my bread." The truth is, that he was too indulgent to his appetite.

Churchill says of him, too justly, in the "Rosciad:"

Ross, a misfortune that we often meet,
Was fast asleep at fair Statira's feet;
Statira, with her hero to agree,
Stood on her feet as fast asleep as he.

I remember to have asked him who was the Statira alluded to, and he said that he did not recollect, but believed it was Mrs. Bellamy.

Ross was, indeed, too apt to slumber over some scenes, and upon one occasion received such a rough rebuke from the audience as roused him into active exertion, and he then threw out such striking and impressive beauties that censure was immediately converted into the warmest approbation. He was a very tardy paymaster, and at one time when he was in arrears with his laundress, and she had brought his linen, she declared she would not leave it till he paid her what was her due. The footman told his master what she said, when he desired her to be shown up-stairs. She was told to place her basket on the ground, and Ross drew it near the bed-room door. He examined the linen to see if it was right, taking his shirts and other articles one by one, and throwing them upon the bed. When he had emptied the basket and locked the door, "Now, madam," said he, "for your impudent speech I shall not pay you till I please." The poor woman, mortified to be thus overreached, and disappointed, burst into tears; and then Ross had the good-nature to

relent and pay her demand. If she had acted otherwise, it is probable the pay-day would have been adjourned *sine die*.

I do not remember to have seen more than one portrait of Ross, though I have a faint notion that there is a print of him in the character of *Comus*. The portrait I allude to was a whole-length of him painted by Zoffani, of the same size as his admirable dramatic portraits of Garrick, Foote, Palmer, &c. I went to see it at the house of the artist, by Ross's desire. He is represented in the character of Hamlet. It is a very correct likeness both of his figure and features. He told me that it was painted for Sir Walter Ross, the head of his family, and was to be sent to Scotland. To my surprise, I saw this identical picture in the dramatic gallery of Mr. Matthews, the comic actor, on the Highgate Road. I naturally asked Mr. Matthews how he became possessed of it; and he told me that he bought it of Mr. Rock, a good representative of low Irish parts at Covent Garden Theatre, and who was afterwards engaged in Scotland.

The last time I saw Ross perform was in the character of Strickland in the comedy of "The Suspicious Husband." If he had been contented to resign the higher characters of tragedy when his figure became unfit for them, and had confined himself to the level of such characters as Strickland, it is probable that he would not have wanted an engagement at Covent Garden Theatre; as from his education, good sense, and knowledge of life, he was much better calculated to do justice to them than those to whom such characters are usually assigned.

CHAPTER XXX.

MR. SHUTER, or Ned Shuter, as he was usually styled, was a comic actor of first-rate ability, and I have been assured that Mr. Garrick pronounced him the greatest comic genius he had ever seen. I remember him in Justice Woodcock, Scrub, Peachum, and Sir Francis Gripe. As far as I can remember him, his acting was a compound of truth, simplicity, and luxuriant humour, if such qualities can unite and be coexistent. Never was an actor more popular than Shuter, yet I do not remember to have seen more than one or two prints of him, from pictures by Zoffani, in dramatic scenes, while there are innumerable representations of Liston in prints, plaster of Paris, and other forms. But the arts have improved suprisingly since the days of Shuter.

Here I must pause to say, that Liston is one of the most original actors whom I ever saw, and in some characters he is irresistibly diverting. I remember that soon after the public became sensible of his merit, Mrs. Abington asked me if I liked him, and having expressed my high opinion of his comic talents, she said, "For my part, I doat on him, and the more so, because he is as ugly as myself." This favourable opinion, given by an admirable comic actress, of long experience, and who had seen so many first-rate performers, must be acceptable to

Mr. Liston, though not complimentary to his person. Churchill says of Shuter in his "Rosciad,"—

Shuter who never cared a single pin,
Whether he left out nonsense or put in.

This was really a true description of the actor, except that he possessed genuine humour, and whenever he sported an addition to the dialogue, it was always analogous to the character which he was performing.

To Shuter I was introduced by my father when I was very young, and remember passing an evening with my father and him at a tavern called the Blue Posts, in Russell Street, Covent Garden. All the company who were in the other boxes devoted their whole attention to Shuter, who told humorous stories, or uttered *bons-mots*, which delighted his hearers. Some time after, going through Hart Street, Bloomsbury, about twelve in the morning, I saw Shuter smartly dressed, and could not help making myself known to him. He said he was glad to "see a chip of the old block," and invited me into the public-house in that street, to partake of a glass of brandy-and-water. I was proud of the honour of being noticed by this popular droll, and readily accepted the invitation. He soon began to relate some theatrical stories, with which I was delighted. I recollect, however, only one. He said that old Hipsley, the actor, had suffered severely in his face at a fire, which gave such a ludicrous cast to his features, that the audience always laughed when he appeared on the stage. He once consulted Quin on the profession to which he should bring up his son, whom he described as a very promising boy. Quin, who thought that all Hipsley's comic merit

depended on the whimsical turn of his features, roughly said, "Burn his *face*, and make him an actor." Quin always pronounced the letter *a* broad, as in *brass*, and in that manner Shuter related the story.

Hipsley, I understood, was reputed a good comic actor before he suffered by the accident. He was celebrated for delivering a soliloquy of his own composing, called "Hipsley's Drunken Man." He was the father of Mrs. Green, an admirable actress in the virago parts of comedy, and the first old Margaret in the opera of "The Duenna."

There was a place within my remembrance called Finch's Grotto Gardens. It was a minor Vauxhall, and was situated near the King's Bench prison. There was a grotto in the middle of the garden, an orchestra, and a rotunda. The price of admission was sixpence, and the place was much frequented. When the musical powers of Lowe, generally called Tom or Tommy Lowe, were so much impaired that he could not procure an engagement at the patent theatres, he was reduced to the necessity of accepting one at these Grotto Gardens, and his first appearance was announced in the newspapers. As my father was well acquainted with Lowe in his prosperity, he took me with him to assist in cheering him on his appearance. There we found Shuter, with some friends, ready to encourage his old associate. Lowe sung a hunting-song with evident decay of musical talents; but when it was ended, Shuter, who stood immediately below the orchestra, shouted "Bravo, Tom, your voice is as good as ever;" but my father who had known him in his best days, told me that Shuter's applause was

merely an effusion of friendly zeal. At the end of the concert Shuter remained in the gardens, and went to sup in one of the boxes. The place was crowded, and the people thronged round the box to hear the humorous sallies of Shuter, insomuch that the waiters passed with difficulty; there was a great destruction of plates and dishes in the struggle, and abundance of knives and forks were scattered over the ground. No person thought of retiring while Shuter remained, and I remember seeing him in the midst of his friends as if he were the monarch of merriment.

Lowe, I understood, had once a very fine voice, but had no musical science. When Handel had quarrelled with Beard, he intended to engage Lowe for the oratorios, but finding him deficient in musical knowledge, was obliged to make peace with Beard, who, besides possessing a good voice, was a sound musician. Poor Lowe was at last reduced to accept an engagement at Sadler's Wells, where I saw him habited as an old barber, and referring to some women in the scene, he chaunted in recitative the following couplet, among others of equal poetic elegance :

Mop-squeezers, I hate 'em,
By this pomatum !

In the same dramatic piece, Harlequin, on discovering his father, expressed his filial affection in the following manner :—

It gives me joy that thou 'rt my pappy ;
To do thy will shall make me happy.

Such was the pitiable destiny of Lowe, who was once so admired a singer, that I remember the fol-

lowing passage of a popular song which announced his vocal merits :

The first that e'er was born
To sing the early morn,
Was famous Tommy Lowe.

When and where he died I know not, but it was probably in obscurity and want. Yet he was once the proprietor of Marylebone Gardens, and had kept his carriage.

A friend of my father who was acquainted with Lowe, told me that he saw him going in his chariot to Marylebone Gardens soon after he became master of them, with a large iron trunk behind it, which he told the gentleman he had purchased to place the profits of the gardens in. He was a well-behaved man when sober, but very quarrelsome and abusive in his cups. He had a brother who kept a public house in Bunhill Row, and had an annual dinner, which Lowe always attended, to serve his brother by entertaining the guests; but he generally got drunk, then became quarrelsome and abusive, insomuch as to excite general disgust, and was more than once absolutely turned out of the house.

The last time I saw him was in a narrow lane near Aldersgate Street. He was coming out of a butcher's shop, with some meat in an old blue and white checked handkerchief. With an air of covered pride, he told me that he always bought meat himself, and that no man understood better how to choose a beef-steak. His name is to be found in all the old song-books of Vauxhall and Marylebone Gardens. I never saw more than one print of him, and that represented him and Mrs. Chambers in the characters of Macheath and Polly.

To return to Shuter: he was never without a joke or a whimsical story. He used to give the cries of London on his annual benefit at the theatre; and the day before one of these benefits, he followed through several streets a man whose cry of his wares was peculiar. At last Shuter stopped him, told him he was Ned Shuter, and had followed him for half an hour in hopes to hear his usual cry. "Why, Master Shuter," said the man, "my wife died this morning, and *I can't cry.*"

On another occasion a mendicant, who knew him, said in a piteous tone, "Pray, Mr. Shuter, give me something, for you see I have but one shoe in the world." "No!" said Shuter, who never could control his waggish disposition, "then there's a *pair* for you," offering a Windsor *pear* which he happened to have in his pocket. Having however had his joke, he liberally relieved the man's distress.

Poor Shuter was too fond of the bottle, and injured his health so much that, though the character of Don Jerome in the "The Duenna" was first intended for him, his health and faculties were so much impaired that it was assigned to Wilson, who somewhat resembled him, and whose performance of it much augmented his reputation.

When I said that Mr. Ackman was my father's first theatrical acquaintance, I had forgot his old friend Mr. Peter Bardin. This gentleman was a native of Ireland, and one of the established performers at the theatre in Goodman's Fields at the time when Garrick first appeared upon the London boards at the same theatre. Bardin was the last of the old school of Booth, Wilks, and other actors, who were much distinguished in their day. Bardin gave some offence to the audience during his connexion with

Goodman's Fields, and public hostility was so strong against him, that he thought proper to withdraw from that theatre, and soon after became the manager of a provincial company.

Chetwood in his "History of the Stage," which was published in 1749, has introduced Mr. Bardin among all the chief performers of the time, particularly the Cibbers, Garrick, Barry, &c. and refers to the event which induced the audience to be incensed against him, but does not state the occasion, so that it cannot now be known. Chetwood speaks of Bardin as having "bent his thoughts towards the stage very early in youth, and as having seen the performance of the best actors in England upon the London stages." He adds, that "his long intercourse with theatrical action improved his study, and that few parts came amiss to him." Though he does not state the cause of the public displeasure, he introduces an article taken from one of the public journals of the time, entitled "A small Animadversion on a late Officer at the Playhouse." Yet this article is equally silent as to the cause, but represents it "as a private dispute between somebody in the gallery and Bardin the actor." It may, however, be inferred that Bardin's opponent, instead of confining the dispute to himself and the actor, appealed to the audience, and rendered it the subject of dissension in the theatre. The author says, "If Bardin had done any unwarrantable and injurious thing to a gentleman, Bardin should have made proper and ample satisfaction in his private capacity for the offence. The audience had no right in, nor care for Bardin, but they certainly have for Prince Volcius; he was their player, they had paid for him." Hence we may conclude, that as no accusation is brought against him, he

suffered by private pique, which raised a party against him.

Bardin had been intimate with Mr. Donaldson, whom I have before mentioned, and also with the Earl of Halifax, and had reason to believe that he should obtain some appointment from that nobleman after he had wholly relinquished his provincial theatres, but though promised his lordship's patronage, he lingered years in expectation, and all his hopes at last ended in disappointment. In the mean time, he supported himself in London by engaging in the wine-trade by commission, and in giving instruction to candidates for theatrical distinction. He afterwards went to Ireland, and by his connexion with Mr. Conolly, and other distinguished members of the Irish Parliament, obtained the situation of Postmaster in Dublin. Before, however, he obtained this appointment, he came to London with Barry, when the latter brought Mrs. Dancer with him, and they were both engaged by Foote at the Haymarket theatre.

I remember to have seen him play Gloucester when Barry performed King Lear; but he did not appear under his own name, though it is hardly probable that after so distant a period his old enemies in Goodman's Fields, if alive, would have renewed their hostility. I have a very faint recollection of his performance, but as far as I can remember, it partook of the formal school which Garrick so completely overturned by the spirit of truth, nature, and appropriate character. It may fairly be concluded that Chetwood would not have introduced Bardin among the chief performers in the biographical part of his history of the stage, unless he had been an

actor of conspicuous merit; particularly as he declined to give his opinion of Bardin's conduct in the affair alluded to, but rather by his manner of mentioning the subject seems to have disapproved of that conduct.

I remember Bardin well in private life. He was a true specimen of the spirit and humour of the Irish character. Though advanced in life when I knew him, his health was good, and his spirit unabated. He was intimate with Hugh Kelly and the wits of that time, who, with my father and other friends, were fond of playing at skittles at White Conduit House and Bagnigge Wells, before he finally settled in Dublin; and I was proud of being employed by such a company to set up the pins.

Bardin was esteemed an admirable judge of acting, and an excellent instructor of those who were students for the stage. He was particularly intimate with Mr. O'Hara, the author of "Midas," one of the best, if not the very best burletta in our language. He sang all the songs in it with great spirit, and must obviously have been in his youth an actor of considerable talents and versatility. There was a conciliating heartiness in his manner that I never observed in any other person, which I have witnessed on several occasions. I was particularly struck with one instance, which may appear too trifling to be recorded, except that it illustrates character and shows the effect of manner.

I was once with him at an inn in Aldersgate Street, having accompanied him as he was going off the same night to Ireland. The porter had been on errands for him, and was telling him what he had done, and how carefully he had disposed of his great

coat and luggage. Bardin, who seldom possessed more cash than was absolutely necessary for immediate expenses, and who had learned prudence in the school of adversity, listened attentively to all the man said, thanked him for his care, gave him a friendly tap on the shoulder, and with a hearty fervour said, "Well, my friend, there's an honest sixpence for you." The man was evidently disappointed at so small a recompense for the services which he had enumerated, but was so overcome by the open-hearted freedom of Bardin's manner, that, scratching his head, he said, "Well, I thank you, master, however;" though it is probable that such a trifle from persons in general, after such service, would have been answered with reproach and abuse.

It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader, that it is recorded of Charles the First and Second, that people would rather be pleased with a refusal from the easy and gay familiarity of the son, than receive a favour from the grave dignity and reserve of the father. Mr. Sheridan had a very conciliating manner, but of a very different kind, for he would speak to a stranger in company with a sort of confidential air, as if he had been struck with the countenance of the person whom he addressed, and thought him not only a man of sense, but one in whom confidence might safely be reposed. This manner seemed to be wholly unaffected, and was generally practised upon his creditors, who, however angry and determined to enforce their demands, were so soothed by his manner, even without promises of payment, that they quitted him with feelings quite altered, and disposed to wait a little longer. I never, indeed, witnessed a manner more irresistibly winning and effective.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MR. JOHN HENDERSON. I had so slight an acquaintance with this gentleman that I can speak little of him in his personal character. He was, I understand, apprenticed to some mechanical art, but before he assumed the theatrical profession was admired for his good sense, humour, and imitative powers. His introduction to a theatrical life must doubtless have been, as is usual, upon some provincial theatre, but he first became an object of critical attention on the Bath stage. He first appeared in London at the Haymarket Theatre, when under the management of the elder Colman, who was not only a skilful dramatist, but an excellent critic, a sound scholar, and, as I have heard, a very able amateur performer. Henderson excited great attention when he first appeared in London. The character was Hamlet, and, if not a great, it was certainly a judicious performance. In a short time he became so popular and attractive that he excited great jealousy among his theatrical compeers, and my old friend Ross, though a liberal man, styled him "the tar-water actor," alluding to the once famous tar-water, recommended by the amiable Berkeley Bishop of Cloyne, but which had only a fleeting popularity, and when Henderson appeared on the London stage was quite forgotten.

Henderson's face and person were not fitted for tragedy, but he was an excellent comedian; and

though his Falstaff was the most facetious I ever saw, yet it always struck me that it was a mixture of the old woman with the old man. He laughed and chuckled almost throughout the character, and his laugh, like that of Mrs. Jordan, spread a merry contagion, which might be said to infect the whole audience. His Benedict was so close an imitation of Garrick that my dear mother, who was an excellent judge, when we saw it together one night observed, that if it were not for the difference in person, she should have thought Garrick was performing. He was a good Shylock, and was the first who differently pointed the following passage :

“Signor Antonio, many a time and oft, on the Rialto,” &c.

“Many a time and oft,” was generally considered as a common proverbial expression, but Henderson pointed it thus :

“Signor Antonio, many a time, and oft on *the Rialto*,” &c.

implying that Antonio had not only generally “bated” him, but oft even on the Rialto, “where merchants most do congregate.” Whatever the critics may decide on this alteration, it certainly is ingenious, and shows that Henderson was disposed to think for himself.

I remember that Mr. Brereton the actor, one of the handsomest men that ever appeared on the stage, the first husband of Mrs. John Kemble, introduced a similar innovation when he performed Hamlet, at Richmond in Surrey. Hamlet, in addressing the ghost says,

“I’ll call thee king, Hamlet, father, royal Dane,” &c.

Brereton pointed it thus,—

“I’ll call thee king, Hamlet, father—Royal Dane, oh, answer me!”

This novelty was the subject of newspaper controversy at the time, some of the critics contending that the old mode was a pleonasm, and an anti-climax, and others that Hamlet was wrong in calling a spectre, perhaps prone to mislead him, "Royal Dane."

The only serious, or tragic character in which Henderson made a very powerful impression on the public was in a domestic tragedy written by Mr. Cumberland, entitled "The Mysterious Husband." My late excellent friend Mr. William Woodfall, who was a sound theatrical critic, and a warm admirer of Garrick, had made some observations in his daily paper, which Henderson thought severe, and the latter retorted in some satirical verses, in which he criticised the critic. I have been told that they were very sharp and ingenious, but were never published, probably because Henderson did not deem it politic to provoke a formidable critic who presided over a daily newspaper.

Henderson was a great lover of money, and for that object even sacrificed his attachment to an amiable widow lady, whom I knew, though it was generally understood among her friends and his that they would be married; a maiden in Wiltshire, with a fortune of 5000*l.* was too attractive for him to throw himself away on a mere love-match. The widow had heard of the matrimonial negotiation, and told him that he was reported to be on the eve of marriage. His answer was that people had often disposed of him in wedlock, but he hoped they would let him chose for himself; however, in a few days after, the newspapers announced his union with the wealthy spinster.

Henderson's Iago was a masterly piece of acting

throughout. He admirably mingled the subtlety of the character with its reputed blunt honesty. His manner of varying his advice to Roderigo, "to put money in his purse," was remarkably ingenious; and so was his manner of reciting the verses which he composes by desire of Desdemona. In general, till Henderson's time, performers used to deliver those verses as if they had "got them by heart," to use the common expression; but Henderson spoke them gradually, as if he was inventing them by degrees.

Mr. Thomas Sheridan, father of the celebrated Brinsley, and Henderson entered into a partnership to deliver public recitations. The serious parts were to be spoken by Mr. Sheridan, and the comic by Henderson. Mr. Sheridan gave chiefly passages from his "Lectures on Oratory," which were in general dull and heavy, but his recitation of "Alexander's Feast" was animated and impressive to a great degree. His recitation of Shenstone's beautiful "Elegy on Jessé" was, however, languid and heavy. On the other hand, Henderson's recitations from Sterne, and particularly his recital of Cowper's admirable tale of "John Gilpin," were irresistibly diverting; the latter rendered a tale hardly known popular all over the kingdom, and furnished full scope for various artists in illustration of the citizen's unlucky journey.

Here I may be permitted to say, that I am under a similar obligation to Mr. Fawcett the actor, to whose humorous recital of my tale of "Monsieur Tonson" I am probably indebted for its extraordinary popularity, rather than to any intrinsic merit in the composition. I shall always regret that it is deficient in poetical justice, as the poor victim of

sportive persecution was finally driven from his home without any compensation for his ludicrous sufferings. Here it is proper to correct a mistake. In the last edition of this tale, with ingenious illustrations by one of the Cruickshanks, Tom King, the tormenting hero of the piece, is represented to have been the late Mr. Thomas King the actor, a comic performer long admired on Drury Lane stage, under the management of Mr. Garrick ; but the Tom King of the tale was, as I have understood, the son of a former Archbishop King of Dublin, in 1721, and I have understood likewise that the tale itself was founded on fact.

The recitations by Messrs. Sheridan and Henderson were very attractive, and the room in which they were delivered was crowded every night.

Henderson was, I conceive, the best general actor since the days of Garrick, but wanted the ease and variety of that great and unrivalled master of his art. He was at times too elaborate in finishing passages in the characters which he assumed, as if he was anxious that nothing should be lost which he uttered. Hence in his *Sir Giles Overreach*, though a masterly performance, there was much of that laborious solicitude, and too much of it also in his *Pierre*. Mr. Davies, generally called Tom Davies, the well-known bookseller, who was befriended by Dr. Johnson and Garrick, and whose "*Dramatic Miscellanies*" prove that he possessed literary and critical abilities which rendered him worthy of their countenance, gave me the following couplet, after Henderson's first appearance in *Pierre*.

Otway's bold *Pierre* was open, generous, brave,
The *Pierre* of Henderson's a subtle knave.

The great pains which Henderson took to render the minutest part of the Venetian republican impressive throughout, gave too much occasion for that metrical criticism.

Mr. Davies, or, as he was generally styled, Tom Davies, had left the stage before I frequented the theatre, no doubt, induced by the cruel humour with which Churchill describes him in his admirable "Rosciad;" but he had a benefit-night allowed him by Garrick for old acquaintance sake, when he came forward to perform the part of Fainall, in the comedy of "The Way of the World." I happened to be present. He was an old, formal-looking man, and totally different from such a person as we might expect to find in a gay, dissipated husband. Before the curtain was drawn up, he came forward, and addressed the audience in the following terms. "Ladies and gentlemen, I am conscious of my inability to do justice to the character that I have undertaken, but I hope you will accept of my best endeavours to please." There were many friends of honest Tom in the house, and this address, as well as his performance of the part, was received with kind applause. Poor Davies did not attend to the good old maxim *hoc age*; for if he had confined himself to his business as a bookseller, and had not indulged his literary ambition, he would probably have lived in comfortable circumstances, though he might not have raised a fortune. What I saw of his acting certainly appeared to justify the criticism of Churchill, though not its sportive severity. Churchill says—

Behind came mighty Davies—on my life,
That Davies has a very pretty wife.

Without animadverting upon the impropriety of

dragging an inoffensive female before the public, it may fairly be concluded, that Davies being an avowed politician, whose principles were different from those of Churchill, was the cause of the poet's hostility towards him. I once saw the "pretty wife." She was quietly sitting in the shop, while her husband was pursuing his literary avocations in the back-room. She was in the autumn of life, neatly dressed, modest in her aspect, with a kind of meek dejection in her features, which evidently bore the remains of beauty. It is lamentable to relate what I have been informed was the final destiny of this harmless couple. He died in poverty, and was buried at the expense of his friends; and his amiable widow, as I heard, was reduced to the deplorable asylum of the parish workhouse.

Another bookseller whom I knew, and who had nearly brought himself into similar distress, though from a different cause, was my late old friend Mr. Becket, who was one of the most eminent booksellers in London. The firm was Becket and De Hont, and they published the most valuable works in their day. De Hont retired from the business, and went with a large fortune to Holland. Becket was not equally provident. He became acquainted with Garrick, and was so fascinated by the conversational powers of that great actor, that he devoted to him a great part of his time every morning. The firm of Becket and De Hont was held at a respectable house on the south side of the New Church, in the Strand; but when the Adamsons had built the Adelphi, chiefly over old Durham Yard, the depository of all the rubbish in the neighbourhood, Mr. Becket removed to a large house at the south-east corner of Adam

Street, in the Strand. The expense of this house, and his daily attendance on Garrick, with the gradual decline of his business, induced him to remove to a house opposite the Shakspeare Gallery in Pall Mall, where, by blending the business of a stationer with that of a bookseller, he was able to support himself with comfort and respect. He had the credit of publishing, in his latter days, that learned, poetical, and admirable work, "The Pursuits of Literature."

The same sort of mystery hangs over the origin of this work as over the letters of Junius, and the heroic "Epistle to Sir William Chambers." The suspicion has generally fallen upon Mr. Mathias, a gentleman whom I have long known and esteemed. It seems to be very probable, that if he was not the sole author, he had some concern in the composition, for which he was well qualified by his knowledge, his abilities, and his determined attachment to the good old political constitution of this country. When I was one of the proprietors of a daily paper entitled "The True Briton," the late John Gifford, Esq., one of the police magistrates at a subsequent period, was the editor. Struck by the political rectitude and moral tendency, as well as with the high poetical merits of "The Pursuits of Literature," the four cantos of which were published successively, he entered into an elaborate criticism of the work, upon which he bestowed warm commendation. Soon after a letter was addressed to the editor of "The True Briton," pointing out the poem to the attention of the public at large.

Meeting Mr. Mathias at the King's Theatre one evening, and talking on the subject of the poem, I

asked him if he had seen the letter in question. I observed that it was probably written by the author of the poem. He agreed with me, but said, “ If you examine it well, you will find that it does not contain any panegyric on the intellectual powers displayed in the work, but confines itself to the beneficial tendency of particular passages, and the general soundness of its constitutional principles.” Pursuing the subject, I observed that as he was supposed to be the author of it, it was natural to suppose he would strenuously recommend it to general attention. “ Ay, ay,” said he ; “ I have suffered much abuse upon the subject, but they will find out their mistake hereafter.” Whoever was the author, I could not but feel highly gratified that I was complimented with two editions of it “ from the author.”

Becket, the publisher, who was faithful to his trust, and, like Junius, to use the words of the latter, suffered the secret “ to perish with him,” was a good-humoured man, and whenever I happened to see him, I always pretended to suppose he was the author, and that I felt myself indebted to him for the copies, adding that I hoped he would soon bring forward another edition of a work so honourable to his learning, talents, and principles. He, with his usual good humour, thanked me for entertaining so favourable an opinion of his powers, adding, “ I think in my next edition I shall soften some passages and strengthen others.” This served as a laughing joke between us, till death deprived me of a valued old friend. The allusions in the poem and notes to my late friends Mr. William Boscawen the translator of Horace, and Mr. Henry James Pyé, the late Poet Laureate, a profound scholar, an able critic,

a good poet, and an excellent man, induced them to vent their anger in two spirited poems, and occasional strictures in the newspapers; and even my mild friend Jerningham was roused into sportive resentment by some reference to him.

The late Mr. George Steevens, generally styled Commentator Steevens, from his annotations on Shakspeare, said of "The Pursuits of Literature," that "the poem was merely a peg to hang notes upon;" but, if I may presume to judge, it is a work of high poetical merit. The author says in a parody on Pope, alluding to my late friend Mr. William Gifford,

I sit and think I read my Pope anew.

Much as I revere the talents of my friend Gifford, I cannot but think that there is much of poetical inspiration, and not less of vigour, in "The Pursuits of Literature," and I conceive that the character of the Bard in that poem, considering its extent, may be compared to some of the best productions in our language.

Mr. Mathias published a pamphlet on the subject of the poems alleged to have been written in the fifteenth century by a monk named Rowley. Mr. Mathias impartially gives all the arguments, *pro* and *con*, for Rowley and Chatterton, and appears to decide in favour of the former. It would, indeed, be the height of presumption in me to give an opinion on the subject, as it has employed the learning and sagacity of many high authorities, but yet I may venture to say something. Chatterton had not reached his sixteenth year when he produced the poems in question. They are numerous, and display great poetical merit. Chatterton had

little education. He was vain and proud. Though he had not much employment in an attorney's office, yet he had some. He possessed talents, chiefly of a satirical kind. He always positively and solemnly avowed that the poems were the compositions of Rowley, and discovered by him in the manner he had described. He had no books that could furnish him with the means of imitating the language of the period in question, and, considering the great extent of the poems, the mere transcription of them would have been a work of much time and labour, even without considering the time and labour that would be required to fabricate all the imputed imposition. I therefore presume to infer, that it is not within the compass of the human powers, however precocious, to have composed such works at the time of life at which Chatterton produced them. That he may have employed the language of a different period to fill up the chasms and give unity to the whole, may be admitted, and in this respect his ignorance has been detected. Upon the whole I propose a question, which, as far as I know, has not been asked before. Would Chatterton have been believed if in the first instance he had avowed himself to be the author of Rowley's poems? Would it have been thought that with his uneducated mind, his limited opportunities, and at his early time of life, it was possible for him to have accumulated the means necessary for so elaborate a fabrication? It has been said that passages in the Rowley poems are taken from Shakspeare, Dryden, and others; but it does not appear that he had any of the works of those authors, nor are the passages in question of such a peculiar nature as not to have occurred to any

poet conversant with human life and nature. Finally, is it consistent with the nature of mankind that a poet gifted with such high powers, and conscious of possessing them, should obstinately decline that fame, distinction, and patronage, which works of so much merit were calculated to excite ?

Having mentioned my friend Mr. William Boscawen, the translator of Horace, and who favoured me with the work, it is but justice to his memory to recur to him. He was one of the Commissioners of the Victualling Office, and, though so partial to the muses, he never suffered them to interfere with his public duty. He was one of the most active contributors to that truly admirable institution "The Literary Fund," having for many years supplied an annual tribute of verses in support of it, which he recited himself on the anniversary celebration, as long as his health permitted. He was the nephew of Admiral Boscawen, a naval hero, much and deservedly distinguished in his day ; and though the triumph of the immortal Nelson in the battle of the Nile eclipsed the glory of all his professional predecessors, yet Mr. Boscawen was the first who came forward to pay poetical homage, in a very spirited ode, in honour of the glorious victor.

The last time I saw him, I met him in the Strand, on the very day of the annual celebration ; but though he had sent a poem for the occasion, he was too ill to attend the meeting. I had previously expressed my regret that he had translated Horace's "Art of Poetry" in verses of eight syllables, and he assured me at this last meeting that he had taken my hint, and was proceeding to invest it with the heroic measure ; but I believe his new version has

never been published. He was a truly worthy man in his domestic life, as well as a scholar, a poet, and a gentleman.

“The Literary Fund” naturally leads me to mention my late friend Mr. William Thomas Fitz-Gerald, who was one of the most zealous, strenuous, and persevering friends and supporters of that benevolent institution. During many years he constantly supplied his Parnassian tribute at the annual festivity, and recited it himself with such energy and effect as to render that festivity very attractive. If his health had continued, he would probably have supplied an annual tribute on every return of the celebration. At length his vigour declined, and he was unable to attend the meetings. He died last year, [1829,] and I venerate his memory, for a more honourable man I never knew. He has thought proper to mention me with partial kindness in his volume of poems, and I am proud of having enjoyed the friendship of so worthy a character. He was related to the noble family of Leinster, and was generally allowed to be an accomplished scholar. He enjoyed the friendship of the late Lord Dudley and Ward, one of the most amiable and benevolent of British noblemen, and used to pass much of his time at the hospitable mansion of that nobleman in town, and at his magnificent mansion at Himley. That estimable nobleman died intestate, well knowing that his son and successor would amply fulfil his wishes without the formality of legal distribution. Judging from the present noble lord’s conduct towards Mr. Fitz-Gerald, it is obvious that the late nobleman had full reason to rely on his son’s filial respect, affection, and duty. Mr. Fitz-Gerald would probably have been

highly gratified to have been honoured with notice, and moderately remembered in the late lord's will; but the present lord actually presented to him 5000*l.* as the virtual legacy of his departed father. Nor is this all, for he gave him permission to occupy the house in which he himself resided at Paddington, rent-free, where Mr. Fitz-Gerald died, and where his widow and family doubtless enjoy the same benevolent privilege.

These are imperial works and worthy kings.

Feelings of respect for the memory of a very worthy man, a good poet, and an eminent scholar, induced me to say a few words on my friend Mr. Henry James Pye. He also was an active and resolute supporter of "The Literary Fund," and often added his poetical contributions at the anniversary meeting, which, however, he never recited himself, as he had an impediment in his speech. He was once the proprietor of landed property to a great extent in Berkshire, and was member for the county. How he lost that property I never heard, but understood that he was a generous and hospitable man. His learning was shown in his translation of "The Poetic" of Aristotle, and he published many poems highly creditable to his genius and taste. His largest and best poem was entitled "Alfred," of which the founder of our laws was the hero. He also wrote a tragedy entitled "Adelaide," which was represented with success at Drury Lane Theatre. Mrs. Siddons was the heroine, and at Mr. Pye's desire I wrote the epilogue for that lady to speak. She said that, to show her respect for me, she would speak it if I wished, but, after playing a long part, she desired to get home

as soon as possible, and hoped I would excuse her. The epilogue was then assigned to Miss Mellon, the present Duchess of St. Alban's, who delivered it with such spirit as might amply atone for its poetical demerits. Mr. Pye condescended to submit to me some of his *official* verses as poet laureate; and never was there an author who listened with more attention to proposed corrections, or was more ready to adopt them. His house even to the last, when he was one of the police magistrates, was the resort of genius and the scene of hospitality. He published a work entitled "Comments on the Commentators of Shakespeare, with preliminary observations on his genius and writings, and on the labours of those who have endeavoured to elucidate them." He affixed a Greek motto to the work, and the following apt quotation from "The Spectator," No. 138. "One meets now and then with persons who are extremely learned and knotty in expounding clear cases." This work displays great critical acumen, with much humour and playful ridicule. He also published "Sketches on various subjects, moral, literary, and political," a very amusing and instructive volume.

Mr. Pye was a very affectionate father, a very pleasant companion, and a very warm friend. He had two daughters, the eldest of whom was married to an officer in the navy, and the second to my friend Mr. Arnold, the proprietor of the late English Opera House, and the son of my old and esteemed friend Dr. Arnold, whose musical works bear ample testimony to his taste, judgment, and learning, in one of the most gratifying sciences that contribute to the enjoyment of private life as well as to the amusement of the public. Mr. Arnold, the

son, I knew in his "boyish days," and at that period he held forth a promise of the talents which have been successfully displayed in his dramatic productions. I would willingly bear a more ample testimony of my respect and esteem for him, but shall avoid every thing that might be thought flattering to the living, and only express my ardent hope that he will be able to re-establish that dramatic edifice which he reared with so much zeal, prudence, and enterprise, and which he conducted with so much judgment, discretion, and liberality.

To show the moderation and contented disposition of Mr. Pye, he resided, I understood, in a cottage on that ample estate of which he previously had been the owner. I know not whether his official odes as Poet Laureate have ever been published in a collected shape; but it is proper they should be, since they do honour to his memory as a spirited and learned poet, as well as a loyal subject, and a worthy member of society.

As this division of my miscellaneous work began with actors, I shall take leave to say something more of that amusing community.

I was very intimate with MR. KING, so long a comic actor at Drury Lane Theatre during the management of Garrick. Mr. King was the son of a respectable tradesman in Westminster, and went to the same academy in that neighbourhood as my friend Mr. Donaldson, before the latter was sent to Westminster School. Mr. King, whose friendly and social qualities procured him the general designation of Tom King, averse to his father's business, felt, on leaving school, the impulse of theatrical ambition, and joined some strolling companies in various

parts of this country. He made no scruple to relate the various vicissitudes of his roving life, and abounded with anecdotes of his rambling theatrical pursuits. At one time, when the company to which he was attached was stationed at Beaconsfield, he was unprovided with decent apparel, and so destitute of cash that he walked to London to borrow a pair of stockings of a friend. That friend contrived to procure a bed for him, but he was obliged to walk back the following day to Beaconsfield, in order to be in time "to strut his hour upon the stage" at night, and perhaps to perform two or three characters. He said that his share of the profits was three shillings and some ends of candle.

Before I became acquainted with King, Mr. Donaldson told me, if ever I should happen to know him, to ask him to relate two stories which he mentioned to me. I did not forget the hint, and when, many years after, I became acquainted with him, I circuitously endeavoured to draw his attention to the matter; "I see what you are at," said King, "but you need not take any trouble on the occasion, for I will tell the stories immediately." He then, with as much readiness as if he was telling an occurrence of the passing day, related the stories in question with great humour and powers of mimicry.

Mr. King unfortunately had a strong propensity to gaming, which towards the decline of life made him feel the "*res angusta domi*." Upon one occasion it is said that he lost about 7000*l*. and that he hurried home, went into his bedchamber, fell on his knees, and asked his wife, who was in bed, for a prayer-book or a bible. Mrs. King was alarmed,

and apprehended that he had been suddenly seized with insanity. Whether or not he obtained either of the books he desired, I know not, but he continued on his knees, and fervently vowed that he never would visit a gaming-house again. Unhappily the fascinating vice of gaming again tempted him, and at length deprived him of the means of renewing his chance of regaining the favour of fortune.

About the year 1782, he had a respectable house in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, and another near Mr. Garrick's seat at Hampton; and I believe about that period Mr. and Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble shared their Christmas holidays with him at the latter place. He was then easy in his circumstances, having a large salary, and usually a productive annual benefit. His society was generally courted, as he abounded in whimsical anecdotes, which he related with great spirit and humour; he was a very entertaining companion.

He had sometime *protected* Miss Baker, an admired dancer, and having unfortunately broken his leg, her attention to him demonstrated such sincere affection, that he married her on his recovery. She proved an amiable and affectionate wife, and submitted with patience to the decline of his fortunes, though it was the result of his unhappy devotion to the gaming-table.

As an actor, he represented the characters with a reference to human nature, with which he was well acquainted; and he never copied his predecessors, as many actors, both tragic and comic, have often done. He was chiefly excellent in representing the bucks

and bloods of the time, a noxious race of animals that are now happily extinct, owing to the strictness of police regulations. We may judge of the manners of the times, even within the memory of our veteran contemporaries, when we find that a learned physician, who mixed with the world, made the hero of his comedy mount a ladder, and enter into a lady's chamber at midnight. If any person were now to adopt such conduct in private life, he would soon probably find Sir Richard Birnie a very rigid critic, and a strict observant of "time, place, and action." That the comedy in question experienced some opposition at first, is evident from the following epigram, which was thrown into the author's carriage while he was attending a patient, and which found its way into the newspapers :

TO DOCTOR HOADLEY, M.D.

Dear Doctor, since your comic muse don't please,
Turn to your tragic, and write *recipés*.*

Towards the decline of life being embarrassed, and finding it difficult to procure arrears of salary from Mr. Sheridan, King quitted Drury Lane Theatre, *placarded* that gentleman in the public streets, and was engaged by Mr. Harris, the chief proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre; but he performed a very few nights, as Mr. Lewis, who was then stage manager, manifested some discontent, conceiving that some of his own characters might be assigned to

* Quin, in his usual sarcastic manner, being an enemy to pantomimic comedies, said that "The Suspicious Husband" should be named "The Hat and the Ladder," alluding to two incidents in the piece.

King. This dissatisfaction Mr. Lewis communicated to me, and afterwards to Mr. Harris, who became alarmed lest he should lose so excellent an actor; and King having received amicable overtures from Mr. Sheridan, resumed his station at Old Drury, and Mr. Lewis was easily reconciled to his old manager.

Churchill says of King—

'Mongst Drury's sons he comes and shines in brass.

It is probable that the satirical poet here intended a pun, and did not intend to confine his meaning to the character in the comedy of "The Confederacy," but to King's general excellence in *brazen* characters, though, indeed, King's peculiar merit in that character was *unique*, and hardly admitted of a parallel. On the death of poor Tom King, his widow was literally obliged to live in a garret in Tottenham Court Road, which she made a little paradise, and was chiefly supported by the liberal contributions of some old friends till her death.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MRS. INCHBALD. I became acquainted with this lady in the year 1782, and an uninterrupted friendship existed between us till her death. When I first knew her, she was a very fine woman, and although conscious of the beauty of her person, she never indulged herself in any expenses for the purpose of making it appear to more advantage. She was at this time an actress at Covent Garden Theatre, but, though she always displayed good sense, and a just conception of the characters which she performed, yet she never rose to any height of professional reputation. She had a slight impediment in her speech in ordinary conversation, but it never appeared when she was performing on the stage.

It is not necessary to enter into her private life, as she has herself given a brief account of it. It is sufficient to say, that when she was about seventeen years of age, she left the house of her father, a farmer in Norfolk or Suffolk, and being strongly imbued with theatrical ambition, she applied to Mr. Griffith, manager of the Norwich company, and in time became connected with many provincial theatres in England and Scotland. She married Mr. Inchbald, an actor and a miniature-painter, a man much older than herself, whose character was highly respected.

Mr. Inchbald had, I believe, been previously married, and for a season or two had an engagement at Drury Lane Theatre, under the management of

Garrick, and thought of that actor's merit, as all men of taste, learning, and judgment did, with the highest admiration. Mrs. Inchbald told me, that in the earlier part of her life she was very irritable in her temper, but time, reflection, and the vicissitudes of fortune, had softened and subdued her natural disposition. She mentioned one particular instance of the warmth of her temper when she and her husband were in a boarding-house at Canterbury, while they were both engaged in the theatre of that city. Mr. Inchbald had been employed all the morning in copying a miniature portrait of Garrick. At length dinner was announced by the mistress of the house, and Mrs. Inchbald desired her husband to attend it. He signified that he would be ready in a minute or two, but continued to touch his picture. Mrs. Inchbald then urged him to attend at the table below, but finding he still lingered over the portrait, she suddenly seized it, and in a moment obliterated all his morning's work. She expressed her regret at this action, not only as it was an act of reprehensible violence, but as it was a painful outrage on the feelings of a worthy man.

I was in the habit of visiting her every Sunday morning for many years, first when she had apartments in Russell Street, Covent Garden, next in Leicester Square, and afterwards in Hart Street, near the theatre. She occupied the second floor in all these apartments. The first was in the house which had been called Button's. Mrs. Inchbald was then engaged by the elder Colman, at the Haymarket Theatre, where she produced her first dramatic piece, entitled "I'll tell ye what," which was so well acted, and so favourably received, that she was

induced to relinquish the stage, and devote herself to dramatic and other literary pursuits.

One incident which occurred during her engagement at Covent Garden Theatre deserves recording. It is well known that the late Mr. Harris, then the chief proprietor of that theatre, was a very gallant man, and did not find the virtue of several of his fair performers impregnable. At his desire, Mrs. Inchbald attended him one morning at his house at Knightsbridge, to consult on one of her plays which was soon to be represented. When the consultation was ended, Mr. Harris, who was a handsome man, and had found so little difficulty among the theatrical sisterhood under his government, thought that he might be equally successful in an attack on Mrs. Inchbald, but, instead of regular approaches, he attempted to take the fort by storm, and Mrs. Inchbald found no resource but in seizing him by his hair, which she pulled with such violence, that she forced him to desist. She then rushed out of the house, and proceeded in haste, and under great agitation, to the green-room of the theatre, where the company were then rehearsing. She entered the room with so wild an air, and with such evident emotion, that all present were alarmed. She hastily related what had happened as far as her impediment would permit her, and concluded with the following exclamation : “ Oh ! if he had wo-wo-worn a wig, I had been ru-ruined.”

Though scandal was formerly not uncommon among the theatrical community, I never heard the least impeachment on her character, nor do I believe she ever gave occasion for the slightest insinuations. She was modest in the estimation of her literary pro-

ductions, and often expressed surprise at their success, yet she exulted in that success not merely from pecuniary advantages, which were then not the least important, but because it raised her name into public notice and distinction. She carefully noticed the amount of the prices at which her works were respectively sold, and the last time she mentioned the subject to me she said, with no slight gratification, that they now, altogether, sold for not less than twenty pounds.

When she finally quitted the stage, the loss of salary induced her to contract her expenses, and she actually occupied an attic at a milliner's in the Strand. I then only saw her when she came down to me in the shop, or when she called on me at the Sun Office in the same street. Her next residence was at a public-house in St. George's Row, on the Uxbridge Road. The name of the house was the Hanover Arms, which she told me she thought was a pretty title. There was a private door to the house. She was delighted with the view over Hyde Park, but as new plantations intercepted her prospect, she removed to a respectable lodging and boarding house in that fine row of houses called Earl's Court, which fronts Holland House on the Hammer-smith Road. She afterwards removed to a contiguous row of houses styled Leonard's Place, and finally settled at a large and respectable mansion called Kensington House, where she lodged and boarded, and died.

Though of the Roman Catholic persuasion, she was buried according to the ceremonies of the Church of England, but was so much respected that two Roman Catholic priests attended the

funeral. She was buried in Kensington Church-yard, and her grave adjoins that of a son of the late Right Honourable George Canning.

As Mrs. Inchbald made so conspicuous a figure in her time, and as her works are likely to exist as long as the drama and literature of the country, I am persuaded that I shall gratify my readers in general by some extracts from her many letters to me in the course of a long and intimate friendship, which nothing tended to disturb, and from which I derived many of the most agreeable years of my life. These extracts will illustrate and do honour to her character, particularly when it is known that, though she was so severely economical, denying herself most of the ordinary comforts of life, and incurring the imputation of avarice, and even of insanity on account of her ascetic privations, yet her great object was to support two sisters, to assist an unprosperous nephew, and to secure a provision for them in case of her decease.

As I cannot but be proud of the friendship of so respectable and enlightened a character, I might justly be charged with affected modesty if I were not to insert the following inscription, which she sent to me in her own hand-writing, on the title-page of her comedy, entitled "To Marry or not to Marry."

"TO JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

"From the author, who openly declares that it is much easier for her to write a play than to express the gratitude she feels for the various, the numerous, obligations which she has received from him."

When she had nearly finished her play entitled

“Lovers’ Vows,” she applied to me to write some doggrel rhymes for the character which she has denominated “the Rhyming Butler,” alleging that she never could write poetry or even rhymes. I readily consented, of course, but found some difficulty in adapting the two compositions which were to be delivered by the Butler, to his supposed vanity and folly, with, however, somewhat of a ludicrous humour in his character. The lines pleased her, and were adopted. They were very successful with the public, chiefly owing to the admirable manner in which they were recited by that excellent comic actor, Mr. Munden.

The late Mr. George Hardinge, the barrister, a nephew of the great Lord Camden, and one of the Welsh Judges, thought so favourably of these lines, that he wrote a commendatory letter to me on the subject, though I had not the least acquaintance with him. I returned his civility, of course, and once afterwards passed him in the street, but did not think proper to make myself known. I had another letter from him, adverting to a tract of playful severity, which he entitled “The Essence of Malone,” upon what he deemed the inconsistencies of the learned commentator in his “Life of Dryden.” I was never introduced to him, but was to his wife, after their separation, and have seldom seen a more amiable and intelligent lady. She was also a very handsome, and what is generally styled a fine woman. It is truly lamentable that such a woman should not have rendered the married state a happy one, particularly as her husband always spoke of her in the highest terms, and professed the strongest esteem and admiration of her person and character.

The play of "Lovers' Vows" was very successful, and the fair authoress received for it 500*l.* from the manager. Having written the prologue to the play, as well as the lines for the Rhyming Butler, I received a letter from her, requesting that I would call on her, as she had something particular to say. Always ready and happy to serve her, I went without delay, but when I arrived, instead of speaking to me, she put a paper into my hand, and when I asked her what it contained, she said twenty guineas; observing that, as the Rhyming Butler was a main feature in her play, and as she could not have provided the versification for him, she thought that she ought not to derive so much pecuniary advantage from the play without my sharing the profits. It was in vain I assured her that I should be ashamed of receiving any recompense for such mere nonsense; she insisted on my taking the money, and I was obliged to open the window and threaten to throw it into the street, for the first lucky passenger, if she refused to take it back. This menace, which of course for her sake I should not have carried into effect, induced her to comply, and the next day I received the following letter :

TO JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

Out of the twenty guineas that you threw at my head, I am resolved to buy half a dozen sixteenths of the lottery. From my own luck I shall get nothing, I am certain, therefore I request that you will to-morrow, about three in the afternoon, (the time of drawing ends, and they will answer for those undrawn,) call and go with me—afterwards, take three sixteenths and the number of my three,

and agree to share in the prizes, which managed thus, I am certain will be valuable. If you refuse this trivial partnership, there shall be a total end of all intercourse between us for ever. I shall buy the tickets without you. My money will go equally if I have blanks, and if I am successful I shall impute the luck to you. Come, and let me despise the gains by "Lovers' Vows," in comparison with our gains by the lottery.*

E. INCHBALD.

Mrs. Inchbald was censured and ridiculed by many of her former theatrical connexions, and even by some of her private friends, for her thrifty habits, which were imputed to her extreme love of money, as she had derived much profit from her plays and other productions. Having a sincere friendship for her, I told her in a letter what I had heard, assuring her I was persuaded the charge was unjust, and only ventured to tell her of it in order that, if there was any part of her conduct which might expose her to such a charge, she might do justice to herself, as I knew she generally practised self-denial to contribute to the assistance of some relations. The following is her answer.

MY DEAR SIR,

I read your letter with gratitude, because I have had so many proofs of your friendship for me, that I do not once doubt of your kind intentions.

* As the reader may be desirous of knowing the result of the lottery adventure, it is proper to state that fortune so far favoured us, that we derived about three pence each from this enterprising adventure.

You have taken the best method possible on such an occasion, not to hurt my spirits ; for had you suspected me to be insane, or even nervous, you would have mentioned the subject with more caution, and by so doing, might have given me alarm.

That the world should say I have lost my senses, I can readily forgive, when I recollect that a few years ago it said the same of Mrs. Siddons.

I am now fifty-two years old, and yet if I were to dress, paint, and visit, no one would call my understanding in question ; or if I were to beg from all my acquaintance a guinea or two, as subscription for a foolish book, no one would accuse me of avarice. But because I choose that retirement suitable to my years, and think it my duty to support two sisters, instead of one servant, I am accused of madness. I might plunge in debt, be confined in prison, a pensioner on "The Literary Fund," or be gay as a girl of eighteen, and yet be considered as perfectly in my senses ; but because I choose to live in independence, affluence to me, with a mind serene and prospects unclouded, I am supposed to be mad. In making use of the word affluence, I do not mean to exclude some inconveniences annexed, but this is the case in every state. I wish for more suitable lodgings, but I am unfortunately averse to a street, after living so long in a square ; but with all my labour to find one, I cannot fix on a spot such as I wish to make my residence for life, and till I do, and am confined to London, the beautiful view from my present apartment of the Surrey hills and the Thames, invites me to remain here, for I believe that there is neither such fine air nor so fine a prospect, in all the town. I am, besides, near my sisters here ;

and the time when they are not with me is so wholly engrossed in writing, that I want leisure for the convenience of walking out. Retirement in the country would, perhaps, have been more advisable than in London, but my sisters did not like to accompany me, and I did not like to leave them behind. There is, besides, something animating in the reflection that I am in London, though partaking of none of its festivities.

In the midst of the serenity I have been boasting, I own that I have one sorrow that weighs heavy upon me. Much as it is supposed that I value money, I would gladly give up all I am at present earning, and something added to it, that I had never engaged in those unwieldy Prefaces. I have had my *Memoirs*, in four volumes, for years lying by me. A large sum has been offered for them, yet, though I am charged with loving money, I never hesitated when I conceived that my reputation was in the balance. I accepted the offer made to me to write these things as far the less evil of the two, indeed as no evil; but now I fear that I should not have encountered more odium had I published my life; and yet a great deal of difficulty might have been avoided in arranging the former for publication to my advantage, by a proper assortment of subjects. As it is, I must submit, for I am bound in honour to obey.

E. INCHBALD.

It may be thought that I was officious in giving occasion for the foregoing letter, but, as I have said, hearing her character arraigned for avarice and meanness among the theatrical community, I deemed

it right to adopt an intrepid sincerity, such as friendship demanded. I remember that my friend Mr. Richardson, whom I have before mentioned, soon after we became acquainted, on his leaving St. John's College, Cambridge, exacted a promise from me that I would tell him whatever I might hear to his disadvantage, that he might reform if the charge was just, or defend himself if false. This rule I have always observed with those dear to me.

Mrs. Inchbald lived at this time on the south side of the Strand, opposite to the New Church, and her apartment was an attic ; and thus did she deny herself many of the comforts of life from motives of affection to relations who required pecuniary assistance. Such a letter does honour to her feelings, and I am proud of having tempted her to write it. The Prefaces which she mentions, were to accompany a new edition of "The British Drama," and they prove her pure taste and sound judgment in her critical remarks on the respective productions. Her novels of "A Simple Story" and "Nature and Art," manifest a full knowledge of the depth of the human heart, and of the changes of disposition to which it is so frequently subjected by the vicissitudes of fortune. These novels will live like those of Smollet and Fielding, though of a very different description, and with respect to profound knowledge and moral tendency, more in analogy with the works of Richardson. What are the boasted novels of the present, even the most celebrated, compared with the four greater writers above mentioned?—mere phantoms of an hour.

Besides her well-known plays and farces, Mrs. Inchbald wrote a tragedy in prose on the French

Revolution, and the fate of the unfortunate Louis XVI. It was printed, but never published. She sent a copy of it to me, with the following note, which I insert, because I cannot but be proud that such a woman should have paid such a compliment to my opinion:—"I am undetermined whether to publish this play or not—do, dear creature, give me your opinion. I will send for an answer to-morrow, or if you call here, leave a note if I am from home."

As far as I can recollect, I advised her to suppress it. With respect to her Memoirs, the following is authentic and ludicrous. The manuscript was submitted to the judgment of my friend Mr. Alexander Chalmers, and a more liberal and judicious critic could not have been found. As the work consisted chiefly of that portion of her life which passed in provincial theatrical companies, before she came to London, and nothing of what occurred after she was engaged at a London theatre, when her mind was expanded, and her knowledge augmented by an intercourse with literary and other enlightened connexions, Mr. Chalmers advised her to suppress it, and she submitted to his opinion, though she was then in narrow circumstances. She did not, however, destroy the manuscript. A popular publisher of that time hearing of the work, waited on her, and offered one hundred pounds for it. She referred him to Mr. Chalmers, who had decided on its merits. The publisher hastened to Mr. Chalmers, and learning from that gentleman that he disapproved of the publication, observed that, as Mr. Chalmers was a grave character, the work might savour too much of youthful levity, and be of too piquant a nature for

him to relish, evidently conceiving that the work was of a description similar to those of Constantia Phillips, Mrs. Bellamy, Mrs. Baddely, &c. &c. “ Oh !” said Mr. Chalmers, “ if you imagine it contains anything that the chastest eye ought not to peruse, you are grossly mistaken.” Hearing these words, the publisher started from his chair, seized his hat, left the room abruptly, and hurried to Mrs. Inchbald, telling her that he declined purchasing the work. Yet this man has come forward as a moral and political reformer, and, perhaps, is one of the Society for the Suppression of Vice and Irreligion.

It may appear strange, that, as Mrs. Inchbald was a young and very fine woman when her husband died, she never married again. She had certainly several suitors, and I have reason to believe that the late Mr. John Kemble was among them ; and it is always surprising to me that she rejected him, as I know she had the highest respect and esteem for him, insomuch that she never mentioned him without applying to him the following line of the poet—

The man for wisdom's various arts renown'd,

When I asked her why she had not married again, her answer was, “ That for wedlock, friendship was too familiar, and love too precarious.”

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MRS. ABINGTON. This actress affords an extraordinary instance of the effect of industry, perseverance, and spirit. Her origin was of the lowest kind. She lived with her father in Vinegar Yard, Drury Lane. Whether he was ever in any business, or how he supported himself with his daughter, afterwards Mrs. Abington, till she reached the age of about twelve, is not known, but at that period she was able to maintain herself and him, which she did in a very decent manner. Her maiden name was Barton, as mentioned in many theatrical annals.

The late Arthur Murphy, whose learning and talents, particularly as a dramatic writer, have raised him far above any tribute of respect that I could offer to his memory, told me that he had seen her when she was about the age above-mentioned, and that she then supported herself and her father by her recitations at the Bedford and Shakspeare taverns, under the Piazzas in Covent Garden. Her custom was to desire the waiter to inform any private company in their rooms that she would deliver passages from Shakspeare and other writers for a small reward. When the company consented, she stepped upon the table and delivered the several compositions. Every thing relative to the stage was interesting to Mr. Murphy, and that feeling induced him to pay particular attention to this theatrical girl, which fixed her person on his memory. As she increased in age

and practice, this itinerant profession became less attractive as a novelty, and she was then driven to the necessity of adopting more profligate and degrading means of support; and this degrading profession, which it is not necessary to designate more particularly, she was in the habit of pursuing for some years before she happily found her way to the theatrical boards.

The manner in which Mr. Murphy afterwards saw her in her degraded state was as follows: A party of his friends, consisting of four, had agreed to take an excursion to Richmond, in Surrey, and to pass the day there. The gentlemen were to meet at the Turk's Head Coffee-house, opposite Catherine Street in the Strand. Mr. Murphy and two of the friends, whose names I have forgotten, were punctual to the appointment, but they waited for the fourth till their patience was nearly exhausted. At length Mr. Murphy said he knew where to find the fourth gentleman, and would go in pursuit of him. He immediately proceeded to a notorious house under the Piazza in Covent Garden, and there found him. This person was a Mr. Tracy, a gentleman of fortune, well known at that time under the name of Beau Tracy, on account of the gaiety and splendour of his attire. Finding that Tracy was in the house, Mr. Murphy proceeded at once to his bed-room, where he found the beau under the hands of his hairdresser, and not half attired. Mr. Murphy waited very patiently till the grand business of the toilet was concluded. While he waited, he thought he saw the curtains of the bed move, as if there were a person within. Mr. Murphy asked the beau if he had not a companion. Tracy, a care-

less rake, answered in the affirmative, and told him to go and chat with her, as he would find her a lively wench. Murphy, therefore, drew one of the curtains aside, and entered into conversation with a fair votaress of Venus, whom he immediately recognised as the girl who had entertained him and his friends some years before at the taverns. She did not seem abashed at being seen by a stranger, but conversed with him with ease, spirit, and humour.

The next time he saw her, after the progress of years, was in the station of the first-rate comic actress at the metropolitan theatres, as Mrs. Abington. Having acquired a high reputation on the London boards, she was offered an engagement at the Cork Theatre, which she accepted, and was accompanied on her journey by Mr. Needham, whom I have mentioned before. She had not then been so long rescued from the degraded life which she had previously led, as to acquire that sense of decorum and delicacy which was necessary to procure her a reception in society where reputation was regarded; and therefore she had no scruple to appear with Mr. Needham upon the most intimate and familiar footing.

The circumstance of her connexion with Mr. Needham, as well as her taste for dress, were so well known, that the milliners in the city of Cork put the following label in their shop windows, "Abington caps may be had here for those that *Need'em*." How long Needham, a gay and dissipated man, remained with her at Cork, is not known, but when she accepted an engagement afterwards at Dublin, she thought it necessary to assume

a more precise deportment, and even to affect in public an extraordinary degree of purity. But this mask was so entirely thrown off among some of the Irish noblemen, and other characters well known for wealth and liberality, that as most of them were acquainted with each other, on comparing notes, they found that each had been induced by her to think himself the only person distinguished by her partiality; so that one and all gave her such a designation, connected with her baptismal name of *Fan*, as rendered all her subsequent pretensions to virtue fruitless, and induced her to return to London, where she was more cautious in her concessions and more guarded in her general conduct.

At length, such was Murphy's high opinion of her comic powers, that he not only assigned to her the chief parts in his comedies, but dedicated his play of "The Way to keep Him" to her, chiefly on account of the admirable manner in which she had performed the character of the Widow Belmour. From motives of humanity, as well as delicacy, I should forbear to mention the preceding circumstances of her life, if they did not afford a striking evidence that people by industry, fortitude, and perseverance, may not only rise from obscurity, but from a more degrading situation. Low, poor, and vulgar as she had been in her early days, she was always anxious to acquire education and knowledge; and though the theatrical profession might be thought to engross all her time and attention, she contrived to attain the French language, which she not only read but spoke with facility.

Whatever relations she might have had, though I only heard of her father, have doubtless long since been dead, and most of her private friends also;

so that I have the stronger reason to hold forth a lesson to those on whose birth fortune does not smile, to encourage them to exert their powers in order to improve their condition. As a proof how high she must have risen on the stage, and in public opinion, Sir Joshua Reynolds painted a whole-length portrait of her; and another in kit-kat size gratuitously, as a tribute to her professional excellence, from both of which engravings have been made; and she was also the subject of many other prints.

As an actress, Mrs. Abington was distinguished for spirit and humour, rather than for high-breeding and elegance. She excelled in the delivery of sarcastic humour, to which the shrewdness of her mind and the tartness of her tone gave the most effective piquancy. Her manners were not sufficiently graceful and well-bred for Congreve's "Millimont" altogether, but, in those passages where she taunts Marwood, there was a stinging severity in her delivery that would have fully satisfied the author. Beatrice has more wit and pertness than good-breeding, and in that part she was excellent; and also in Estifania, another character that demands vivacity and humour, not elegance. She was the first Lady Teazle, and that character was admirably suited to her talents. It was understood that she was well acquainted with the French authors, and could converse in Italian. She was received in many good families as an admired companion. When or why she married, I know not. Her husband, I understood, was a musician. They had been separated many years, and it was reported that she allowed him an annuity not to molest her.

I once saw Mr. Abington at a dinner which my

late friend Dr. Arnold gave at Parsloe's, in St. James's Street; but as the company was numerous, I could not get near enough to hear what he said. He seemed to be a smart-looking little man, lively in his conversation, and apparently the object of attention to those who were near him. There was a report of his death, and she sent her and my old friend, Mr. Cooke the barrister, to me, to ascertain the fact, but I could not give him any information on the subject; it is probable that she survived him.

I met Mrs. Abington one evening at Mrs. Conway's in Stratford Place, where she was treated with much respect by the company, but she chiefly confined her conversation to General Paoli, who seemed to be much gratified by her spirit and intelligence. I afterwards dined in company with her at the house of Mrs. Jordan, the celebrated actress, in Cadogan Place. Mrs. Abington displayed great spirit, and enlivened the company with many interesting anecdotes of theatrical history, as well as of fashionable life, with which she had been intimately connected during the zenith of her fame; but the chief part of her conversation related to Mr. Garrick, of whom she seemed never likely to be tired of talking. She spoke of his theatrical merits with enthusiasm. In speaking of the powerful effect of his eyes, she said that whatever expression they assumed, they seemed to operate by fascination; and that in all her intercourse with the world, she never beheld eyes that had so much expression, brilliancy, and force. She finally observed that, if she might presume to give an opinion, she would say Shakspeare was made for Garrick, and Garrick for Shakspeare.

Miss Fitzclarence was of this party, and a more unaffected, amiable, and agreeable young lady, I never met. She was accompanied by Mrs. Cockle, who was sometime her governess. Mrs. Cockle has published several poems, and some tracts on education, which are highly creditable to her talents and character.

It is bare justice to add, that our lively hostess, Mrs. Jordan, never appeared to more advantage on the stage, with all her original talents, than when she did the honours of her hospitable board, and exerted herself to gratify her guests with her sprightliness and good humour. As she found in me a sincere friend, not a flatterer, she favoured me with her confidence, and entrusted me with the letters which she had received from a high character, after an unexpected separation, in order to convince me that nothing in her own conduct had occasioned that separation.

To return to Mrs. Abington. As she had no powerful comic rival before Miss Farren, the late Countess of Derby, rose into popular favour, she might have acquired a considerable fortune, but according to report, she was ambitious of associating with persons of quality, and became acquainted with some old ladies of fashion, with whom she was tempted to play high at cards, and as they were as skilful in acting the parts of gamesters, as she was in any of the characters which she personated on the stage, she is said to have suffered severely by their superior dexterity. I remember her keeping a very elegant carriage, and living in a large mansion in Clarges Street; but as she advanced in life, she became less fit for those characters in which she had chiefly distinguished her

talents, and, of course, was less likely to secure an engagement with the theatrical managers.*

I regret to say, that the last time I saw her on the stage, I thought I perceived a great falling off in her theatrical powers, and a poor substitution of a kind of vulgar humour and grimace, for her former vivacity and genius. In the meridian of her days she was admired for her taste in dress, but I learned from some good female judges, that she declined in that respect also, and that a gaudy parade appeared instead of her former elegance of attire. The last time I saw her, after she left the stage, was at the house of her old friend Mr. Nealson, who was stock-broker to the banking-house of Messrs. Coutts and Co. and also to that of Snow and Co. near Temple Bar. Mr. Nealson was alarmingly ill, and attended by Dr. Blaine. I had called to inquire how he was, for he was too ill to admit visitors; and as I was departing I met Mrs. Abington in the passage, who came for the same purpose. She seemed to be

* As a proof that she began to feel her attraction, if not her faculties, were declining, she was induced to perform the part of Scrub, on one of her benefit nights. I was present, and remember nothing in her performance that might not have been expected from an actor of much inferior abilities. As a proof too, that, like many of her profession, she thought herself capable of characters not within the scope of her powers, I once saw her play Ophelia to Mr. Garrick's Hamlet; and to use a simile of my old friend Dr. Monsey, she appeared "like a mackerel on a gravel walk." My late friend Mr. Sayers published a whole-length etching of her in Scrub, which was very like her. He also published one of Miss Farren, in the heroine of Mr. Pratt's tragedy, "The Fair Circassian," considering her as unfit for tragic characters, however excellent in comic parts or those of domestic tenderness.

under the influence of extraordinary prudery, her reign of gallantry having long passed by, and declined telling her name to the servant, but desired the master might be merely told that the *gentlewoman* had called to inquire after his health. As I knew the high regard that Nealson had for her, I pressed her to leave her name, as I was sure that such an attention on her part would soothe his sufferings, and perhaps promote his recovery. She was inflexible, and watched me lest I should disclose her name. I hastily returned to the servant, as if to deliver another message, and whispered "Mrs. Abington." "I know it, Sir," said the woman, and I parted with Mrs. Abington at the door.

It would hardly have been in the power of any body who had known her in her better days, to recognise her person at that time. She had on a common red cloak, and her general attire seemed to indicate the wife of an inferior tradesman, and the whole of her demeanour was such as might be expected from a woman of that rank. It is with pleasure I add, that she must have been in easy circumstances on her retirement from the stage, as she lived in Pall Mall, where I once visited her, previous to my meeting her at the house of Mr. Nealson, who soon after died, leaving her and my old friend Mr. Cooke the barrister, 100*l.* each, and 50*l.* to each of the Theatrical Funds.

Indeed it was well known that she had an income from a deceased nobleman, once eminent in the political world, which terminated at his death. His immediate successor annulled it, but as he died soon after, the next successor generously restored it, from a regard to the memory of his father. I never heard that

the theatrical fraternity attended the funeral of Mrs. Abington, as is usual on the death of even the lower order of their community, male and female ; neither do I know when she died, or where she was buried.

MISS FARREN. With this actress I never had the pleasure of being personally acquainted, but I met her one morning with Lord Derby at the house of the late Mr. Kemble. She seemed to be lively and intelligent, with less affectation than might reasonably be expected in a fine lady who had a prospect of elevated rank. According to report, she was the daughter of a military officer, who died when she was young, and left his widow in distress. Miss Farren was first known as connected with a theatre at Birmingham, where Mr. Younger, a respectable actor, was the manager. She was then very young, and only employed in the most trifling parts ; and I heard from a lady who was engaged in the same company, that Miss Farren had so small a salary, that she had a weekly stipend from four of the female performers for carrying to the theatre what is styled their properties, which means articles of dress, ornaments, &c. &c. She conducted herself with great propriety, and gradually improved in the opinion of the manager, who at length procured her an engagement at the Haymarket Theatre, under the management of the elder Mr. Colman.

It would be unbecoming in me to enter into a criticism on her talents, as they are so well known, and were so justly admired by the public. She was lively and elegant, and only wanted the satirical point and spirit of Mrs. Abington, which, after all, is perhaps a vulgar quality ; but she had what Mrs. Abington never possessed, and that was pathos.

The character which she performed in "The Chapter of Accidents" may be cited, as well as many others, to show that in parts of genuine sensibility she could make a powerful appeal to the sympathy of the audience. At length, like Miss Fenton, the first Polly in "The Beggar's Opera," she was destined to assume a high rank, which by all accounts she supported as if she had been "to the manner born," and was esteemed as one of the chief ornaments in the circle of nobility.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MR. HOLMAN. This gentleman was an intimate friend of mine, till I happened to disapprove of the leading part which he took in opposition to the manager and chief proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre. Eight of the chief performers entered into a compact, and were styled "The Glorious Eight" by those actors who approved of the combination. I wrote to Mr. Holman on the subject, reminding him that, in a former difference with the same proprietor, on his restoration to the theatre he had emphatically assured me that he never would quarrel with a London manager again. He sent me a very friendly answer, promising to call on me, and to justify his conduct on the occasion in question, to my satisfaction. I waited with some concern for his visit, but he did not call; and while I was talking in the street one morning with Mr. Charles Kemble, he passed us, saluted Mr. Kemble, and took no notice of me.

As all the other performers concerned in the combination, in turn, to use a modern phrase, “cut me” in the same manner, I began to be irritated, particularly as Mr. Harris, the manager, had at first requested that I would take up his cause, and signified that I should be well rewarded for my trouble. I positively refused to have any concern in the affair, alleging that, though I disapproved of the conduct of the parties, yet as I was personally acquainted with them all, and was intimate with some of them, I was resolved not to take any part against them. But rendered indignant by the slights which I received from them, I wrote a series of letters in a morning paper of which I was then proprietor, under the signature of “An Old Observer,” in which I condemned their proceedings, and to the best of my abilities used the weapon of ridicule, as well as of argument, against them.

The result of their appeal to the Lord Chamberlain was adverse to their cause ; they, therefore, found it necessary to make their peace with the manager, and in due time with me also—for they all made advances to me, either personally or by deputy. Munden and Incledon swore that they would not be at variance with “Jack Taylor,” and made friendly overtures to me as soon as we met ; and the rest, in general, followed their example. The late Mr. John Kemble, whose mind was liberal, invited me to dine with him, and placed me and Mr. Fawcett on each side of him, at the head of the table, for the purpose of restoring harmony between us. Mr. Fawcett asked me to take a glass of wine with him, to which I readily assented ; and an amicable feeling on both sides was immediately renewed,

and we have since enjoyed many a hearty laugh together.

One night, the late Mr. Lewis, as I was behind the scenes of Covent Garden Theatre, asked me if I had any objection to shake hands with Mr. Knight, who had desired him to make the proposal. I, of course, readily complied, and we were immediately reconciled on the spot. Another evening, when I was in the lobby of the theatre, Mr. Morton, the successful dramatic author, and a most friendly man, addressed me in a similar manner, telling me that Mr. Holman was in the next box, and was anxious to be on good terms with me; and in consequence of my answer Mr. Holman came forward, and cordiality was completely restored between us. I subsequently wrote prologues and epilogues for his dramatic pieces, and no trace of variance existed on the part of either.

To none of the members of this opposition to the manager did I ever make the least advance towards reconciliation, except to the late Mr. Johnstone, generally called Jack Johnstone, the admirable singer and performer of Irish characters — and that overture, on my part, arose from an accidental meeting. I had waited on the Hon. William Wellesley Pole, now Lord Maryborough, with whom I had the pleasure of being acquainted, and was expecting him in a private apartment at the Admiralty, when that nobleman was the secretary, and in a few moments Mr. Johnstone was introduced into the same room. We walked about the apartment, and took no notice of each other, though we had once been upon very friendly terms. At length, wishing for the restoration of amity, I said: “Mr. Johnstone, as some

years have passed since there was any ground for a difference between us, I do not see why we should not shake hands.” He immediately advanced, shook me by the hand, and said : “ It is very odd that a mutual friend of ours this day said to me — ‘ I must bring about a reconciliation between you and Jack Taylor ;’ and I am glad that there is no reason to wait for his intervention.” Johnstone then desired me to accompany him to Covent Garden, took me into the Piazza Coffee-house, where a subscription was opened to relieve the sufferers by the destruction of Covent Garden Theatre by fire, and requested that I would subscribe a guinea, to which I most willingly assented. I have since often met Johnstone at the hospitable table of my old friend Mr. Const, the chairman of the Middlesex Sessions, where Johnstone’s humour, high spirits, and musical talents, rendered him at all times the life of the company.

Johnstone particularly excelled in singing Irish songs, and several, I believe, were written for him by my friend George Colman the younger. Whenever Johnstone was asked to sing in company, he at once complied, and there was a *naïveté* in his manner that gave effect to every point. He was the only actor within my memory who was equally effective and successful in representing the lower orders of Irishmen and the Irish gentleman : the former he portrayed with humorous fidelity, and in the latter he was eminently successful.

Moody had great merit in performing low Irish characters ; but he was always heavy and sluggish in representing those of a higher order. Johnstone was also equally successful in representing those parts that occupied a middle rank, and were neither

low nor high — such as Foigard, and Kendrick in “The Heir at Law :” in the last part he displayed a touching and unaffected sensibility. There was a shrewdness in his conversation, which indicated strongly his knowledge of mankind ; and an archness and waggy in his manner, which evidently resulted from that knowledge. He was capable of a sincere and lasting friendship.

His accuracy in representing the higher order of Irish, was the effect of his intercourse with persons of high rank in this country and in Ireland. He had been frequently honoured with the countenance of his late Majesty, when Prince of Wales, and invited to the royal parties : a proof that he must have been a well-bred man, or he never could have been in the company of a Prince distinguished by a union of ease, affability, and dignity, of which there are perhaps few parallels in the civilized world. Mr. Johnstone was very prudent in pecuniary concerns, from a knowledge of the uncertainty of human affairs, and the instability of fortune, and was reputed to be very wealthy ; but the property which he left was much inferior to what rumour had ascribed to him, and evidently proved that he was not of so saving a disposition as had been generally supposed.

He left, as I was told by one of his confidential friends, about 18,000*l.*, a vast property when we consider that he kept a good-sized house in a conspicuous situation, two maid-servants and generally a male attendant, and that he often entertained his friends. His companionable qualities, as well as his musical talents, rendered him an attractive object, and though there was a familiar spirit in his manner, he was always well bred. His last illness, I under-

stood, was not very painful ; and his amiable daughter, Mrs. Wallack, informed me, that as she sat on his bed, holding his hand, his death was so easy, that he expired without her being sensible of it. His health was in general good. He was twice severely afflicted by a disorder in his eyes, from which my departed brother and myself had the pleasure of entirely relieving him.

MR. QUICK. This gentleman is one of my early theatrical acquaintances, and, I may add, of my oldest friends. He is still alive, but in a very advanced age. He lives at Islington, and is a constant, yet a sober visiter of a neighbouring tavern, where his good sense and knowledge of the world, and his lively disposition, excite the attention and esteem of his company. By genuine comic talents, and a strong sense of humour, he was able to triumph over a very peculiar voice, which few who might be in the same situation would have been so resolute as to deem fit for the stage ; but his intellectual powers, and his attentive observation of mankind in all states and conditions, and his general excellence in discriminating and supporting characters, brought him into great popularity, and he became one of the chief comic performers in the opinion of our late excellent monarch George the Third.

Mr. Quick was not only admirable in rustic characters, but in those of a higher order, where pride and arrogance were to be represented. He was also an exact observer, and most effective representative, of the middle classes of life. He always super-added an arch and sly humour, such as a dramatic author cannot give to his original design, but must leave to the critical conception, and if I may be per-

mitted to use such a word, the *elongating* humour of the actor. Mr. Quick announced his intention of performing the part of Richard the Third for one of his annual benefits, and, meeting him before the benefit took place, I observed that I supposed he intended to burlesque the character, as his predecessor Shuter had done on a similar occasion. I was surprised to find that he was perfectly serious, and I attended the performance. He supported the part with good sense and judgment throughout, but the peculiarity of his voice occasionally broke forth with such comic effect, that the audience, with all their respect for his talents and character, could not help giving way to ludicrous emotions.

Mr. Quick was of too liberal a disposition to feel the least envy towards any of his contemporaries, but, on the contrary, was most ready to acknowledge their merits. I remember once asking him what he thought of Shuter, who was dead, and of whom I had seen but little, admired as he was, and by all accounts justly deemed one of the best comic actors that ever existed. Mr. Quick was lavish in his praise, and concluded with saying that "he was all honey," by which expression I inferred that all was smooth, sweet, and delicious in his acting. Mr. Quick has a son, an attorney by profession, and a daughter, married to Mr. Davenport, a translator and teacher of languages, a very respectable man, who has published some learned and valuable works.

As long as Mr. Quick's strength would enable him, he every day visited his daughter, walking from Islington to Doctors' Commons. He voluntarily resigned a good situation and salary at Covent Garden Theatre, because he would not be called upon to act more

than three times a week ; and as it was impossible that any dramatic writer would think of bringing forward a comedy at Covent Garden Theatre without providing a part for Mr. Quick, the late Mr. Harris, then chief proprietor and manager, properly alleged that if a new comedy was successful, and likely to have a run, such a condition as that of only performing three nights a week must interrupt its course, and be injurious to the theatre as well as to the author. Mr. Quick, however, considering his age, and having obtained a comfortable independence, was inexorable, and relinquished the connexion.

After his retirement, he told me that as he had never formally taken leave of the stage, he had some notion of taking a farewell benefit, as many actors and actresses had done ; but not having done so, I conclude that, being easy at home, he would not subject himself to the suspicion of acting the part of Lovegold in reality, which he had so admirably performed when he was on the stage.—Mr. Quick was always esteemed for his conduct and character in private life, and was the life of the green-room for his good humour and unoffending waggyery.

MR. TERRY. This gentleman was originally intended for the profession of an architect, and I have been assured that his architectural drawings were scientific and elegant in a high degree. When he determined on a theatrical life, he gave all these drawings to his friends. When we became acquainted, I asked him if he had one left. He told me that they were all gone, but were of so trifling a kind, that they would not be worth my acceptance. None of his friends, however, thought so, and held these proofs of his taste and genius in great value.

He was a very intelligent man and an excellent actor. His voice was harsh and monotonous, but his conceptions were so just, and his acting so determined and appropriate, that he was deservedly a favourite with the public. He appeared to most advantage in characters of a sarcastic turn, and there was something of the same tendency in his conversation. He was very conversant with the old dramatic writers of this country, insomuch that my late friend William Gifford, having heard of his knowledge in this respect, desired I would submit to his judgment a passage which he found difficult, when he had nearly concluded his new edition of Ben Jonson's works. The passage was equally difficult to Mr. Terry, and therefore, it is probable, has been covered by the mist of time.

Mr. Terry, as might naturally be concluded, was an enthusiastic admirer of Shakspeare, of whose monument in the church of Stratford-upon-Avon he had a large copy, and which was so placed in his house as to be out of danger from accident or careless servants. This effigy of the great bard was, I understand, the object of his daily contemplation.

Mr. Terry first appeared in London upon the Haymarket stage, but his merit soon transferred him to Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres, where his reputation considerably increased on account of the variety of characters which he represented, in all of which he displayed great merit. He married a daughter of Mr. Nasmyth, an artist of distinction in Edinburgh. Mrs. Terry is a lady of admired talents in the same province of art.

Mr. Terry was a very judicious critic, theatrical and otherwise. As he was for many years in parti-

cular intimacy with Sir Walter Scott, it may be easily conceived that he was respected for knowledge and talents. It is deeply to be lamented that he should, in the prime of life, and in the height of popularity, have been obliged to retire on account of pecuniary difficulties, the result, according to report, of an unfortunate attachment to the gaming-table; for with an amiable, a prudent, and affectionate wife, it is impossible to suppose that his embarrassments could be the consequence of any domestic extravagance. His death was really a loss to the public, as well as to his friends, as he has not left any adequate successor in the characters in which he was chiefly successful.

Mr. Terry displayed dramatic as well as theatrical talents, for it is generally understood that he introduced some of the popular novels of his friend Sir Walter Scott upon the stage. I have two letters from Mr. Terry addressed to me, which I may, perhaps, annex to this work, though, as they are rather of a flattering description, I may probably bring my modesty into question,—but, as my merits are but humble, it would be absurd indeed to hide my little light under a bushel.

MR. EMERY. No one, within my remembrance, was so natural in the representation of rustic characters. There was a simplicity in his manner that had all the effect of reality. In all boorish parts he seemed as if he had just come upon the stage immediately from the plough, or the side of a waggon. But his rustic range was wider, for he could perform clowns of the arch and roguish kind with equal correctness, and also parts of determined villainy, in which there were traits of remorse. A part of this

description, in one of my friend Morton's comedies, was written on purpose for him, and was rendered by him one of the main props of the piece. He possessed musical knowledge in no slight degree, and performed on the violoncello with taste and skill; and it is, therefore, to be regretted, that he had not a voice which properly qualified him to take conspicuous parts in operas as well as plays. He was also a respectable artist, and I have a landscape in water-colours of his drawing, which displays the correctness and spirit of a regular professor. He was a modest man, and did not conceive himself qualified to assume any of Shakspeare's characters, insomuch that he wanted to relinquish the part of Caliban, though he had performed it with success.

Emery was of so convivial a turn, and his company so much courted, that on his death he left his family in adverse circumstances. Mr. George Robins of Covent Garden, a gentleman well known for humanity, as well as for his partiality for the drama and zeal and rectitude in his profession, immediately instituted a subscription for the support of the widow and children, and by his activity and perseverance was able to procure for them a comfortable provision. As I have referred to a character in "The Tempest," I cannot avoid adverting to the ignorant hostility of some part of the audience against Mr. Kemble for using aches as a dissyllable when he performed the part of Prospero; as he was not only authorised by the passage in the play, which rendered it absolutely necessary, but by Beaumont and Fletcher, Prior, and even by so late a writer as Swift.

During this foolish hostility I met Mr. Bensley, who used to perform the part. We talked on the

subject, as it was then rife in the newspapers. "Mr. Kemble," said he, "was right,—I used the word as he did when I first performed the part; but he was wrong in persevering to put the audience out of humour by his critical precision. I was hissed for pronouncing the word as he did, but, not disposed to sacrifice to the prejudice of ignorance, on the following night I omitted the line altogether." Having thus incidentally mentioned MR. BENSLEY, my respect for his memory as an actor and a gentleman induces me not to pass him over without a farther notice. He was an officer in the marines before he ventured on the theatrical boards, and was present, and not undistinguished, at the taking of the Havannah. He was a man of good sense, and had the advantage of a liberal education. As a proof that his intellectual powers were not of an ordinary description, he was intimate with Churchill, Lloyd, the elder Colman, and Bonnell Thornton. His voice was rough, and had no variety, or rather flexibility; but he was a very judicious actor, and in grave and moral characters very impressive. There was a dry sarcastic humour in his conversation which peculiarly fitted him for such characters as Scandal, in the comedy of "Love for Love," which he performed admirably. He was for many years deemed the best Pierre in "Venice Preserved," and was much respected for his performance of Iago, and of Evander in "The Grecian Daughter," after the death of Barry. At length being tired of a theatrical life, his friend Mr. Windham procured him the appointment of barrack-master; and soon after a near relation of the same name, who was a director of the East India Company, died and left him a very considerable fortune,

amounting, according to report, to about 50,000*l*. He then retired to Stanmore, and lived happily with a very amiable wife, to whom he had been married many years.

Within a year or two of his death, I understood, his mental powers deserted him, and rendered him totally unfit for society, but he enjoyed every comfort that conjugal affection could impart. He was very intimate with the late Lord Torrington and his family, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at his house while he continued to reside in London. He was highly esteemed by the theatrical community in general, and, if not familiar, was at least courteous to all of them, however humble in their station. It seems strange that his wealthy relation did not enable him to quit the stage when he was tired of it, but still suffered him to continue on it till Mr. Windham appointed him a barrack-master. He must have known that, though his salary enabled him to live like a gentleman, he could not do so without strict if not severe prudence. This relation, indeed, bequeathed to him a large fortune, but what gratitude can be due to a man who gives what is no longer his own, and who loses the pleasure of seeing the effects of his friendship or benevolence, and of witnessing the happiness which he is able to confer on worthy objects, for the despicable enjoyment of undiminished affluence?

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

Misc - 64

LONDON :

PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY, DORSET STREET, FLEET STREET.

